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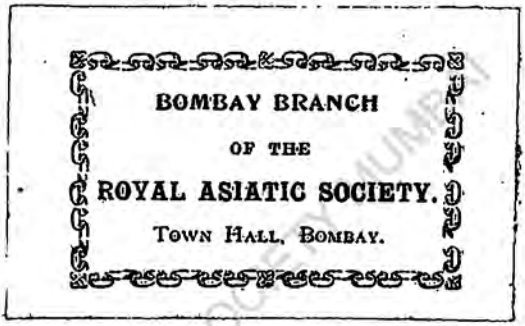

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

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MEMENTOES,

HISTORICAL AND CLASSICAL,

OF

A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY,

IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822:

4757

INCLUDING A

SUMMARY HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES,

AND OF THE

MOST MEMORABLE REVOLUTIONS;

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

FAMED EDIFICES, AND WORKS OF ART,

ANCIENT, AS WELL AS MODERN;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING CLASSIC FICTIONS AND CEREMONIES; AND OF SUCH RELICS STILL REMAINING.

" Quoniam diu vixisse denegatur, aliquid faciamus quo possimus ostendere nos vixisse."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1824.

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ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

PREFACE.

THE ensuing Pages, in their commencement, were penned as simple Mementoes of a Continental Tour; as reminiscences to the individual of the beauties of nature and art explored in such a journey; as interesting, perhaps, to particular friends, yet claiming little thought or pretension to the publicity of the press.

But that practice whose first views were so simple, as wish for deeper information gradually extended; and that occupation which in the beginning was mere amusement, insensibly became a decided and systematic pursuit: — To the lighter and playful journal of the hour I made occasional historical and critical additions; I sought for every object that could be deemed most worthy of notice in the line of my travels, and I, as immediately, wrote a summary, or

account, the best in my power then to furnish. — Still, so little had vanity yet possessed me that I rarely, or ever, alluded to my labors, and it was not till on the very eve of quitting Florence that one of my companions having spoken of my literary efforts, I yielded to the general request of the company, and for the first time read an extract from my work. I was flattered:—and where is he whose rigid mind disdains the dulcet sounds of flattery?—

> The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
> Reigns more, or less, and glows in every heart.
>
> YOUNG.

Yet the soft and pleasing illusions thus produced gave birth to the wish that I was better entitled to commendation, and proportionately was I stimulated to render my production more worthy.

Since my return to England, some friends who sought the perusal of my narrative were pleased to express an approbation of it which encouraged its publication; their judgment, or perhaps partiality, effaced any further lingering reluctance still felt by me; and finally, I here submit this literary effort to that tribunal, the Public, to whose

decision, to whose censure, or praise, no one can be indifferent; and certainly not I.

Italy, and Rome more especially, abounds with matters of history, art, and science, which merit, and have elicited the deepest research, and profoundest discussion.—Of some such antiquarian relics, and records, my account is comparatively brief and concise; for however disposed I may have felt to have studied such topics deeper, yet since, unquestionably, the greater proportion of visitants to Italy are little inclined to ponder over elaborate disquisitions, I have, accordingly, occasionally given only a general historic and classic record, rather than a very minute and labored account; and have, sometimes, dedicated but a few pages to elucidate antiquarian researches concerning which other authors have written quartos.

But, nevertheless, however desirous I may have been to spare to others the trouble of too much reading, I have spared none to myself, but have gleaned the information I give from the most authentic sources accessible.

One further matter requires explanation.—Pleased with the classic fictions of the ancient poets, and delighting in the perusal of the mythological fables and dreams of Pagan bards, as well for the exuberance of fancy they display, as for the beautiful allegory and moral often couched within them, there were, in my original manuscript, several notes explanatory of classic fictions which to insert in print may, to a scholar, appear superfluous.—They were written at the moment when exploring or describing the works of art to which they refer; they served, at least, to refresh my own recollections; they may serve the same purpose to others; to that portion of the community who are generally presumed not to be so conversant as ourselves in this department of scholastic acquirement, these little elucidations may be acceptable; and for these various reasons they remain.

Accounts of travels through countries so frequented as those I have just explored admit not, by their very nature, of that novelty which constitutes so essential a charm and attraction to the majority of modern readers.—Observations may be

genuine, and independent, but our predecessors have seen, and said, like ourselves, and we who write last may exclaim with the Roman author:

Pereant qui ante nos dixere.

Nevertheless, frequent as are the tours to Italy, and multiplied as are the printed details of such travels, almost every successive journalist complains of the errors of his predecessors:—I also could expatiate on the inadequacy of many of the works I perused, and which circumstance partly induced me to record my own impressions, but last, and least of all, would I seek to insinuate any better opinion of my own work by depreciating the productions of others.—Different authors will have varying feelings even for the very same object.—Italy more particularly presents the most exhaustless and diversified subjects for description; and those scenes which some may dwell upon with rapturous delight, others may pass by with cold indifference.

The general style of the ensuing narrative displays, perhaps occasionally, as much the character of the individual as the pretensions of an author.

—Written familiarly, and unaffectedly, it sometimes shows the unpremeditated effusions of the hour rather than the deliberate study of the head; while classical and critical accounts mingle amid the more playful and familiar incidents with friends and associates. One principle, however, predominates throughout:—the Love of Truth. Superior talent, and deeper research, I wish my book possessed; but, at least, it is not tainted with any intentional misrepresentation, or wilful exaggeration; and I hope it is unclouded by any prejudice. My account of objects is justly as I have seen them, and found them; and in this narrative, professedly descriptive, I have preferred the simple majesty of truth to all the embellishments of fancy, and all the splendors of fiction.

London, Nov. 1823.

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MEMENTOES,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM BRIGHTON — DIEPPE — CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES—FRENCH DILIGENCE, AND HORSES—ROUEN — BRIDGE OF BOATS—CATHEDRAL—MONUMENTS—FESTIVAL —AND CATHOLIC SERVICE.

YESTERDAY, Tuesday, I set out on my long-projected Tour; and as I now, at Brighton, having reached this first simple stage of my many-miled expedition, gaze on the ocean which fronts me, so soon to waft me far away, how many mingled emotions arise! With whatever eagerness we may have longed to depart on a continental tour; whatever advantages we may possess in the unlimited command of our time; in the enjoyment of health, or in a buoyancy of spirits which may make us indifferent to temporary privations, or to personal risks; whatever may be our hopes of enlarging our information, or of extending our acquaintance from the Introductory Letters we may bear with us into society abroad; in fine, whatever pleasurable emotions may have gladdened us in our anticipation of the day of departure:—yet, when the hour of separa-

tion arrives, we pause; we linger;—for once again we remember our home, our country, our friends; and who is there so friendless and destitute, or so unfeeling, as to cut these ties, though but for a time, without regret?

Nothing material occurred on the road to Brighton, except, that in the course of conversation with an agreeable and handsome young lady, on the same route as myself, for the benefit of sea-bathing, she observed that she never rose before four o'clock in the afternoon—a remark by no means calculated to inspire any high idea of her mental energy. How soon, and sadly, did pity succeed, when shortly after she explained her being under the care of two eminent surgeons of the metropolis for a supposed spinal affection, which had already enlarged one side, and appeared to increase. To remain in bed as much as possible, or in a recumbent posture almost continually, was the sad alternative prescribed; and this complaint produced in the exuberance of youthful spirits, by trying, one night, after returning from the Opera, to rival the dancing she had just seen.

Can those who are yet exempt from such sad and overwhelming catastrophes, who still enjoy their inestimable limbs and invaluable health: can such, I say, fret and be wretched at the comparative trifles and nothingnesses of life, while still possessing those boundless blessings?

Dieppe. This town is of great antiquity, with an excellent harbour, formed by the river Arques, capable of containing many, as well as large vessels. The houses are chiefly very old, and antique of fashion. The Norman cap is worn almost universally by the lower order of females, formed very high up, and having long single or double lappets flowing down, with the hair gathered into a heap behind; large pendant gold ear-rings are very common; and tawdry huge gold clasps, and necklaces: red petticoats are also predominant, with the heavy clattering wooden shoes called sabots. I visited their venerable gothic church of St. Jacques, which, it being Sunday, was very crowded. The walls are, in places, richly ornamented with sculptured saints, lions, devices, &c., the first and second altars adorned with all the usual gold and silver accessories for the celebration of the Mass, surmounted with wooden Madonnas wretchedly carved, and in still worse taste, bedaubed with paint and finery, displaying the motto "Regina Cœli,"* or some other of the customary Roman Catholic addresses to the Virgin. This venerable edifice, so solemn, so spacious, fills the mind with awe and reverence: far otherwise the various accompaniments of the church service, and the accessories of the Catholic rites. Throughout the ceremony, '*Le Suisse*,' an amphi-

* Queen of Heaven.

bious or dubious creature, who seems to combine the civil, military, and ecclesiastical, character in his own person, parades up and down, and round about the church. He wears a blue military coat, carries a beadle's, or constable's, silver-headed long staff; has a sort of a surplice thrown over him, and bears a most important sword. In one of the dark confessionals you see a few old and young, making a thousand genuflections to a wretched daub of a picture, before which are burning some dozen bits of tallow candles. A little further on there hangs up, like a child's toy, a model of a ship, or other trifling *ex voto* offering; and at one of the privileged altars there is an inscription, purporting that Pope Pius VI, out of his special affection for the church of St. Jacques, had obtained from heaven the grace, and thus announces it, that whenever a priest should celebrate, in that church, mass, for the repose of a soul that had died in the Catholic faith, then does the Pope promise, that through his intercession with Jesus Christ, such soul should be instantly released from Purgatory. In my walk before dinner, I met the funeral of a child. The priest and attendants, bareheaded, carried an elevated crucifix; the body was borne behind, covered with a white linen cloth, strewed with flowers; the female mourners (they were poor people) wore very large red cloaks. Arrived at the church-yard, the service was ex-

tremely short, in Latin, as usual, and finished by all the parties concerned sprinkling the grave with holy water, by a particular brush for that purpose.

In 1694, this town was bombarded, and materially injured, by an English squadron, under the command of Admiral Lord Berkeley. About the same period, we may remember that Calais, Havre, St. Malo, and Dunkirk, were similarly attacked, and which attacks arose from the incessant contests between our William and Louis Quatorze. The usual distinction of a Catholic country strikes the traveller even before he touches the shore; viz. the erection of a cross, with the Savior transfixed, as large as, and painted to imitate, life.

Mounted the diligence for Rouen. The rules of the French stage-coaches are worthy of English imitation. The three front seats in the *intérieur* are numbered 1, 5, 2; the three back, 3, 6, 4, and price affixed. Thus the two taking places first claim the two corner front seats:—the next two the two corner back seats:—the next two the front, and back, middle places:—so with the *cabriolet*, and the *imperiale*, or roof of the coach, where there is permission to sit, when not occupied by luggage. In securing a place for a distant day, a paper is always given, conveying general directions, acknowledging the earnest deposited,

and specifying the place engaged. All disputes are thus rendered impossible, and the *conducteurs* have the authority of government to superintend, order, and arrange all matters. These men are in general extremely civil, and communicative, and may be relied upon, without trouble on the part of the passenger, to claim only what they are fairly entitled to for themselves and postillions. A French diligence is, perhaps, one of the most clumsy, heavy, cumbersome vehicles that can be seen; yet these disadvantages are more than counterbalanced by its comparative safety; and to be overturned by them is as rare an occurrence as a similar accident to a York waggon with us. They are of various shapes and sizes; some contain ten insides, having seats lengthways, with three windows a-side, certainly not bigger than pigeon holes. I have heard of others containing nine inside;—their condition must be uncommonly comfortable who travel all day and night on the middle bench, compelled thus to sit bolt upright so many hours, and nothing to recline upon, back or front! But it is in the harnessing, &c. of the animals that the English superiority is so very manifest. These Norman horses are smaller than ours, generally in good condition, amazingly sturdy, and are almost all *chevaux entiers*. Put in two abreast, headed by three, or *vicé versâ*, or in every other way, kept together, yet allowed to roam a yard apart, by

bits of ropes, leather, or chain; the clumsiest collars, with great projecting wooden wings, occasionally painted, and sheep-skins attached, reaching half way down the back, then a cloth down to the crupper, and a net over all, and nose also, with bells and tufts innumerable; thus, and even more disfigured, the creatures perform their accustomed labours with great perseverance, and apparent good-will, trotting down hill with such a waggon on their backs, yet never missing their feet; sometimes inclined to frisk or play, and now and then neighing most merrily. The *postillon* with cocked hat, waggoner's blue frock, immense bunching pig-tail, and enormous jack-boots, completes this strange appearance. So trifling is the bit of cord with which he guides the animals, that it may be doubted, whether any English coachman could take his place; while his application of his long whip, to announce his arrival, by cracking it loudly over his head, is equally dexterous and peculiar. It is, however, to be observed, that many improvements have taken place in these matters since the frequent intercourse of the English on the continent: the diligences are lighter, the horses better harnessed, the conveyance much speedier. The carts seem most strangely and awkwardly long, and, I presume, that their number of horses is, contrary to our rules, unlimited, since I have seen eleven horses, placed lengthways. I was,

yesterday, amused in observing the aptitude of the creatures belonging to an immensely laden waggon coming down a steep hill. In this case, the wheels were not locked as with us, but the shaft-horse only being left in, the remaining six, seven, or eight, were simply chained behind, when they all immediately pulled the vehicle back with all force, and curiously slid down on their haunches till they reached the bottom.

Rouen, anciently Rotomagus, ranks as the fourth, or fifth, largest city of France: the Seine, which intersects it, can here boast of as much craft as may serve to remind one of the aspect of the Thames at London Bridge, while the general trade and activity on the quays exceed Paris beyond all comparison. From the countless casks I saw, I should judge wine to be a principal article of traffic; but I understand that cotton goods are the staple commodity. In the centre of the town is a bridge of very peculiar construction, said to have been first contrived by an Augustine friar. Owing to the very wide expanse of the river, this bridge is much longer than that of Westminster, and about as broad. It is composed of timber, the stone paving for carriages being laid over in the middle, and it rests entirely upon fifteen immensely large, and solid, barges, moored in the river. Hence, the bridge rises, and falls, as the barges do, with the ebb and flow of the tide, and being divided, as it

were, into compartments of the width of the respective boats, it is curious to a new spectator, when on the bridge, to watch the several divisions swaying up and down, as the heavy carts rumble over, and to feel the bridge tremble beneath him. No vessel can consequently pass under; yet, for the purpose of passing through, any portion of it may be removed, and the whole may be taken to pieces in one hour; a practice which, I believe, prevails in the winter, to avoid the concussions from the masses of ice. From Mount St. Catherine, an elevation commanding a most beautiful prospect, and from the seats on this bridge, are the best views of the city. On one side, looking on the Seine, you see its broad bosom, teeming on either hand with merchant vessels of the largest navigation; while the light pleasure-skiffs skim along the central surface, till lost in the beautiful meanders of the river. Reverse your seat, and the Seine presents a still broader expanse, and more graceful curves. Boulevards of lofty elms, and champaign fields, studded with villas, carry the eye from height to height, till bounded by St. Catherine, and the yet more distant mountains of Normandy. Islands of considerable extent arise in the middle of the waters, their beauties multiplied by the reflection in the pellucid stream of their many lofty poplars, gardens, and groves. By moonlight, such scenes might inspire that exquisite description—

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
>
> *Merchant of Venice.*

The far-famed cathedral remains to be spoken of; an Anglo-Norman pile of consummate beauty, originally founded by our William the Conqueror. The exterior front presents two towers, not strictly uniform, and a central spire rising to the prodigious height of 390 French feet. The whole principal front, and portal, are most richly and curiously carved with bishops, saints, martyrs, lions, griffins, and devices of every sort, rising each above the other in endless succession; while the gothic tracery, through which we view the heavens, though it is formed by solid limbs of stone, appears below singularly light and elegant. Most strangely, and lamentably indeed, is the exterior of this venerable cathedral disfigured by the meanest shops on every side attached to it, and actually burrowing in the walls. In the interior, the eye ranges through vistas, and arcades, of the loftiest arches;—all the solemn imageries and appendages of a Roman-Catholic Gothic Cathedral, with the beautiful and elaborate ornament, and finish of every part, till the prospect terminates with the gorgeous altar of the Lady Chapel, rising to the roof in the remote distance.

One object struck me as singularly inconsistent, and in a vitiated taste. In this cathedral, every part of which is so strictly Gothic, the Screen which separates the choir from the transept and nave, is of a modern Grecian style, consisting of six Ionic pillars, surmounted by a gilt ballustrade, and four vases. That this design may be good in its place, no one will dispute; but to me, whenever my eyes fell upon it, its style and character immediately, and ungraciously, tended to dispel those solemn impressions which the venerable fabric everywhere else inspires.

The length of the interior is ...	408	Fr. ft.
Ditto of Nave	210	
Ditto of Choir	110	
Ditto of Transept	164	
Ditto of Lady Chapel	88	

and wide in proportion. The depth of the various chapels, each dedicated to a particular saint, is ten French feet. This church once contained the tomb and heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, with other illustrious dead of those days; but not a vestige of their monuments remains; a short inscription over their supposed places of sepulture excepted. Yet the Lady Chapel contains two monuments of elaborate beauty. That of the Duke de Brezé, Seneschal of Normandy, whose sculptured corpse at the bottom shows all the rigid and stern character of death, and further displaying female

figures on either side, as large as life; one of them supposed to be Diana of Poictiers, who erected the monument:—above, the warrior appears on horseback, himself, and steed, in complete armour; with emblematical and allusive figures. The second monument represents two Cardinals of Amboise, formerly Archbishops of Rouen, kneeling, of the size of life; but the greater value of the tomb consists in the profusion of the minor figures. The seven cardinal virtues, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Justice, Charity, Hope, and the yet smaller accompanying devotional figures, are truly beautiful. The sculpture, detail, and finishing, of both these tombs are unrivalled.

Not being versed in the Catholic rites, the ceremonies of their religion were, to me, matters of curiosity. Various services are performed in the same church at the same moment. Marriages, christenings, mass, private devotion, or confession, in the various lateral chapels. The doors are always open; one may walk in, or out, and every where; sit or stand; pray or play; and yet, from the immense range, disturb no one. The dogs come in with their owners; these immediately fall on their knees before some favourite altar, or crucifix; those run about till summoned away. The Virgin is the more peculiar object of Catholic worship. Before her altars more candles burn than at the Saviour's. The poorest creature who totters

to her shrine appeases her conscience by paying a *sou* for a tallow candle, which is sold in the church for that purpose; and on particular days, as, recently, on the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, longer tallows than usual implied greater devotion; nor was there hardly room to stick them. These are of course suffered to burn out; but as there is a perpetual succession of devotees, the candles are flaming at various altars all day long. Penny pots of artificial flowers; little prints or pictures; faded silvered wreaths, and so forth, are also conspicuous. Yesterday, being the anniversary of the vow of Louis Treize, was observed throughout France as a particular festival. The shops were more generally shut than on Sunday, and it would appear by the dress and prevailing gaiety of the *Bourgeoisie* to have been a prime holiday. In the morning the national guard marched into the cathedral, and their band played during mass;—their music was to me any thing but harmonious; and the character any thing but sacred. The vestments of the Catholic priests are exceedingly varied, and rich, according to rank. The boy choristers wear over a red gown, which trails upon the ground, a transparent white vest buttoned up to the throat; having their heads shaved perfectly bare. Other orders of priests have black silken vests under transparent white, terminating in broad lace—higher degrees, a mantle, deep

collar, stiff with embroidery of gold, and flowers. The Archbishop, who himself officiated on this particular occasion, was a truly venerable and pious-looking old man. His robes were of white satin, with a broad embroidered gold band thrown across the shoulder, and reaching very low down. His golden archiepiscopal mitre was occasionally taken off his head, and returned by attendant priests, who also supported his train when he walked, and his robe on each side. The crook, the crucifix, the incense, &c. were of course in the procession, and in the evening were accompanied by an immense concourse of military, priests, and people.

The *Suisse*, or head beadle, who preceded the ministry on this occasion, was also very conspicuous, having red breeches, waistcoat, and stockings, buckles, blue military coat, and gold lace, cocked hat, and white feather; broad embroidered band reaching from shoulder to knee; sword, and staff. He is the only person who retains his hat on his head. The ordinary and perpetual chaunting of the choir, with their one bassoon, and the people, is to me the gruffest discord my ears can be assailed with; but when the organ breaks upon the ear, when its soft breathing melody steals into the soul, or when its loud and deep tongued chords peal through the lengthened aisle, and pierce the lofty vault, religion seems then to speak to man with Heaven's own voice.

To the preceding account of Roman Catholic rites and ceremonies, I have nothing more to add as distinct from our own religious observances, excepting that, there not being any pews, the only seats are plain matted chairs. Many hundreds of these are piled up in the church, private property, and consequently when inclined to sit, two *sous* are paid for a chair. There is an ordinance of the police affixed in the church to regulate the placing, price, &c. but it is only on particular church services, I believe, that it is imperative to pay; on ordinary days one may take a chair at will. On certain pillars also are stuck up printed notices of things lost or found in church; also of religious books to be sold, and regular advertisements of approaching fasts and festivals. No Catholic enters or quits the sacred walls without first dipping his finger in the *Bénitier*, and crossing himself with the holy water; repeating the usual prayer.

CHAPTER II.

ROUTE TO PARIS—MAGNIFICENT ENTRANCE BY LA BARRIERE DE NEUILLY—BOULEVARDS—TRIUMPHAL PILLAR—ST. CLOUD—MONS. DENON, AND HIS COLLECTION—LUXEMBOURG PALACE, AND PICTURES—JARDIN DU ROI, AND GALLERIES—ANIMALS—REFLECTIONS ON THEM—ANECDOTE OF LION AND DOG.

FRIDAY.—Rose at four o'clock, to start precisely at five for Paris, going by the lower road, a distance rather greater than by the upper; yet for such a length of ride, being ninety miles, strikingly picturesque and diversified.

The Seine is crossed at four or five different points, and is scarcely concealed throughout the day. Its many meanders and windings are truly beautiful; and it is in this route that it shows to the greatest advantage its broad bosom, in one view laden with navigation and produce, and in another, studded with little islands, that arise amidst its waves as if by magic wand, and which art and labour have further embellished with avenues of lofty poplars and elms; summer retreats and gardens; besides reserving many acres for the produce of corn and pulse, &c. Throughout this road habitations are far more numerous than by way of Calais. Farms, manufactories, and chateaux, abound.

As is too common in France, nowhere can the

diligence stop, without an immediate host of clamorous beggars. The young, the old, the blind, the sick, and the lame, all pour upon you to pain by the ocular evidence of their various sufferings. I was much shocked at Mantes by one unhappy poor girl, not more than eighteen, and of dirty appearance, though not unpleasing features, who regularly, after most pathetically imploring "*La charité; pour la grace de Dieu, la charité*," as immediately burst into loud laughter.—Incurable, though harmless, madness!

The last five miles bring you to the barriers of the capital by a road whose general prospects and magnificence are, I should think, really unrivalled. Throughout the journey, the road is very wide, and, according to French fashion, almost entirely with a central *pavé*. Thus there is always a summer and a winter way; always the alternative, according to preference, of the dusty, but easy, road; or the rattling, yet surer, stones. Fruit trees, accessible to all passers by, line the high road frequently for miles; though perhaps the most pleasing sight to an unaccustomed English eye, is the range of fields teeming with the luxuriant vines, reared in the open air, and trailing in graceful foliage on poles, somewhat in the manner of our hops. In the nearer approach to Paris, the road assumes a width sufficient for eight or nine carriages abreast, sometimes a mile long. whose shady avenues of

trees, and fading perspective, much gratify the traveller's and the painter's eye.

At length the city bursts upon the view. The spirits are elated with the consciousness of being now in a capital celebrated throughout the globe—a capital for so many years an object of intense interest, though a forbidden one, to an Englishman, and where an ardent mind, or at least a pleasure-hunting spirit, can look in upon itself, and think; "Here, be my taste what it may; here shall it be gratified." Spires, and domes, and turrets, tower in the air, and we pass the *Barrière de Neuilly*, formed by two corresponding military stone lodges, porticoes on each side, and massy Doric columns. Through quadruple rows of elms, and at one and the same point, are seen the *Champs Elysées*, thronged in the evening shades by *elégantes*, and loungers, and dancers;—the massive gilded dome of the *Hôpital des Invalides*, the vast royal residence of the *Tuileries*, viewed through its range of public gardens, and adorned with vases, statues, columns; and the wide-expanding *Place Louis Quinze*, with its two striking groups of nobly sculptured horses;—on the right we behold the quays, the many bridges, the beautiful *façade*, and graceful colonnade, of the *Palais Bourbon*;—on the left, the long and lofty Garde-Meuble, with its unrivalled Corinthian front; while still advancing, the *Rue Royale* is terminated by the sumptuous

Eglise de la Madelaine. Traversing the *Place Vendome*, who can pass by, and view with indifference, that monument of art and glory erected and dedicated by Napoleon to his triumphant armies, but which is yet more striking from the late reverses? —a pillar on the model of that of Trajan at Rome, which, when crowned with the statue of Napoleon, rose to the height of 140 feet; cased, from the base upwards, with bassi relievi in bronze, representing, in chronological order, the achievements of the Emperor, and his armies.

This triumphal pillar, so memorable to Bonaparte, so flattering to the French nation, and so honourable to the arts, was begun in 1807, and completed in 1810, chiefly under the direction of Mons. Denon. It is further ornamented with eagles, arms, and other appropriate trophies, and consecrated by this inscription—

Napoleon Imp. Aug.
Monumentum Belli Germanici,
Anno MDCCCV
Trimestri spatio, ductû suo, profligati,
Ex ære capto
Gloriæ exercitus maximi
Dedicavit.*

Proceeding still further through the *Rue de la*

* Napoleon the Great, Emperor, has dedicated to the glory of his army this monument, formed from the cannon captured from the enemy, in the German war of 1805, and which war was concluded by him in the space of three months.

Paix, the *Boulevards* are traversed, and these are as striking a feature as any yet mentioned.

Reached in the cooler evening of a sultry summer's day, countless throngs here flock to lounge, to chat, to promenade, and perhaps their amazing numbers may be the first impression on arrival.

The glitter and bustle of the shops in endless perspective, all lit up, is beautifully shadowed and contrasted by the intervening foliage of the tranquil trees, while secondary streams of lengthened illuminations are poured from the lights upon innumerable stalls, trestles, &c. that line the street. Here for the amusement of certain classes are savoyards, tumblers, legerdemain, punch, ballad singers, petty retail dealers, pictures, prints, books, traffic of every sort, shews and games, "in sweet confusion intermixed."

These mingle and are contrasted with noble hotels, and the triumphal gates, St. Denis, and St. Martin, in an avenue of two miles. Baths, pavilions, *cafés* the most splendid, Chinese, Turkish, or oriental, whose sumptuous saloons, equally with the tables in the open air before their respective doors, are perpetually crowded by genteel and gay company partaking of ice, punch, sherbet, or liqueurs. Pleasure is the pursuit, and Luxury is her hand-maid; but how inviting to have at will the glitter of the crowded, gay saloon, or to retire to the shady seat, for whispering made, and fanned

by the evening breeze. In fine, whether inclined to promenade, to lounge, to talk, to dance, to court, to regale, or only to observe;—here you may be gratified; and in passing on the outside of a diligence, through such a host of attractions, one might well be excused if tempted to jump off; though uncertain and distracted where to fix.

Yesterday, Sunday, I had determined to pay my respects to the English Ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart. As soon as the service, performed in his chapel according to the Protestant mode, was concluded, and which is open to all the English, I presented my introductory letter. His Excellency did me the honour to converse some short time, and very politely promised me his assistance in obtaining any particular object, or sight, I might desire while in France; though I have not hitherto needed to avail myself of his offer.

I then extended my ride to St. Cloud, distant about five miles, and went over perhaps one of the most magnificently furnished palaces in Europe. His Majesty's footmen, in dress liveries, are in attendance to conduct visitors, and you parade through suites of rooms, not more regally and sumptuously furnished, than tastefully and appropriately diversified. The picture-gallery contains some of the choicest specimens of the ancient and modern art. The presence-chamber, or throne, the hall of marshals, the drawing-rooms, anti-

rooms, bed-rooms, baths, &c. are each fitted up with purple velvet and gold, or green and gold, or blue and silver, or white satin, &c., as seems most gorgeous for the dignity of the monarch and his princes, or most delicate and suitable for the princesses and their maids of honour. Golden clocks of the most elaborate workmanship, the choicest silver cabinets, tables, vases, and urns of the rarest marbles, tapestry, velvet couches, and sumptuous beds, with porcelaine of native manufacture, and of unparalleled price, are dispersed throughout. This palace was a favourite residence of Bonaparte; and its natural beauties render it worthy of its artificial additions. From the esplanade may be seen a panoramic view of the whole of Paris; the prospect bounded by the most expansive and verdant landscape, till lost in the furthest horizon. In the gardens are various and corresponding *jets d'eau*, with the celebrated grand cascade, representing a river God, and a Nymph, implying the union of the Seine and the Marne, from whom issue two immense sheets of water, which tumble from shell-work terraces, to the number of nine, till united in one central basin below. As the evening shades advance the Parisians form parties for quadrilles in the gardens, and dance to the music provided by the proprietors of the *cafés* for the day.

To-day I have been introduced to Mons. Denon,

the intrepid traveller, and celebrated illustrator of the arts and splendors of Egypt. Though distinguished from his early youth by the then monarchs of France, and holding the appointment of a *Gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi*, both to Louis XV and Louis XVI, yet it was during the reign of Bonaparte, and from his marked personal and particular regard for this artist, that he was raised to the post of Director General of the French Museum, being also an officer of the Legion of Honour, a member of the Institute, and a Baron of the Empire. In the stormy period of the French Revolution, the knowledge of those arts which had been his amusement, became his resource; the maturity and perfection of those talents gave to the world his work on Egypt, of which France may justly boast, and all who love the arts will ever reverence. This production, it may be remembered, was executed during the famous expedition of the French army into Egypt, whither Mons. Denon accompanied Napoleon at the emperor's express request. Grown old in the service of the arts, his collection may now rank as perhaps the most valuable private one in France. His pictures present some specimens of painting, through its various gradations, from the crude and laboured efforts of Giotto, to the finish of the present day. His medals comprise Grecian, Roman, and French; the latter, many of which

were designed by himself, that splendid and memorable series illustrative of Bonaparte and his achievements. China of the oldest date, and antique value; with the exquisite specimens of modern Seve, and Dresden,—Portfolios of original designs, and drawings by the eminent masters, including Raphael, Guercino, Julio Romano, and Parmeggiano,—Bronzes, Sculpture, Egyptian Idols, Papyri, and Mummies. In modern sculpture, I was much struck with a head of Bonaparte, of Canova's execution; an admirable likeness still preserved, though not an immediate copy of the features, it being a head of ideal beauty, and god-like attributes. In the class of Egyptian antiquities is a female figure of about fifteen years of age, with the flesh still preserved; black, imperfect, and discoloured, but after a lapse of more than 3000 years; and there is also a female foot, found in the royal tombs of Egypt, and still in perfect preservation. This specimen of Egyptian beauty is thus described by Mons. Denon himself: "*Le pied d'une jeune femme, d'une princesse, d'un être charmant, dont la chaussure n'avait jamais altéré les formes, et dont les formes étaient parfaites.*"

Tuesday was devoted to the Palais Luxembourg, whose galleries are now consecrated solely to the exhibition of the French school of painting.

To speak unpretendingly, and of my own judgment, I was not pleased. I know of no maxim in art so fine as

Ars est celare artem.*

But the French painters, at the head of whom is David, seem to exhaust every effort in displaying the brightest colours of every hue; the most glaring contrasts of light and shade; with the most strained and extravagant attitudes. Hence the eye, or at least mine, involuntarily attracted by the artifices of the painter, keeps the mind too much distracted to receive the serious impressions which Historical Painting, to be grand, must naturally inspire; and this also appears to me as the grand distinction of the ancient masters, viz. the production of the finest *and most solemn* effects, without attention to glitter of colour, and representation of every prettiness, and *minutia*, of dress, or so forth. Nevertheless the pictures of Poussin in the Louvre owe their unrivalled merit to no such meretricious charms; and though I thus venture to give my opinion, in opposition to a present fashion, yet I think that the highest praise is due to many I there saw. Witness David's Belisarius, "Date obolum Belisario," Peter Guerin's Eneas reciting his adventures to Dido. In

* The greatest art is to conceal art.

this picture nothing can exceed the tenderness, the love-expression, of the devoted queen, as she so fondly gazes on the hero—

> How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues,
> Like softest music to attending ears;

nor the archness of Cupid disguised in the form of Ascanius; and the beautiful allegory of his slily drawing her former wedding ring from her unconscious hand. The landscape, the temple of Neptune, and the view of Carthage, are all in the same style of excellence.

Add to these, the equally beautiful representation of Atala by Girodet, and also his Endymion.

That sculpture by Julien, placed in the rotunda, must also be noticed,—*La Baigneuse*, or nymph about to bathe. At the moment of advancing her delicate foot to the brink of the water, suddenly alarmed with the apprehension of being seen, she starts back with the involuntary impulse of a modesty which essays to conceal her charms, yet heightens them.

We also saw the former bed-chamber of the illustrious Maria de' Medici, consort of Henri Quatre, which is worthy of exhibition from the profusion of gold about the room, and from the paintings by Rubens, adorning the ceiling and compartments, and painted under the Queen's immediate orders and inspection. This room now con-

tains the genealogies of all the peers of France, and of the Royal Family. A further department of the palace is appropriated as the Chamber of Peers.

Wednesday was as pleasing a day as any yet; the *Jardin du Roi.* The Botanic Garden contains about 7000 plants, divided into classes; also exotics contained in conservatories, and is of the length of 330 fathoms by 110 in breadth; and hence the other botanical gardens and schools are supplied with trees and seeds. In one of the courts is the skeleton of a fish, so enormous as almost to realise the supposition of the "Leviathan of the deep." In the Gallery of Natural History, up stairs, is the finest collection of preserved birds and beasts in Europe. The hippopotamus, the crocodile, elephant, camelopard, or giraffe, rhinoceros, buffalo, the bison, and the lama of Peru, lions, hyenas, every animal from the largest to the smallest, and of every genus, seem to mock one with imitative, mimic rage, or life.

The Birds are, if possible, still more pleasing. The plumage of some, as of the bird of paradise, is the most vivid and exquisite conceivable. They are scientifically arranged in glass cases placed round the room; and the astonishing number of them, and the value of this collection, may be inferred from the varieties here shown of that exquisite little production, the Humming bird, of which kind, the *genus Trochilus*, there are, accord-

ing to Buffon, sixty-five species, and eleven further varieties have since been discovered. Here also is nearly every species of the Owl tribe, or *Strix genus*, about fifty-six in number, together with ten varieties of the Bird of Paradise.

In the centre of the rooms are cases for every species of serpents, adders, and insects, butterfly, scarabæus, or moth; from the harmless, buzzing, insect of our own fields, to the terrific, venomous, flying monsters of America. Some of the moths measure eight inches from the tip of one wing to the other. Shells, minerals, metals, petrefactions, gems, marbles, and preserved fish, together with further agricultural, literary, zoological, geological, chemical, volcanic, and anatomical collections, with the rarest and most valued antediluvian relics, render this collection a just source of pride to the country that formed it.

Descend the stairs, and enter another department of the garden, commonly called the Swiss Valley, and here you may walk amidst, and feed, the living creation. It is delightful thus to range among these living wonders of the most distant and opposite regions; to see them rejoicing in their freedom to exercise the various peculiarities of their natures;—to know that they are carefully and kindly treated;—and to find them not flying from man as cruel and tyrannical, but approaching and mingling with him as kind and beneficent:—birds

and beasts rambling, each in their respective pasturages, and to each a suitable residence. The elephant, and all that are harmless, at liberty; with the ostrich, elk, rein-deer, stag, &c. &c. Varieties of goats and sheep, and the camels performing their domestic duties, each in their turn, by being harnessed to a machine for raising the water that supplies the menagerie. Eagles, vultures, bears, lions, tigers, panthers, baboons, with all the monkey tribe, and such like, confined to their respective cages, chambers, or pits; but which are all sufficiently capacious and comfortable. With the lioness is a dog, her companion for many years. I was much interested at this latter sight, having heard of such associations, but never before having seen them.

My attachment to animals is one of the strongest feelings I possess. Every day I watch for, and may observe, some proof of sagacity in them, of attachment to their masters, sensibility and fondness for their own species, with that keenest affection for their offspring, and even for the offspring of others while they nurse them, which will brave every danger and cruelty in protecting them. While man, with his unlimited faculties, so often seeks but to debase them, the animal tribe, without speech, can yet comprehend the language of man; and without reason, can yet develope his will, and accomplish his duties. *Pa-*

tiently and cheerfully they ease him of his labours; their stupendous strength transports the burthens which mock his feeble powers; their swiftness conveys him at will to the remotest quarters; with equal ardour and courage they rush at the command of their lord into the hottest battle, or, with lightning speed, they bear him far from danger. To the astonishing instinct, powers, and patience, of certain animals, man is indebted for his sports and his dainties; they gratify his pleasures, his luxuries, his necessities; they promote his health; they are his companions and friends, without guile, or hypocrisy, and, living or dead, they afford him food, clothing, and medicine. They have often saved the life of him that fed them; and for all these benefits and virtues, they ask but the simplest sustenance, and a little rest. To me it is pleasure to see and to make them happy. Many a time have I been ill-treated in trying to save them from ill treatment; and yet I am willing again, and again, to interpose. Not a fly could I wantonly injure.

Mar. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and a mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty, buzzing, melody,
Came here to make us merry, and thou hast killed him.
Titus Andronicus.

I looked upon the noble monarch of the forest,

and then again upon the generous, confiding, dog. Nothing occurred to me so forcibly as the olden tale of the lion, and his favourite little black spaniel; and I could almost have trembled for fear again of a similar fate.

To those who may not know the fact, let me record it in this place as appropriate, and as one of the many proofs of the unalterable fidelity and attachment of animals.

The keeper of a noble lion having thrown a spaniel into the den of this king of the forest, was surprised to behold the condescension and welcome with which the lordly creature seemed to greet the little object before him. Suffering it therefore to remain in the cage, from that hour their mutual attachment and friendship increased. When meal-time came, always did the lion apportion a part of his victuals to his little favourite: when merry, he played with his little dog; and when asleep, he drew him to his bosom.

At length the little creature died. For a long time the lion watched over him, and thinking him asleep, pawed him and patted him to awake, and to eat, and to play as he used. But alas! in vain! Then he would raise himself, and rage at the bars that confined him, and then again he would lay down by the side of his friend, and moan, and lament! By way of experiment, other dogs were put into his den; but, in an

instant, he tore them to pieces, and scattered their mangled bones.

Thus for five days did he alternately rage, or moan, rejecting all food, and regardless of aught save the corpse of his dear companion. Vain indeed, and fruitless, was the dangerous attempt to deprive him of the lifeless body of his dearest little dog: he guarded it but the more tenderly; he watched over it the more fiercely. Alternately did he droop his head sorrowing for his lost friend; or raising himself up, again terrificly roar, and vent the most desperate rage to escape from the bars that imprisoned him. Finally, exhausted, and spent, with fury and grief, and having rejected all nourishment, he was found dead with his little favourite clasped to his bosom!

CHAPTER III.

LOUVRE—NAPOLEON—TUILERIES—FETE OF ST. LOUIS—WATER-WORKS OF VERSAILLES—CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AND CROWN OF THORNS—LA MORGUE—HOPITAL DES INVALIDES—ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE—CATACOMBS.

PARIS. Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to the Louvre.—Of a gallery of art so universally known, and containing, even now, such an invaluable collection of the productions of the French, Flemish, German, Dutch, and Italian, schools, it were impossible for me to speak more than generally. Much that it possessed during the reign of Bonaparte has been restored to the respective capitals whence ransacked; but exhaustless treasures of sculpture, and her sister art, still remain.

The coup-d'œil, on entering such a national gallery, is truly enchanting, where the dazzled eye ranges through a long perspective of 1300 feet, enriched with such choice monuments of art! but yet more impressive are the feelings excited by such evidences, and successful fruits, of those "longings after immortality" in mortal man, that produced such divine triumphs of art, and genius.

Could I particularise any, I would that splendid series, painted by Rubens, of allegories illustrative of the lives of Henry Quatre and his consort, Mary of Medicis. They are twenty-one in num-

ber, beginning with the Fates spinning the destinies of the yet unborn queen, with her various achievements, all allegorically treated; and ending with Time unveiling Truth. For dignity of composition, splendour of colouring, fertility of fancy, and facility of execution; and considering them also as a series of paintings, accomplished by the same hand, in the short period of three years, they may be really deemed unrivalled. They deserve their name—Rubens's Poem.

Of Vernet's twelve views of the principal seaports of France, too much in praise can hardly be said. But his *ad libitum* Marine pictures!—Mid-day Sun—Moonlight—Fog—or the terrible Tempest. It is impossible to gaze on them without being warmed, or frozen!

I think I have read, that such was this Frenchman's enthusiasm for his art, that he would risk his life, by being lashed to the masts of a vessel, during all the horrors of a tempest, in order that he might the better depict the awful scene.

It was through these galleries of treasures that Napoleon led his imperial, and blooming, bride of Austria, in triumph, on her nuptial night. What combination more resplendent than this? Emperor and Warrior, Lover and Bridegroom, Patron of the arts, and Possessor of those treasures of art which had taken centuries to produce, which kingdoms had mutually shared and boasted, and which remain,

though those empires have vanished, and decayed:—he led his royal consort, triumphant, through galleries where his victories had assembled these matchless jewels, and which his liberality had consecrated to the public benefit of France. Attended by his Court, his Officers, and his Marshals, no parade of show, or splendour of costume, was spared to heighten effect; his people crowded around, and gazed on him with the ardour of enthusiasm! Thrones were then tributary to him; and kingdoms were the rewards he bestowed!

24 Inst. Visited the Tuileries, but did not deem the apartments so richly furnished, or so tastefully diversified, as those of St. Cloud, with two exceptions—a massive silver statue of Ceres as large as life; and the king's bed-chamber.

The style of this room is entirely of purple velvet, most sumptuously embroidered with gold: and his Majesty's dressing-cabinet is of the most delicate golden fillagree.

This royal edifice was begun in 1564, and now presents a vast pile of palace grandeur, of which one front extends a thousand feet: but it exhibits a very discordant, and varying, style of architecture.

Attached to it are gardens and groves, ever open to the public, and forming one of the most gratifying attractions of Paris.

Many of the statues with which they are adorn-

ed are good enough to please even connoisseurship; their fountains, and *jets d'eau*, diversify the scene; while these shady groves, blooming orangeries, and grand parades, are the resort of those who court fashion and notoriety; as well as of the sentimentalist, the recluse, the politician, the student, or the lover; and they suit even for the frolics, and gambols, of children.

The 25th instant was the Fête of St. Louis. On the preceding day, Friday, eight, or nine, theatres were open gratuitously to the public, besides the Opera; and in each house were given the prime pieces, and performers, commencing at two o'clock in the day. On Saturday there were provided for the people, in the Champs Elysées, at the expense of the King, plays, rope-dancing, music, pole-climbing for prizes of a silver, and a gold, watch, buckles, tankard, &c. and in the evening really brilliant fireworks. All Paris was likewise illuminated. The day was remarkably fine, and many thousands partook of the bounty of their monarch. In addition to these sports, and many others, that which to me, as a spectator, was the most diverting, and ludicrous, was to see the scrambling, pushing, and tumbling for the eatables. For two hours, and at about a dozen different stations, loaves, sausages, and fowls, were thrown to all who could catch them; besides as many streams of wine running for all who could contrive by jumping,

shoving, squeezing, or quarrelling, to thrust up his pail, glass, flask, or any thing else, to receive it. I saw one man get a full pail from one fountain only.

On occasion of this feast also, the grand waters of Versailles were played on Sunday; and so extended are they, that it is a task to attempt to describe them. The central cascade on the *parterre* nearest the palace represents Latona;—Sea-nymphs, and Tritons beneath her discharge torrents of water, which, mounting into the form of an arch many feet above her head, dash themselves upon the marble goddess, and tumble from terrace to terrace into the reservoir beneath, where larger Tritons discharge their liquid torrents from their shells, while beneath them the stone frogs are spouting their element to the very verge of the bason.

Descending this elevation, a larger reservoir has in its centre Neptune driving his car with four horses; who also, with the appropriate appendages of attendant sea-gods, shells, &c. form a beautiful and grand combination of *jets d'eau*. The execution of these horses appeared to me admirable.

On the left of these is a grove, within which is a peristyle of thirty-two coupled columns of the Ionic order, and of Languedoc marble. Between these columns spring so many *jets d'eau* to the height of about twenty feet. It were impossible not to

admire the grace, and taste, of this union of architectural, and aquatic beauties, since the fountains, springing up between the pillars, seem themselves to be so many transparent alabaster columns, ever preserving their form, yet ever varying in a glittering, silvery agitation. Other *jets d'eau* are at the same time playing in various parts of the gardens, some to the height of seventy, or eighty, feet. It is curious to see so many columns of mist, and spray, in their bounding descent; to view them through the surrounding verdant foliage, and opposed to the brilliant sun, forming a thousand glittering colours, prisms, and rainbows.

But it is in another piece that the artist has concentered all his powers. Here were thousands waiting till the half hour of six, from which time till seven, this chef-d'œuvre is in full force. It represents Neptune and Amphitrite, Proteus and the Ocean, minor figures, dolphins, &c. and twenty-two immense vases. All the waters here combined, rising to an incredible height, and with a proportionate impetus, burst forth upon the astonished sight in a moment.

Visited the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Its length is 414 feet; width, 144; height, 102, independently of the space occupied by 45 chapels.

Though its ancient Gothic exterior; its curious wooden carvings of scriptural histories; its sanctuary, and altar of marble, and porphyry, with its elegant

modern candelabras, the gift of Bonaparte, are all worthy of observation, yet I was most occupied in observing the great treasure of this church, exhibited only on particular occasions, and on this, the anniversary of the fête of St. Louis, viz. nothing less than a portion of the asserted true Crown of Thorns of Christ! All classes devoutly press to kiss this precious relic, which consists, as it were, of filaments of wood, bound with golden threads, and encased in gold and crystal.

It is kept in a golden globe, supported by three angels kneeling on a triangular base. The globe is surmounted by a figure of Faith, leaning on the cross, and holding the cup of the sacrament; with a motto.

The whole is of beautiful workmanship, and at the three angles of the base are three Latin inscriptions, implying the taking of the holy Crown of Thorns, on August 8, 1230; its restoration on October 26, 1804; and transfer, August 10, 1806.

The chief inscription is thus:

La St. Couronne d'Epines
De N. S. J. C.
Conquise par Baudoin
A la prise de C. P. en 1204,
Engagée aux Venitiens,
Et portée à Venise en 1238,
Fut reçue avec grande piété
Par St. Louis
A Villeneuve près Sens,
Le 10me Août, 1239.

The history of this Crown of Thorns is curious. During the troubles of Constantinople, under the Emperor, Baldwin II. in 1237—8, the Barons of Romania had borrowed above 13,000 pieces of gold, or about 7000*l.* upon the faith of this holy relic of the Passion of Christ. Unable to repay this debt, a Venetian, Nicholas Querini, paid it for them, but, by agreement, he bore away the sacred treasure to Venice, which, thus pawned, was to be forfeited if not redeemed within a certain period. Still unable to raise this sum, the Emperor of the East now urged St. Louis of France to be the purchaser; the monarch consented, and gave to Baldwin an additional gratuity of 10,000 marks of silver. The sovereign of France, attended by his Court, advanced to meet the precious relic on its way from Venice; and in Paris it was carried in triumph by the king himself, walking barefooted, and in his shirt.

Coming from hence, I stumbled upon a most melancholy sight close by:—La Morgue, or bone-house, for the reception of those found dead, in order to be claimed, by being publicly exposed. They are stripped nude, men or women, singly excepting a piece of leather across the loins, and thus laid out; their heads upon a wooden pillow, and their clothes hung up in order by them. Entering the court yard, I saw two men, both drowned. One of them had been thus exposed. unknown for days; he was frightfully swollen; face black as th

hair that shaded it; the whole body horribly discoloured—blood, livid blotches, and putrefaction.

The other was a fine young man of twenty, taken out but a few hours past;—all the bloom and freshness of youth; all the rigid immovable fixedness of death!

L'Hôpital des Invalides corresponds to our Greenwich, and Chelsea, hospitals, intended to include under the same roof both services, though at present the marine department are at Rochfort. Its exterior is very imposing, and one of the most striking objects in, and about, Paris; its huge dome, and surmounting spire, being almost completely, and solidly, gilt. An equestrian statue of Louis Quatorze over the principal entrance, a basso-rilievo, presents the following inscription:

Ludovicus Magnus
Militibus, Regali Munificentiâ
In Perpetuum Providens
Has Ædes posuit.*

The tombs of Marshal Turenne, and Vauban, are the only two of note in the chapel. The building now contains between 4000 and 5000 men, and officers, though in the time of war it has held above 10,000. Its interior regulations seem equally comfortable, and sensible, with our own, but with the important addition of a library,

* Louis the Great, providing for his soldiers with royal munificence, founded this establishment for them for ever

containing 15,000 volumes, accessible to every rank! The Hall of Council is hung with whole length portraits of the most distinguished field-marshals of France, without distinction as to Bonapartists, or Bourbonites, which are beautifully executed, each general appearing in his respective full military uniform.

Sunday.—Went with almost all Paris to the fair held in the Park of St. Germain en Laye. Overturned on the road, in one of those miserable one-horse *Voitures Accélerées*, a wretched machine, dragged for nine miles, with seven or eight people, by one poor, jaded beast. Out of compassion to the animal, when released from his trammels, I would not be persuaded to enter again, and preferred walking in a burning sun till I met with a *fiacre*.

This fair had nothing particularly distinct from all other fairs; though the various groups of people, with the multitudes of horses, and equipages, seen at so many points through the many avenues, and vistas, of trees of this celebrated forest had certainly a pleasing effect.

In this chateau it was that James II. of England found an asylum, and here died.

My friend was anxious to see the Catacombs; but all our attempts were vain, in consequence of their being just now peremptorily closed to all visitors, while some alterations are proceeding in

them. As I had, however, explored them before, I can here furnish some little memento of them. The descent into these receptacles of the bones of the dead is by a staircase, descending more than seventy feet into these subterranean quarries, whence has been dug the stone for the mansions of Paris;—thus, the bones of the dead fill up the empty space made by digging out the stone which housed those very bodies when living! Two millions of corpses were the estimated numbers deposited here, according to a calculation taken some years since. These bones are arranged in various modes, and regular forms: they are also divided into classes; for instance, some heaps are of those who perished in the horrors of the Revolution, indicated by the simple inscription of "*Septembre*, 1792;" others are the collections of ages from various monasteries; and some there are, the decaying, sickening, relics of distortions, maims, and foul diseases. Thus we walk through rows and long arcades of grinning death, and through passages so numerous, and intricate, that a black line is marked upon the whitened ceiling as a clue to retrace one's steps. This simple precaution was not taken till after the horrid death of some wretched visitors, here below, who lost their way.

There are various altars interspersed where mass is performed on certain occasions, and there are abundance of inscriptions, Heathen, Philosophical,

and Scriptural. Over the entrance into these Cimmerian regions is this first address:

Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes.*—

for Philosophy there are these:

Neant; silence, etres mortels,†

and

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.‡—*Seneca.*

for Scripture this:

Qui dormiunt in terræ pulvere evigilabunt:—alii in vitam æternam, et alii in opprobrium, §

and for Heathen this, from Virgil:

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!‖
2d Georgics, v. 490.

The contemplation of death may lead to the better appropriation of life; the sight of death may make the yet more solemn impression; but to play with our poor remains,—to make an exhibition of our mouldered bones, all packed in quaint de-

* Reposing far hence, awaiting their blessed hope.

† Silence; mere mortals, nothingness!

‡ Would'st thou know where thou shalt lie after death? Where the yet unborn lie.

§ And they who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; and some shall go into life eternal, and some into condemnation.

‖ Happy is the man who can develope causes, who knows no fears, nor dreads his coming fate, or doom hereafter.

yices, and to surmount them with our grinning, chapless skulls!—this, this, is horrible. Those limbs, the only property, the little all that man can call his own, when lost to him—what cannot be another's—let the dark grave shroud, as his! How much more bitter, if here, perchance, there be exhibited the bones of those whom in life we loved, and those limbs which we may have clasped with our own!

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER IV

STREETS OF PARIS—SHOP SIGNS—FOUNTAINS—FRENCH CHARACTER, AND WOMEN—INTRIGUE—ADVERTISING FOR HUSBANDS—LIVING—CAFES—THEATRES, AND TRAGEDY—TIVOLI—PALAIS ROYAL—GAMING—CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE—BIBLIOTHEQUE DU ROI—FRENCH MANNERS—DRESS.

THE greatest disagreeable of Paris, at least to a pedestrian, is the want of pavement. No distinction here prevails for horse, or man: foot passengers kicking their ancles at every step, and slipping onward through mud, and mire, have no other protection from carts, and coaches, than the occasional holloa of "*Gare*"—"*Gare*;"—they are splashed in filthy weather without mercy; and are of necessity driven against a dirty wall, or find refuge from immediate crushing by a post. Hardly any walking disagreeable can be greater than this to an Englishman, or woman—and the many stone posts which line the street, as some sort of security against carriages, are made receptacles for all sorts of filth, rotten vegetables, &c.

Yet in the Palais Royal, the Passage des Panorames, and some other few places, one may always walk with comfort, and clean shoes. At night, the streets are infinitely worse, from the very genteel practice of ejecting from the windows the contents

of dirty basins, &c. by which one's new hat, or coat, may obtain, unasked for, a very complete, and agreeable, christening! Nevertheless, barring these, and some other, inconveniencies, I know of nothing more amusing than a walk in Paris streets. Some of the shops, particularly those for clocks and china, make a superb display, while all have a very diversified, and numerous, collection of articles; but it is the Signs that so amuse, and absolutely arrest, a stranger. This is a practice that has grown into a mania at Paris, and is even a subject for the ridicule of the stage, since many a shop-keeper considers his Sign as a primary matter, and spends a little capital in this one outfit. Many of them exhibit figures as large as life, painted in no humble, or shabby, style; while history, sacred, and classical, religion, the stage, &c. furnish subjects. You may see the Horatii and Curiatii—a scene from the Fourberies de Scapin of Moliere—a group of French soldiers with the inscription—"*A la valeur des soldats François,*" or a group of children inscribed—"*A la reunion des bons enfans:*"—or, "*à la Baigneuse,*" depicting a beautiful nymph just issuing from the bath:—or, "*à la Somnambule,*" a pretty girl walking in her sleep, and night dress, and followed by her gallant.

In ludicrous things a barber will write under his sign—

La nature donne barbe et cheveux ;
Et moi, je les coupe tous les deux;

or,

A toutes les figures dediant mes rasoirs
Je nargue la censure des fideles miroirs.

Also a frequent inscription with a barber is—

Ici on rajeunit.

A breeches maker writes up,

M.—— Culottier de Madame la Duchesse de Devonshire.

A *Perruquier* exhibits a sign very well painted of an old fop trying on a new wig, entitled,

Au ci-devant jeune homme.

A butcher displays a bouquet of faded flowers, with the inscription

Au tendre souvenir.

An eating-house exhibits a punning sign in an ox dressed up with bonnet, lace, veil, shawl, &c. which naturally implies—*Bœuf à la mode.*

A pastry-cook has a very pretty little girl climbing up to reach some cakes in a cupboard, and his sign he calls

A la petite gourmande.

A stocking-maker has painted for him a lovely creature trying on a new stocking, at the same time exhibiting more charms than the occasion requires to the young fellow who is on his knees at her feet, with the very significant motto

A la belle occasion.

Paris abounds with fountains, many of them of

great architectural beauty. One includes a pillar rising from a capacious basin, inscribed with records of the memorable battles of France, and surmounted by a figure of Fame. Another on the Boulevards, of granite and bronze, presents a noble circular basin, and eight bronze lions couched, from whose mouths the streams perpetually flow. I transcribe two of the many mottoes.

Tot loca sacra inter pura est quæ labitur unda:
Hanc, non impuro, quisquis es, ore bibas.

Pure is the stream that flows throughout this sacred part;
Hence, drink it not with unclean lips, whoe'er thou art.

The second is peculiarly appropriate and pleasing.

Quæ dat aquas saxo latet hospita nympha sub imo:
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latêre velis.

Beneath, unseen's the nymph who gives this bounteous flow;
Be thou, like her:—Give: but seek not thy gifts to show.

Bonaparte projected a singular erection for this purpose, which is now slowly proceeding, and will occupy four more years. I went yesterday to see it: the model of an elephant and tower on his back, together of the height of sixty-five feet, and proportionately big, from whose trunk, curved inwardly, and from the two nostrils, the water is to spring in two different directions. By a staircase in one of the legs, a room may be reached in the tower, intended as an observatory.

There is a drawing, exhibiting this elephant

covered with a very tasteful Indian drapery of bronze and gold; his tusks were to be silver, and the accompanying lions, who were to eject water from one cistern to another, bronze. The design is grand and stupendous; and it was further intended as a distant object of view from the Palace of the Tuileries by a noble street of a mile and a half in length. There is also another consideration attached to this monument, which, as it strikes me, so forcibly indicates the policy and discrimination of Bonaparte prevailing in most of his acts, as not to need any comment, or explanation:—it is erected on the site of the ancient Bastille.

With respect to French manners or character, so far as my own observations extend, I do not think that to the English they are so complaisant, or even so commonly civil as they used to be. When after the battle of Waterloo, and the first establishment of peace, the wealthy English came crowding to Paris, profuse of their money and regardless of expence, they were from political motives objects of respect, and from pecuniary considerations, &c. certain of meeting with distinction. But an English man or lady is now no longer a novelty: there are as many English in France for economy as dissipation:—from experience, they no longer suffer themselves to be surcharged and cheated; and with shame must it be added, that some French have suffered from the premeditated roguery of the English.

National antipathies, stifled for a time, seem inclined to burst out on the least occasion; I sometimes hear the English called by the most opprobrious names on the slightest quarrel about price, or other trifle, or because they will not pay more than the French themselves.

The English feel their position: they recollect that they conquered France; they know that their mediation chiefly saved Paris from destruction and fire; and that superiority which they feel they will occasionally show.

With the fair sex, no man can quarrel, and I do think that the French women are *vraiment seduisantes.* In complexion, they are evidently inferior to their English rivals; neither for general beauty of face, and delicacy of expression, can they be commonly put in competition. To what then am I to attribute their irresistible modes of pleasing? To their very insinuating address, and very fascinating manners; to the extraordinary ease, and vivacity they display in their intercourse with the other sex, arising from the unbounded freedom of mutual association, and the pleasure with which they court it;—to a pleasing and musical inflection of voice: to a *tournure* and *taille* always displayed to the extremest advantage: to which add the attractions of unrivalled black hair, and sparkling black eyes.

In France intrigue prevails, it is said, in many

a circle: I believe it, though this however is to be understood but to a certain extent. It would seem that the French, reverencing the sacred ties of marriage, and admitting how happy some few congenial hearts may be, thus bound, seek not to decry, or to shake, such hallowed institutions, further strengthened by such important politic, and legislative, bonds; but sensible at the same time how often with them these "silken strings" are felt as galling, slavish, chains, and with what mutual goodwill each party would fain release the other: intrigue and gallantry are therefore pretty generally admissible, though never publicly avowed. Thus, according to their code, wedded love still is sacred; but where Hymen's torch is extinguished by the vapours of mutual discontent, the flame for another object that may arise need not be smothered, but may burn, provided it glare not in open unshaded publicity. A wife is still a wife in all those duties and exterior *bienséance*, which her husband and society demand; nor is the finger of scorn pointed at the innocent children because their mother's frailty may be supposed, or even known.

Happy as the French are with this understood liberty from the smallest to the greatest licence; never, I think, will such a system prevail in England. There, marriage is still revered as the hope of youth, the happiness of manhood, the solace of age. Its comforts may be diminished, its joys may

be embittered, but still and ever it must be inviolate! Affection may be chilled, but may yet revive in that heart which seeks not to rekindle its warmth in a foreign bosom!

In France, however, there are many proofs of conjugal love inspiring the most devoted heroism, even to the contempt of death; the late revolutions exhibit several; witness only two recent ones, Mesdames Ney, and La Valette.

There is another practice in France, which certainly does not prevail in England—advertising for husbands.

In this affair, which is one of regular and systematic occurrence, the ladies plainly state the amount of their fortune, that they are *jolies, aimables*, &c. &c. as the case may be; and that they "*desirent d'épouser un jeune homme;*" or "*un homme agé et riche;*" or "*un jeune homme aimable et avant de la fortune,*" &c. &c.

French cookery.—The varieties of a French table, and, I may fairly add, its luxuries, by which I mean, such as are to be had by almost every body, much exceed, and differ from the comparative plain and solid English living. To begin with breakfast.—Enter a frequented Café between ten and twelve o'clock, and see the varieties of dishes hot and cold, called for by those who choose *a dejeuner à la fourchette;* a carte will be given to you in some of these places, containing between

three and four hundred dishes, including wines, fruits, and liqueurs, with the price affixed to every article. Of the soups you may have vermicelli, macaroni, with grated Parmesan, or jelly broth, with burgundy, claret, hermitage, or any other wine for the first service. Then, perhaps, oysters, truffles, or kidneys stewed in champagne or madeira; fish, ragouts, or meat, with vegetables boiled in cream and sugar; fruits natural or preserved may follow; coffee succeeds, and a glass of liqueur concludes your breakfast. At luncheon, pine, peach, and numberless other ices are perpetually serving in the cafés, in the gardens, or in the open air on the Boulevards: and dinner at Very's, Grignon's, or other prime place, is yet more luxuriously varied. It is not meant to particularise the bill of fare, or carte of a French restaurateur, but these varieties of dishes, and their various modes of dressing fish, meat, and game; of serving pastry; *entremets*, *hors d'œuvres*, by which are meant varieties of vegetables, lobsters, omelettes, &c. are on the cartes of all the best restaurateurs; one may have any portion of wine from a bottle to a *carafon*, which is about half a pint; you may measure your repast according to your appetite or your pocket, without the possibility of being overcharged; and you may breakfast in this manner, so unusual to the English, with abundance of society; and dine proportion-

ably, including Champagne, for about a third less than in London. Two may dine together particularly well, with greater variety and less expence, since a dish for one will often suffice for two. Certainly it is not difficult to swell the amount of the bill to a Napoleon, or more; but unquestionably such a dinner as a man may readily get at the Palais Royal for seven shillings, would in London cost him a guinea.

To descend into the inferior cafés, it is almost incredible the little price, and the style in which a dinner is to be had. A dinner for 12½*d.* English, is served with silver forks, &c. in a handsome saloon, ornamented with glasses.

One advertisement, for instance:

Ouverture d'un nouveau restaurant fraîchement decoré, et orné des glaces, &c.

Diners à 25*s.* par tête.

On a potage; trois plats au choix.

Dessert. Un carafon de bon vin, ou une bouteille de bierre. Pain à discretion. Une carte bien garnie, et constamment variée.

Dejeuners à 16*s.* par tête, chauds et froids.

On a deux plats au choix.

Dessert. Un carafon de bon vin, ou une bouteille de bierre, et pain à discretion. Le service se fait en couverts d'argent, et linge blanc, avec la plus grande propreté, et vigilance.

Le public est prevenu qu'afin de meriter sa confiance, et flatter son gout, il trouvera la carte bien detaillée, et variée, tous les jours, tant en volaille, gibier, poisson, que pâtisserie, et dessert.

These advertisements again vary, some a little

higher, some a little lower. In the Salon François you dine in this way for 1*s.* 8*d.* It was formerly the hotel of the Chancery of the Duke of Orleans, and the saloon would do honour to any palace. The central dome may be twenty feet high, with a mythological subject admirably painted; all the compartments are richly gilt and carved, with glasses reflecting on every side; and the whole style of the three saloons worthy of the prince whose name it bore. Dejeuners à la fourchette are to be had here also for one franc five sous.

Some of the cafés are particularly splendid. Marble tables—profusion of plate—superb chandeliers—glass on every side—producing a most pleasing effect when placed, as in some cafés, fronting the street, by which means one may see in any part of the room all the perpetual variety and bustle of the public promenade. The Parisians have hit upon another most ingenious device of attracting company, by employing beautiful women to preside. In the evening they display themselves in full dress; seated at the head of the room, in a chair of state; they observe all who enter, and ringing a silver bell, immediately call the attention of the waiters; they make their memorandums from a golden inkstand; inhale the fragrance of flowers in golden vases, and receive the money due with their own fair hands, if, for the sake of speaking compliment or courtship, you offer it to them instead of to the waiters.

Some of the rooms entice by music, from one wretched performer even to a decent band of eight or ten; and one recently established, denominating itself "Café Chinois," gives music, panoramic views, and has a café fitted up completely in the Chinese style. No waiters, but half a dozen "tres jolies demoiselles," attired in the Chinese costume, with a queen president on a throne, who, when she deigns to descend, and walk amid her court, has her train upheld by two attendant pages. It is almost needless to add, that all this is vastly fine, and vastly tawdry; and that neither the queen, or her maids of honour, have the reputation of being quite as

Chaste as the icicle, &c.

The French Theatres vary from ours in many respects. In entering, no pushing and squeezing for best places as in London. Every body for the pit takes his place in regular succession as he comes, forming a line *à la queue*, as it is called; and there are abundance of gens-d'armes to enforce the rule, if necessary. With the exception of the Opera House, the French theatres are internally not near so splendid as ours, having only one central chandelier, and no side lustres: many divisions and prices. The first four rows of the pit, called the orchestra, are dearer than those behind. Ladies are allowed here, but not in the other part of the pit. The side boxes are the *baignoires*, and there

are also *loges grillées*, which are very agreeable, having a gilt grating, removable at pleasure, through which one may see all, yet be seen by none. What we call the dress boxes, they term *le balcon*, which, though certainly the prime place, is not the highest-priced, being without division of seats, and entirely open: behind these are the *premieres loges*. There is also the amphithéâtre, or hinder gallery of the Parterre, which, in their Opera House, is reserved for the ladies; a sensible distinction by preventing that much complained of interruption of sight occasioned by female feathers and head dress.

At the Theâtre François I saw Talma and Mad. Duchesnois in the characters of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Earl of Leicester, in our English history. Talma's powers are universally acknowledged, though this tragedy is not the most qualified to elicit them; and Mad. Duchesnois is equally great.

Being however seated in the pit, and rather too near the stage, there were two trifling matters which operated on me to dispel the mimic illusion. I saw too clearly that the youthful, and lovely, Mary Stuart was old, and plain, and that the sage, and grey-headed, counsellor Burleigh, so conspicuous throughout, was, strange to say, in appearance not more than thirty.

Though an admirer of dramatic talent, and con-

sidering a deep and well written tragedy, when read in the closet, as a production to elevate and purify the soul; and, when well acted on the stage, as an union of talent and ingenuity, calculated to take the deepest hold upon a sensitive mind; to rouse the nobler passions, and to awake the softer feelings, lifting us for the time out of the petty jarring conflicts for ever agitating us;—yet, with all this, I am not often inclined to attend a French tragedy. The talents of Talma and of Mademoiselles Duchesnois, and George, are of the most brilliant and comprehensive order; but the endless declamation prevailing in the French tragedy—the strict adherence to unity of place, with other rigid laws—the usual recitative or chaunt—and, to my ears, the poverty of the language in deep-tongued, forcible, tragic, sounds, render it too often tedious and monotonous.

Yet the French are, perhaps, the most theatrical nation in Europe; a French audience the most attentive, and absorbed in the scene before them: the production of a new tragedy interests all Paris; and produces as much anxiety as the minister's budget.

Tivoli, or Vauxhall, much pleased me. On occasion of any particular fête it opens at twelve o'clock in the day, though of course the chief diversions commence in the evening. Our Vauxhall must yield to Tivoli, according to my taste; for

here are arrangements to suit every fancy. Papa and mamma may be amused, and children too. Here is tight and slack rope dancing, shooting with arrows, le jeu de la bague, or making a rapid evolution on wooden horses, or swans, &c. in a sort of circular swing, and trying your dexterity to carry off a small ring hanging on a stick, while thus whirling rapidly round. There are also plays, machines for various feats of strength, and dancing to exceedingly pleasing music, and various bands. Fire-works, very brilliant, in which one device struck me as novel and beautiful:—an immense serpent, call it a boa constrictor, in many coloured lamps and folds, pursuing and opening its fiery jaws to swallow a butterfly. Here also you have the *montagnes Russes*, or cars of descent. Two people placing themselves in a car at the top of a steep hill whirl down with incredible velocity, and with an impetus which alone sends them up again on the opposite side, and nearly on a level with their first fall, though naturally on a less inclined plane. I have not calculated the velocity of the descent at its highest moment, but it is such as to take off hat or bonnet, though there be little or no wind. At the Jardin Beaujon, the cars make several windings and turnings up and down, and bring you back to the original starting place; but this is effected by machinery beneath, and eight stout horses.

Then again all refreshments are exceedingly cheap; the nicest down to a glass of beer, or even only sugar and water may be called for;—and chiefly attractive, Tivoli is in parts romantically solitary and shady—

> "From lamps, and show, and public glare,
> To shadowy groves we lead the fair;
> For murmurs fit, and sighs, I ween,
> And lover's tales, and things unseen."

The Palais Royal remains to be spoken of. Originally intended as the Orleans palace, its form is that of a parallelogram; its centre contains a basin and beautiful jet d'eau, enclosed gardens, orange plants, and avenues for promenading, with regular rows of trees. The exterior front is stately, lofty, and strictly uniform, the inner promenade is through lengthened arcades extending in front, and laterally; at bottom is a double gallery, this part not being finished in a corresponding style to the others. The Palais Royal is the grand, the pre-eminent, focus of attraction. In all weathers, here you may walk with ease, and shelter; in the garden you may loll in a chair while perusing the news of the day, and there enjoy your breakfast, your ice, or your chat; or, within the arcades, walk on with the throng, though arrested at every step by the beauty and extraordinary varieties of articles ornamental, costly, fanciful, luxurious, so temptingly displayed by the attractive shops of this quarter.

In the evening, the effect is more brilliant, from the illumination of the entire building, and the crowded, eager, pleasure-hunting, throngs, each seeking the sport most suited to their respective tastes or pockets. Here too are the most luxurious Cafés, and the best Restaurateurs; and, here also, in order that nothing may be wanting, are cellars, or *caveaux*, beneath these lordly saloons, fitted for the humbler classes, where the same revelries, merriments, and orgies, prevail, but where the refinements are less, and graduated even to the lowest scale. The Café Montansier is preserved in its original form, a spacious theatre, with boxes, pit, and stage; here they act plays for your amusement while sipping your ice; and you have the publicity of a coffee saloon, or the retirement of a theatrical box: but I must add that the frequenters of this café are not of the most genteel species. Perhaps the circumstance of a noble palace being thus abandoned to the community, and laid out in glittering shops, theatres, cafés, &c. &c. &c. is unparalleled. No elegance of merchandise; no means of indulgence of passion, or fancy, is here wanting. It may be always entered with eagerness, and quitted perhaps with regret: almost every gratification sought may be found, and even the most indifferent may be arrested at every step by music, or some other fascination.

Here also are several of the most noted gaming-

houses, not, as in London, repressed, but protected by the Government. You walk up stairs, leaving hat and stick in an anti-room, where are gens d'armes in attendance; whose presence is understood as a protection to all in pursuit of their game, and you may stroll from room to room, where rouge et noir, or trente et un, or roulette, &c. &c. are continually finding fresh victims. All ranks may meet some suitable table, down to a stake as low as two francs. Women are permitted at some of the tables, and are too surely to be found there.

The annual expences of the public gaming-houses of Paris are estimated at nearly 8,000,000 francs, including the duties paid to Government: the revenue of the tables averages nearly 10,000,000 francs, which thus pays to the contractors, who farm them, all their expences, and leaves a profit of nearly 2,000,000 francs. This gain is partly the result of the doctrine of chances, a doctrine founded upon as clear principles as any other science, and partly results from certain small advantages given to the table, or the proprietors of it, from the constitution of the game. Hence how evident the inevitable loss to which a player in the long run subjects himself, yet an occasional lucky chance, the hope of a fortunate hit to retrieve all, for ever and ever, is hurrying away so many to their utter ruin. The value of paper, and rouleaux of gold and silver laid out in glittering heaps upon the tables, is really tempting.

Wednesday.—Explored the Chamber of Deputies, with its paintings and sculptures of Roman and Grecian legislators, and orators, &c. &c.; the palace of the Prince of Conde, very humbly furnished, by the bye; and the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. This latter is worth recording. An enclosed space of 100 acres, on an eminence about a mile and a half from Paris, and commanding a beautiful panoramic view, appropriated to the graves of the deceased. Any portion of ground may be bought, either in perpetuity, or for five, or for ten years, &c. &c. Thus the survivor has permission and scope to erect any sort of monument suitable to his regrets, to his taste, or his purse. The variety and beauty of these tombs is consequently endless. No one but the relative can intrude upon the enclosed space that contains those mortal remains; his hand alone can alter or remove; and he only can replace the votive chaplet, and renew the fading flower. Urns, pillars, columns, even chapels are erected; so that, as a public cemetery, here is included every species of monumental beauty, though no unhallowed foot can tread the soil sacred to the dead we deplore; and our hand alone may remove the cypress, the willow, or the yew, which we planted to shade their loved remains. Here, under a lofty canopy of stone, rest the marble effigies of Abelard and Eloisa.

The libraries of Paris deserve to be recorded, as

well from the treasures of literature they contain, as from the liberal access afforded to all who wish admittance. La Bibliothèque Royale is the first and the noblest, containing above 300,000 volumes, and about 80,000 manuscripts. Charles V, or rather his father, John, was its founder, in whose time it did not amount to 100 works, and it has been successively increased to its present colossal value with the spoils of Rome, Florence and Venice; and from the conquests, or munificent purchases, of Charles VIII, Louis XI and XII, Francis I, and Henry II, while it continues daily to increase by the law which demands a copy of every printed work for this national establishment. Besides its books, there are cabinets and collections of prints, Etruscan vases, antiquities, and medals: also two globes, celestial and terrestrial, coloured and gilt, and of no less a diameter than twenty feet. This admirable geographical and astronomical labour was the work of a Jesuit, father Coronelli. Among the curious manuscripts, are some letters from Voltaire to Madame de Châtelet: some writings of Rousseau; some amatory epistles from Henri Quatre to his mistress; and some original correspondence of our Henry VIII.

Being now impatient to quit Paris for Switzerland, I leave further sights for future times. Of the French character generally, and as a nation, very far am I from wishing to speak invidiously, or

ungraciously. Few indeed, I should think, are the English who go to France to form permanency of attachment; but if amusement, sociality, reciprocity of good will, and courtesy, be the object of the passing hour, then, nowhere, and I am bound to acknowledge it, will it be met with more frankly, or more politely bestowed, than in Paris. From the earliest records of time, England and France have ever been implacable rivals: the very recent events are little calculated to extinguish all past animosities, and if the French be accused of insincerity, what else, let me ask, can be expected? Is it not sufficient for a visitor to receive exterior politeness, courtesy, and attention? In the men, perhaps there is no ingredient in common intercourse which obtrudes itself so perpetually, and overweeningly, as vanity. Be the subject or occupation what it may, a Frenchman is sure to imply, or insinuate, the superior greatness and grandeur of La Grande Nation. Nevertheless they do now condescend to include Englishmen sometimes, and to say that France and England united would beat the whole world. In lesser topics, their own superior fortune is still and ever the theme; and at dinner, one day, in conversation with a French Count, comparing London and Paris, he concluded by assuring me—"*Ah! Monsieur, vraiment il n'y a que Paris!*"

Of the women of Paris, and of their very attract-

ive manners, I have already spoken. One commendation is due to Paris most specially. In no capital city is there, perhaps, a greater proportion of a certain class of females than is found here. Yet in public, in the theatres, the Cafés, the promenades, &c. all is external propriety and decorum. No immodest dress, word, or gesture, is seen to shock the eye, or wound the purity, of innocence. Striking contrast indeed to our own city, where, it must be acknowledged by ourselves, and is still more repulsive to foreigners, are hourly beheld and heard in the theatres, and the streets, women, and scenes, and language, which outrage every principle of propriety and decorum, restrain the good from many a public association for fear of contact with the unblushingly bad, and are a real and indefensible national reproach. In France there may be less private virtue, but there is more public decorum. In England the inverse argument applies.

Strange contradiction in man who sets the highest value upon a woman's chastity, and yet whose greatest aim is to despoil it!

Dress, and the toilette are courted and studied in Paris to the very utmost refinements and attractions. Beaux equally with belles deem it a matter of the highest importance; no excuse can atone for negligence; no mortification greater than to appear on the promenade, or to present oneself to our *chere belle*, without being *bien mis*. French

ladies certainly owe much of their attraction to the extreme art, finesse, and variety of taste, regardless of expense, with which they decorate and improve their persons. From the arrangement of a "love-lock" on their forehead down to *la jolie chaussure* of a *mignon pied* all is adapted with infinite, and ever varying, grace. Without, however, entering into technical descriptions, to which I am naturally unequal, the best anecdote I can give in proof is found in a popular work of the present day.

"I have occasionally assisted at the toilette of some of my French friends, and been much amused by the questions of their femmes de chambre, or their *cóiffeuses*, as to the important arrangements of the day. "*Quelle coiffure, Madame, a-t-elle choisie? Veut elle etre coiffée à la Ninon, ou à la Greque? Madame est charmante à la Sevigné, et superbe à l'Agrippina.*" The humour of the fair person occasionally decides her character and dress for the day; and sends her forth a fierce republican with a Roman head, or a Royalist *outrée, friée naturellement à la Pompadour.* "I am very ill to-day," said the excellent and amiable Empress Josephine, who, however, par parenthèse, was an Empress, and a French woman, "Give me a cap *qui sent la petite santé.*" A cap of 'delicate health' was presented to her. "*Mais c'est trop malade, vous croyez donc que je vais mourir.*" A head-

dress of more healthy appearance was produced by the attendant. "*Encore donc,*" exclaimed the Empress, with a languid yawn, "*vous me trouvez si robuste.*"

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER V.

SCENERY OF LAUSANNE—DOLE—HORRORS OF WAR—GENEVA—HISTORY, AND ITS SUMPTUARY LAWS—OLD LAUSANNE—LAKE OF GENEVA—CLARENS—VEVAY—CHILLON AND BONNIVARD—MONT BLANC—VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI—SUBLIMITIES OF NATURE—HUNTING THE CHAMOIS GOAT.

LAUSANNE.—Seated at this moment on the observatory, and rapt with the prospect around me, how feeble must be any attempt of my pen to paint the inconceivable luxuriance and grandeur of Swiss scenery!

On an eminence commanding the entire Pays de Vaud, before me is the city of Lausanne, deep receding from the sloping hills; the cathedral of which and rising spire, though high above the town, are still far beneath my feet. On either hand stretch out in immeasurable distance, meadows and fields, villas and vineyards, hamlets and cottages, grove and dell, more verdant, more distinct, as nearer seen: more soft, more blended, and endless; as lost and bounded by the blackening, frowning chain of mountains, the Dôle, the Reculet, and the Jura, ranging in the clouds. In front, the peaceful lake of Geneva, in graceful curves upon the green and shady shore, expands its broad and silvery bosom, without a wave to ruffle its polished surface. Of a breadth varying from three to nine

miles, and of the length of thirty, how crystal-clear and polished-smooth its glassy surface! How deep the purple! How bright the emerald-green!. And again, how silvery radiant where the sunbeams play upon its face! From its opposite shores arise in endless succession the mighty Alps, the famed Glaciers of Switzerland, with Mont Blanc, the Giant Mountain of the old world, towering to 15,000 feet! At their base, fertility, verdure, and cultivation, are seen in every form; luxuriant vines and pendant groves; all the prodigality of creation; and the embellishments of art. Rising upwards to their centre, Nature seems still struggling to retain her livery of green; but higher up, the forms become more and more abrupt, the shadows more marked, and in the remote Alps, cleft and chasm, rock and crag, plain and precipice, appear in ten thousand varied forms; yet blended by distance, and softened with every hue as the sun illumes, or shadows intercept. Upwards to their topmost heights, no bounds are visible. With Heaven itself they war! Amid the highest clouds they thrust their rugged peaks, seeming fitted for the mighty footstep of God from heaven to earth; from earth to heaven!

Sometimes the silvery, sometimes the darkening, clouds, roll on far below them, (yet thus showing their summits in the highest skies,) and sometimes they totally o'ershadow them; yet now that I am gazing, and the sun shines bright, some lift their

black and rugged tops abrupt amid the azure spheres; some slope with gentler plane towards the earth; some mingling with the fleecy clouds, I know not where to point they end; and all, in strange, uncouth, fantastic, shapes, contrast their verdant, and their blackest hues with vast streaks, and sheets, of silvery snows, the accumulated ice of ages, for ever placed amid the skies!

In the preceding page I find that I have been vainly essaying to pourtray the indescribable grandeur, and extent, of scenery round Lausanne.

To revert to Paris, I have only to make a memorandum, that having left my friend there, I entered the *Cabriolet* of the *Diligence* at four o'clock on Friday afternoon:—we travelled incessantly till our arrival at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, on Sunday night. Here we were allowed to go to bed till three the next morning; and proceeded on our journey from that hour till four o'clock the next day which found us at Geneva. It is pretty apparent that sound health is indispensable to bear this fatigue; add to which the incessant rumbling of the carriage, and consequent jar to the head, from the preference the French coachmen always give to the pavement in the centre instead of to the road on the sides; also the changing of the carriage at Dôle for a much smaller, and less convenient, one; and the pleasure of dining at about half-past ten in the morning, and then waiting till

the same hour at night. You may take these two meals, good or bad, as you find them, or go without.

When, after ascending the Jura mountains all night, the summit is at length reached by ten the next morning, no language is adequate to the view that bursts upon the eye of the Lake of Geneva; the Pays de Vaud; the distant Alps, and Mont Blanc.—Suffice the feeble effort I have made to describe the view at Lausanne.

At Dôle where we took a meal, I witnessed, for the first time, with indescribable emotion, the horrors of war:—those horrors so frequent on the continent; so totally unknown in England.

This secluded, romantic, village was unfortunately within the line of march of the allied troops at the period of the Battle of Waterloo. Placed on the very frontiers of France, the hostile, invading, army, elated with success, here chose to show their savage superiority. They not only possessed themselves of every cottage and house in the village, but plundered and destroyed all before them. When all that the house contained was utterly gone, then, to complete the havoc, they burnt it to the ground. The wretched inhabitants fled with their infants, to the woods, and, for four days, had nothing to support life, save the milk of a few cows. The world was all to begin again. Little succour or redress, to the hapless

peasantry! No punishment to the merciless soldiery!

At Geneva I had the singular good chance of arriving at an inn, and of going into the same room, at the very hour with three young English friends who each had left London at different periods; had taken different routes; had met on the road by accident, and now met with me on the same route as themselves. A quartett, instead of a trio, was instantly formed, for sociality, safety, and economy, equally combined.

Geneva, all peaceful as its tranquil lake and retired situation unite to make it, has, nevertheless, like its more potent neighbouring kingdoms, been torn by dissensions and revolutions, civil, religious, and political. It was known to the Romans, was serviceable to Cæsar; and subsequently formed part of the wide-extended dominion of Charlemagne.

In the fifteenth century, the Genevese suffered greatly from the contests with their implacable foe, the Duke of Savoy, and with their own bishops. It was about the year 1540 that Calvin came to Geneva, having, after infinite difficulty and much animosity, established that Reformation in religious tenets which had already spread over the best part of Europe. Calvin died here at the age of 55, in the year 1564.

About 1590, the Genevese were so reduced by long wars that our Queen Elizabeth remitted to

them the then great sum of 5000*l.* In December, 1602, the Duke of Savoy made a most daring, and wily, attempt to take Geneva by assault; but it failed, after trifling loss on both sides, by one of the strange chances of war:—the accidental sweeping away by a cannon-ball of three of the assailants' scaling ladders. In 1790, the influence of the French Revolution extended hither; and in 1794, Geneva was desolated by confiscations, condemnations, and bloodshed. In 1798, Geneva was annexed, *per forcée*, to France, and in the subsequent wars of that kingdom with Austria, Switzerland, generally, from her geographical position, and as being the great pass for the armies of either power, has been cruelly invaded, over-run, and oppressed.

Geneva and Lausanne have ever been noted for the rigid laws by which every species of luxury and indulgence are absolutely repressed. Many of these enactments of the present day trench so forcibly upon the liberty of the subject, as to make residence little suitable to the privileges of a freeborn Englishman.

The gates of the town being closed at a certain hour, entrance may be paid for during the first hour, or so, after this time; subsequently, admittance is totally denied. All parties and soirées are expected to be terminated before midnight. Permission for a ball is hard to obtain, and the

master of the house is liable to a fine if his company stay beyond the prescribed hour.

There are some curious ancient documents of the council of Geneva of this tendency. In 1649, no person was allowed a carriage, unless going into the country. In 1651, all dancing-masters were forbidden to teach dancing to any one of that city; followed by reflections on the horrors of dancing, which had caused the death of John the Baptist.

In 1669, dancing being still considered as contrary to the honour of the state, the use of a violin was forbidden, under penalty of ten crowns. In 1681, all lace was forbidden. In 1684, people of the first rank were not allowed to invite more than thirty guests to their wedding feasts; those of the second rank, twenty; the third, fifteen: and in 1744, one ball only was ever allowed, and that on occasion of marriage. The company were prohibited from riding to the ball, and from displaying any jewels or gold; even the furnishing the good things of the table had its restrictions.

Lake of Geneva.—We have made the tour of the Lake of Geneva, proceeding from Lausanne to Vevay and Clarens, immortalised by the pen of Rousseau, thence to Chillon (of which hereafter), crossing the Lake to St. Gingo, and back to Geneva, a distance of about sixty miles.

At Lausanne, a primary object with me was to see the house where Gibbon lived and wrote his history. It is a spot fitted for inspiration; now the private property of another family, and unexpectedly proved to be occupied by my banker, Mons. de Molin, to whom I have introductory letters.

The ancient Lausanne was destroyed more than 1200 years ago, by a fall of rocks into the Lake of Geneva, which raised such a swell of water that it burst upon the town, though at a distance of fourteen miles across the lake, and in a moment overwhelmed it.

The Lake of Geneva is swollen by the Rhone, whose muddy streams rush in with such impetuosity that they may be traced distinct from the clearer waves of the lake for nearly half a mile. It was at Lausanne that we embarked to sail amidst that scenery, where Nature has been so prodigal of beauty, and which the pen of Rousseau, Nature's own child, has, if possible, embellished. Much of the picturesque and romantic that he has dwelt on exists now but in his writings; but what man could not spoil still remains. There are still the peaceful, tranquil, shades of Clarens and Vevay—a land for lovers and for poets; a land to suit all temperaments; a fairy fertility and softness for hours of ease and peace; and, if the gloomy mind seek kindred horrors, here are the rugged, awfully frowning

rocks of Meillerie, and the occasional sublimities of the storm.

The same evening we proceeded to Chillon. This castle, situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, at the extremity of the Lake of Geneva, has a situation equally picturesque and beautiful, a record equally black, and an immortality from the pen of the first poet of the age, Lord Byron.

In 1519, Francois de Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, was imprisoned two years, for protecting his country; and again in 1530, because he dared endeavor to procure the freedom of his native Geneva, and to resist the oppression of the Duke of Savoy, and the Bishop, was seized on the Jura mountains, was confined without trial, or interrogation, for six years in the castle of Chillon, and was then liberated by the inhabitants of Berne, who obtained possession of the Pays de Vaud.

The poet thus describes the Lake of Geneva and prison:

> Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow;
> Thus much the fathom line was sent
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
> Which round about the wave enthralls.

And again:—

> There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
> In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;

There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,—
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain.
The iron is a cankering thing:
For in these limbs its teeth remain.

I shuddered involuntarily, at this dismal dungeon, and handled the chain asserted to have bound the illustrious patriot to the pillar. It is said that his footsteps were imprinted on the pavement! I also, with difficulty, scrambled up the slippery stones to peep through the iron grating, where he had sometimes looked;—the only sad and sole comfort he could claim!

After this, crossing the lake, and reaching the miserable *auberge* at St. Gingo, the first news was —"no beds." By infinite favour the landlord and his wife, at last, consented to resign theirs; another poor place was found to shelter two more; but for the fourth there was no possible room.

We agreed to draw lots, and it fell to my share to sit up all night. I threw myself on a couple of chairs, yet, spite of weariness, could not sleep; and my two friends upstairs, after creeping to their pigeon-holes, immediately got up again, as the sheets were damp and vermin abundant. They, however, laid outside on their travelling coats, till five in the morning, at which hour we had ordered a *char à banc* and post horses, back to Geneva, by the opposite side of the lake to that we had taken.

Valley of Chamouni—eleven o'clock at night—Wednesday.—Though now so wearied and expecting to be called at five o'clock the next morning, in order to view the Mer de Glace, and to ascend to the Jardin des Alpes, at an elevation of 8000 feet; such is the impression caused by Swiss scenery, that I cannot resist recording somewhat of the objects of the day.

In an open landau, and on a very fine morning, we arrived, after three hours' drive, at Bonneville from Geneva, to breakfast; and in justice to the *aubergiste*, it may be remembered that the whole meal was excellent, but that the honey was most delicious. For miles on the road, the apple and the pear-tree line the way, and we, very sensibly, amused ourselves in rival jumpings to catch the fruit as we rode along beneath their branches.

The nearer the approach to Sallenches, the more savage does the scenery become; entering narrow defiles, occasional breaks will discover all the luxuriant, boundless, verdure of the distant Pays de Vaud:—on the right, the lofty mountains are clad with beach and fir to their summits; the carriage rolls on the very verge of precipices; while on the left, the barren rocks of slate, of porphyry, and granite, piled upon each other, even to the very clouds, frown in sullen terror upon the insignificant beings beneath, threatening every instant to crush them; which fright is no little increased by seeing all around enormous masses of rock which, from

time to time, and in winter particularly, owing to the torrents of water which loosen them, have tumbled headlong; and whether dashed to pieces, or sinking by their own force into the earth, have carried havoc all before them. The effect is singular to see the clouds obscure the centre of the mountain, while, on the very summit, on particular spots, the sun may shine, discovering verdant fields, plains, and cultivated meadows, which seem to hang within the skies.

Arrived at Sallanches, a stage before Chamouni, whilst the sun was setting. One apparent golden cloud appeared conspicuous in the heavens; as a darker o'ershadowed it, blackening furrows, and silvery snows contrasted, proved it Mont Blanc.

It were vain to attempt to describe the glorious appearance that this huge mountain and its stupendous heights make;—the varieties of tints as the sun rises or sets upon it; the splendour of its colours; its green furrows; its blackening granite; its silvery ice, and pinky, roseate hues; a mount specially sacred to the wintry, rigid Deities of Frost, but around and about which beneficent Apollo, as if for contrast, loves to show and play his brightest, rainbow beams.

With a *char à banc** to accommodate three, and

* A *char à banc* is an oblong wooden form, suspended in a rude way;—and is the only sort of vehicle practicable in these mountainous regions.

with one mule, we set out from Sallenches for the Valley of Chamouni;—it rained almost the entire way, giving but little opportunity to observe the savage scenery.—The valley itself is at the height of 3000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean; nevertheless in the still higher acclivities that line the road, occasional plains of verdure are found: here flocks are reared, while amid them are two or three huts, containing at present nine people, who consent thus to live, totally cut off from society, a visit to the villages beneath being an occurrence but once in a few years; in winter they are buried in snows, and at no time have they any other food than the bread and cheese they can make, with the milk of their goats and cows.

On the road, we diverged a little to view the cascade of Chade.—Nearly on the summit of the mountain, about 600 feet high, the waters issue in one broad stream: falling about thirty feet, the rock divides it into two; thence to the bottom the two torrents tumble headlong; yet winding with the rock, and dashed against many a projecting point, they continue to shower their silvery mists, till far below our feet they rolled peaceably along, and lost themselves in the windings of the vale.

The existence of the valley of Chamouni was unknown to all but its own mountaineers till the year 1741, when it was first discovered and explored by our countrymen, Messrs. Pocock and

Wyndham. Its little extent may be comprised in less than twenty miles of length, and less than one in breadth.—Enclosed on every side by the stupendous heights of Mont Blanc; the Breven; the Aiguilles Rouges, and lesser Glaciers, Winter here reigns, and holds his icy court from October to May; yet the meadows in their season are verdant and fertile, though in the midst of snows; and their honey is famed delicious.

How singular the life of this hardy, isolated, simple mountain race! In their fleeting summer months, the intrepid natives gladly attend their foreign visitors in exploring fantastic frosty pyramids, and solid icy ramparts that tower in the liquid skies, and block up the depths below; performing feats that rival the intrepidity and agility of their native Chamois goat; while in their long winter, shut up amid their own community, they watch the deeper terrors of ice and snow, armed by the rigorous elements with tenfold power.

Frost, which in our moderate clime, and generally, binds with its adamantine fetters all nature in inaction, stopping the roaring of the torrents, and the gurgling of the brook;—and snows that hide all the things upon the earth with a silvery mantle, and bring a creeping silence o'er all, till nothing is heard save their gently dropping, sliding sleet;—yet here, in the wilds of Switzer-

land, do these snows produce in their terrific rage, thunders that deafen the loudest artillery; and avalanches that in a moment tear away whole forests, villages, all, at one fell swoop!

Oh Nature! Nature! where'er we court thee, how sublime, how expanding, how immeasurably grand, how microscopically beautiful! All the most ardent human imaginations combined cannot conceive or fashion the least of the beauties which thou every where lavishest! nor can the deepest philosophy or reasoning fathom thy awful ways, and operations! Earth, water, air, fire, all the elements:—things animate and inanimate teem with thy wonders;—there is perfection of beauty and utility in the speck and the atom which is too fine for mortal eye to see;—and here, in this land, thou hast piled mountain upon mountain even to the skies; and hast given to icy frost, and to the simple snow-ball, all the majesty, and all the terrors of the earthquake, and volcano!

Having alluded to the Chamois goat, it may be interesting to speak of these animals, and of the mode of hunting them. Their agility in bounding from precipice to precipice is equally astonishing, and fearful; which, with the perfection of their scent, their extreme timidity, and shyness of approach, impart a danger and hardihood in their pursuit which proportionately gives a charm to the chace.

Their hunters provide themselves with a pouch

containing some scanty provisions; an iron-pointed mountain stick, hooks for their shoes to steady their steps in the ice; with an instrument to cut it; and armed with a rifle, they thus scale the precipice by night, sleeping in a *châlet*, or summer hut for cattle. When in the morn, they hope to find a herd, they creep across the snows, assuming the same colour by wearing their shirt over their clothes, and occasionally resting to peep between two upright stones thus purposely placed. Some of their companions are, in the mean time, walking openly to drive the game that way.

Still the utmost precaution is necessary; a windward situation would betray, and even if all be fair, yet if once they spy their pursuer, rather than come within gun shot reach, a whole herd have been known wilfully to dash themselves to death by rushing down the steep; and when no other remedy was left, a single Chamois has been known to turn, to face, and to spring upon his savage pursuer, in the hope of hurling him down the precipice: in this case the huntsman immediately falls prostrate on his face, and the frightened animal leaps over him. The herd are generally under the conduct of a female leader, who while the others are at feed, never rests from her watchful, anxious, observations. Sometimes ascending to a more elevated spot, she gives intimations of suspicion to arouse attention; but, when she gives

the cry of danger, away, fleeter than the winds, away, the whole pack are in a moment, and as instantaneously above the most inaccessible heights.

Innumerable are the arts of man to entrap the creature which he cannot tame, or conquer. The gregarious habits of the Chamois tempt them to graze with other cattle, and often in the neighbourhood of salt marshes, of which they are all fond. The huntsman, creeping on all-fours among his cattle, his back laden with salt, is soon so surrounded, and concealed, that he can securely take too sure an aim on the unsuspicious Chamois which is quietly browsing near.

So invincibly averse is the Chamois to man, that, as I have understood, none were ever tamed but those few whom the huntsman has seized, when he had, cruelly, shot their dam at the very moment of their birth!

CHAPTER VI.

DANGEROUS EXPEDITION TO MONTANVERT—MER DE GLACE, AND THE JARDIN DES ALPES—SOURCE OF THE ARVERON—FATAL AVALANCHE ON MONT BLANC—POETICAL EFFUSIONS—LA TETE NOIRE—FATAL INUNDATION OF MARTIGNY—ST. BERNARD AND PERILOUS ASCENT—THE DOGS—SUMMARY OF EXPENCES—CRETINS.

YESTERDAY, Thursday, proved a memorable day, and one not easily effaced from my recollection. It was the day fixed upon by us for our excursion to the Mer de Glace.

Between seven and eight we left our inn, the Hotel de Londres, at Chamouni; each upon his mule, being four; two boys to bring back our animals from a certain point; and three guides: and here let me record their names, and testify to that intrepidity, patience, and kindness, to which we owe our lives:—Mathieu Balmat, Julien Devarassoud, and Jean Baptist Messart.

We mounted, by the help of our animals, half way up to Montanvert, by the sides of the most fearful heights; over roads, if so they can be termed, formed only by rocks, and heaps of stones, rudely jumbled together; up and down staircases, literally formed of huge mis-shapen masses of granite;—where one single stumble might hurl one to the fearful bottom. Yet the patient, sagacious, mules never trip; always attentive to the path be-

fore them, when they meet any particular difficulty they will pause for a second, consider it attentively, and then plant their foot accordingly; and as I always abandoned the bridle, and left them at full liberty, I could the better admire the wild and savage scenery around me. On our way, the Swiss peasant girls, and some of them very pretty, were awaiting the arrival of travellers, to offer them strawberries, and milk.

At the path called Le Chemin des Crystalliers, we dismounted, as thence to the Montanvert the road is inaccessible to any mule. Here our guides furnished each of us with a thick stick of about six feet long, having an iron spike at the end, by which contrivance alone pedestrians can scale these precipices, thrusting it in the ground as a security and holdfast both in mounting and descending. Another hour's hard labour brought us to the Montanvert. Here is seen to greater advantage the stupendous Mont Blanc, the Giant Mountain of the Old World, rising to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, capped with eternal snows, and surrounded by an attendant court, as it is poetically termed, of minor mountains. On the eminence where we then were, stands one poor hut, commonly called Le Pavillon, and as it commands an ample view of the Mer de Glace, it is the usual boundary of a traveller's pilgrimage.

But we had heard of a garden, Le Jardin des Alpes,

at a yet greater height, said to bloom in the midst of Alpine snows, and here we determined to go. We partook of some cold meat, and took the remains, with some brandy, and wine, in a wallet carried by one of the guides. Our *aubergiste* wished us "*un bon voyage;*" and at half past eleven we set off.

We first walked by the side of the Mer de Glace, and then across it. This stupendous object has been compared to a raging ocean suddenly frozen, but I was not particularly struck with the justice of the simile. It is a frozen ocean, varying in depth from 100 to 500 feet, but not the slightest similarity to waves is perceptible. It is riven, and cleft, and split into mighty fissures, and the most irregular forms. Its grandeur is immeasurably heightened by its perpetual motion, though a frozen body. The enormous rocks, and masses, of granite with which it is loaded are, nevertheless, always slowly advancing: the currents beneath are ever impelling the rocks of ice above, and these again the mountains of stone that rest upon them. In summer as the sun melts, on a sudden the ice will yield, and these gigantic granites are immediately gulphed into the chasms beneath, or tumble, thundering down the icy ocean, which is entirely on a descent. The eye is distressed by gazing so long upon such dazzling snows, though it is beautiful to observe such profound fissures of purest ice tinted so delicately blue and green;—to

hear the torrent terrificly roaring far beneath your feet when you look down the gulphs; to see the vaulted caves, and caverns, of virgin ice, and to watch the waters formed by the violence of opposite torrents rushing impetuously below, and forcing curves and arches in the ice through which they foam along their course. It may be observed that fissures in the ice are sometimes found more than 1200 feet deep.

After traversing the ocean, it became necessary to mount the precipices. Here are the pyramidical rocks called the Needles. They are of various heights. Les Aiguilles du Midi are 12,000 feet high, being clusters of rocks rising one above the other, and terminating in a point like a needle. In the centre, towering far above all, appeared Mont Blanc, girt, and crowned, with eternal snows. It was now about five o'clock in the evening, and I had for some time past felt myself seized with indisposition. I experienced no particular fatigue, or pain, from the labour of the ascent, but was attacked with a sickness and debility, which deprived me of all powers of exertion. I sat down for a short time to recover myself; for I was within half an hour of the summit, and was determined to proceed. Three successive times I essayed to go on, but absolutely sunk down owing to the feebleness arising from illness. My companions therefore left me, and attained the wished-for height.

The sun would now quickly set: the garden was at an elevation of 5000 feet, and I had consequently to descend nearly as much. Slowly I got down a little way; and to my eager inquiries about the "garden" when rejoined by my friends, the result proved that they had clambered still higher rocks, and risked their lives;—to see what? Little better than about a quarter of an acre of grass: only remarkable as growing amidst a wild of snows; and as the utmost limits here accessible.

For a long time, spite of sickness on my part, and fatigue on all sides, we went on bravely, running along the frozen ocean, leaping over its perpetual furrows, and hideous chasms, and descending the rocks by the aid of our spears. The icy sea had altered much since we first passed: already the chills of evening had frozen what the morning sun had melted; the path we had trodden was effaced; darkness began to draw around us, and we were still leagues from home, in the midst of trackless snows, and inaccessible precipices. At every step we now took, it was necessary first to sound the spot with our spears to ascertain whether it were solid ice, or only a surface of momentary frost. For myself, I cannot justly say that I feared the loss of life; moreover we all had the utmost confidence in our guides who, I am sure, knew the way well, though obliged by the darkness to take another route than that they came: my pain was the

feebleness arising from sickness, and the hard necessity of making the most desperate efforts. Slower and slower now was our pace; and almost every step threatened us with a cruel death. At times, we descended deep into the gulph below; then again, looking upward upon the fearful, and frowning, rocks above us, we scaled the slippery precipice. Not one of us could discover the least appearance of path, or imagine where he was next to be led:—had our guides been harsh, instead of kind, it would have been precisely as if we were being hurried by some remorseless banditti to their horrid den. Frequently, and whilst thus shrouded in the darkness of the night, only one at a time could walk along the brink of the giddy precipice: sometimes, too, it was necessary to leap from one slippery rock of ice to another, which would totter with the weight, and as the treacherous ground kept crumbling beneath our feet, a gulph on either side was yawning to receive us!

In all these perils, our guides were foremost, and fearlessly exposed themselves to help us:—where we could not mount, they held out their spear to hold by, thus pulling us up by main force; and, where we hesitated to go down, they jumped first, and opened their arms to catch us.—Thus we continued precipice upon precipice; gulf after gulf, clambering by the aid of granites where there was barely a hollow to gripe a finger; or by rocks of ice

in which our guides first hammered out a little bit as a step for the foot. My head ached to distraction; the feet of one of our party were so cut and sore that he groaned with pain, and declared that he would rather lay down on the bleak rocks than attempt to walk further. There was another, and to me, a sad aggravation—I knew we must remain at Montanvert that night:—no bed to hope for:—the greatest of all comforts after fatigue, or in sickness:—a wooden bench on a stone-floor was the utmost we could expect.—But pains, like pleasures, have their termination:—about half past nine a glimmering of light at length appeared:—we redoubled our efforts, and reached our resting place:—Our host had been alarmed for our safety, and welcomed us sincerely—a cup of tea and some brandy were all he could supply. He and our guides shared one mattress up stairs; we had a wooden bench a-piece, a little hay, and a blazing fire at our feet, and with the additional comfort of our great coats, we thus laid down to rest.

It is very far from my wish to magnify the dangers of this expedition:—many others have undertaken the same, though few in comparison with those who visit Switzerland. That it is perilous no one will dispute, but our peculiar danger arose from being overtaken by the darkness; no one had ever returned so late as ourselves—half past nine o'clock, in the latter end of September, whilst my particular

suffering arose from the feebleness of a sudden sickness:—but for this accident my feelings would have been very different. It appears that we had clambered that day, including the ascent from Chamouni to the Mer de Glace, and thence to the Jardin des Alpes between 7 and 8000 feet; and had walked above twenty-eight English miles. We have all had enough, for the present, of exploring Glaciers; for the future, we shall be content to admire them at a respectful distance.

Spite of extreme fatigue I could not sleep on hard boards; yet at five in the morning I was up, and perfectly well. I skipped nimbly down the rocks, with the help of my spear, to the Valley of Chamouni, though that occupied two hours, and stopped to examine the source of the Arveron.

This river is formed by the streams that melt, and flow, from the Glaciers above. At the foot of the valley appear immense cliffs of ice; the waters perpetually rushing from the accumulated snows on the precipices above, here force a passage through, and rush along the vale, carrying the huge stones with them. Nevertheless, in winter all is bound with adamantine barriers of ice, but in summer they again relent, and allow one to see the cleft from which the torrents issue, and the vaulted arch they have formed of above fifty feet in height, and twice the breadth. I stood a long time alternately gazing on the crystal stream, joyfully bounding

out, now at length released from its frozen barriers, and foaming along the vale, its brawling waves seeming to proclaim aloud their freedom; and then again admiring the vaulted arches of ice, tinted with the hues of gems, and resembling the open portal leading to the Palace of Frost.

I conclude this account of Mont Blanc with a detail of a recent memorable event. On the 18th of August, 1820, four gentlemen, an Englishman, Russian, Frenchman, and Genevese, set out on an expedition to ascend Mont Blanc, taking twelve guides. On the first night, they slept on the Grand Mulet, the usual place in the rock; bad weather prevented their progress on the second day; the morning of the third promised fair, and they proceeded. About twelve o'clock, the snows of the preceding night formed an avalanche; unhappily they found themselves on a plain of ice not sufficiently frozen to sustain their weight, having only the consistency of a few hours' frost. In an instant, the ground on which they trod gave way, sliding from under their feet, while the accumulating avalanche swept them headlong down the precipice. The first five guides were ingulfed by the yawning chasms in their fatal course; the remaining seven of the party had just sufficient presence of mind to stop themselves by striking their spiked sticks into the ice with all their force. Three of the guides, overwhelmed by the snows,

were never seen again; two fell most miraculously upon a projecting ice in the chasm, and were rescued.

The brother of our guide, Balmat, was one who perished; and our other, Deverassoud, was one of the rescued.

There are various kinds of Avalanches, and we saw, or heard, them almost perpetually; I mean the more harmless sort. At a distance, the noise they make by bringing in their course the stones, &c. &c. they meet, resembles the murmuring of the sea; when near it is loud as the thunder; but the fatal avalanche is that immense accumulation of snows during winter, which overhangs the rock, and which, as summer suns advance, will suddenly give way, and gathering additional velocity in its fall, forces its fatal progress to the plains below, overwhelming trees, cattle, houses, all, in one common ruin.

I had almost forgotten to insert three of the effusions I transcribed from the Album at the Montanvert, in which most visitors insert their names, or any notice they please, of their journey to the Mer de Glace. I have chosen a ludicrous essay rather than a serious.

Arrived on the back of a mule,
My Pegasus left in the valley,
Believe me, I'm not such a fool
As t' attempt with the Muses to dally.

Do you think they would ever abide
On needles thus cover'd with snow,
And icebergs, whose precipice pride
Leaves Helicon five leagues below?

The next has more fun than wit.

C'est bien dommage que toute cette glace ne soit pas remplacée par du sucre. S. M. pourroit prendre le café à bon marché.

The third was inscribed by one of our party.

Ye Alpine heights! eternal snow!
Ye caverns, pyramids of ice!—
Yet colder the heart that does not glow
As nature's wonders to his view arise.

Mont Blanc, sublime! thy cloud-hid towers to me
Seem, even from creation's birth,
The mighty footstep doom'd to be
Of God from Heaven to Earth!

The same morning that we returned from the Mer de Glace, we rode our mules to the summit of La Flechiere, which at an height of 2000 feet commands a grand view of Mont Blanc, and neighbouring mountains.

Tuesday—Safe again after an expedition almost as perilous as the one I have just recorded.

One friend and self, with Balmat as our guide, reached Martigny on Saturday evening, taking the road through the forest called La Tête Noire.

First I would, if I could, describe the scenery of this passage, the sublimities of which arresting all my faculties, I sat on my mule, heedless of its

guidance, and solely absorbed in the contemplation of the surrounding grandeurs; the tremendous torrent roaring some hundred feet beneath the dizzy eye; the darksome forests of pine, fir, or larch, whose loftiest branches were lightly waving far below the steepy path; above, still higher frowning precipices, with blacker shades;—in the midway, fertile, smiling plains; the dairy, farm, the quietly browsing cattle, the skipping goat, the peaceful shepherd. Sometimes on the one view melted, as it were, by the happy, sunny, fertile scenes; then on the other, stricken and frozen with the terrors of the savage wildness; the distant Breven; Le Geant; the Needles; and snow-clad, heaven-aspiring mounts!

Nature in contrast:—rugged rocks and dewy meads amid the skies; and gulphs of ice mingling with blooming vales, below. Or as it would seem, two rival deities of nature's wonders each vying with the other; the one to produce the softest; the other, the grandest effects.

Martigny has suffered by a catastrophe equally sad and memorable. In May 1818 this village contained a happy and contented population of about 2500 peasantry. The Valley of Bagnes where the misfortune originated, is distant about fourteen miles, and is watered by the Dranse. The people missing the accustomed streams, more plentiful in these months as swollen by the melt-

ing snows, climbed a precipice to ascertain the cause of the deficiency, and, to their utter horror, beheld that the Glacier of Getroz, or vast masses of ice from it, had tumbled from Mont Pleurer, and had blocked up their valley, and the bed of the river. This rock of ice was then found to be 400 feet high, 600 feet long, and more than 2000 feet thick at its base. The river still increasing, and being thus choked up behind the ice, now formed a lake 7000 feet long, 600 feet broad, and had already risen more than 200 feet high. Assistance being implored from the neighbouring communes, skilful engineers were instantly dispatched, and they accordingly determined to cut a gallery through this rock of ice for the outlet of the waters. They therefore began to cut the ice fifty feet above the level of the lake, to afford themselves time to complete the excavation, as the waters were rising every day four, or five, feet. The peasantry worked night and day, a party at each extremity of the intended gallery; so hard was the ice as frequently to shiver their tools; and so severe the cold that several were frost-bitten.

Nevertheless, by 4th of June they had opened an icy gallery 600 feet long, six high and four broad:—still they continued to clear the ice; and on 13th the waters, meeting their level, rushed through the channel, and fell below in a magnificent cascade 350 feet deep. In the space of

three days the lake had sunk thirty, and was less in length by 1900 feet.

There were now hopes of security, and preservation. But alas! and in vain! In the course of the work, vast rocks of ice, some of them seventy feet thick, would detach themselves from the great mass, burst with a tremendous explosion, and scare the peasantry away. Had but the great barrier of ice remained firmly footed some days longer, the waters would have been sufficiently drained. But repeated explosions, and detached masses, announced the approaching catastrophe; and now the waters forcing a passage at the bottom of the lightened, and floating, ice, in a moment blew the whole to annihilation, forming a terrific torrent, 100 feet deep, sweeping all, in an instant, in one common havoc, and travelling the first eighteen miles at the rate of little more than two minutes to a mile. Whole forests and villages rushed down with the torrent. Almost all vestiges of the hamlets of Bagnes, Champsal, Martigny, &c. were effaced—rocks of ice, houses, forests, cattle, people, and children, were seen mingling, and struggling together, with the raging waters. At Martigny, twenty miles distant from the fatal glacier, the water was fourteen feet high, and left in the market-place, a rock fifty feet in circumference. At one time the mass of waters and ruins pouring through Bagnes was nearly 300 feet high, besides

Pont Etroit: he had feared for our safety, but this danger over, we might hope to overcome the rest. There was one particular time, about two hours before our reaching the Convent, when my mule made every possible effort to turn to the left, instead of following forward. As was afterwards acknowledged, the animal was right, the guide was wrong; yet the faithful creature, though compelled by blows to deviate from the right way, and thus to risk my life, and its own, patiently, and steadily, carried me safely through such additional dark, and needless, perils. Throughout the whole however of this journey being in high health, so likewise was I in perfect self-possession, and even impressed with a certain *sombre* enjoyment of the gloomy grandeurs around me.—How delightful it is to be raised by some accidental circumstances, it matters not whether of pleasure, or peril, to an elevation of feeling above the ordinary current of life!

Thus however through dangers, and darkness, we laboured on for three hours; the Convent at last was discerned, but the lights were extinguished, for no visitors were expected on such a night. We dismounted, and knocked for admittance:—a Reverend brother received, and welcomed, us; he desired a servant to relieve us from our dripping clothes, and to bring us all that was dry and comfortable; with much care he took us through rooms of graduat-

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ed warmth, thinking that the more prudent course in our very cold, and drenched, condition; and when he had shown us our bed rooms and provided every comfort, he left us to order refreshments below. Soon after this, we joined him in the Refectory, and spent the remainder of a short night in social talk: —the other monks had supped and retired.

This hospital founded by St. Bernard, as a refuge for the lost, and wretched, traveller has existed for eight centuries; and though its rules are not so rigid as many other monasteries, yet its inmates take the three vows of Chastity, Celibacy, and Poverty. One year's probation is allowed; and I was struck with the youth of some of its professors— one of them a monk at eighteen, already bound by the most solemn engagements to the severest seclusions!—an eternal separation from the world, and a most wretched habitation amid barren precipices, and everlasting snows!

Yet it was by the supposed inaccessible passes of Mont St. Bernard, that Bonaparte, meditating the conquest of Italy, in 1800, ventured the astonishing effort of leading an army of 60,000 men, with all their artillery and baggage; and by the most unheard of labours, he did conduct such a force; the cannon being dragged over precipices and gulphs by the peasantry and soldiery, compelled thus to slave.—Napoleon appeared with an overwhelming force on the plains of Lombardy which he had

the misty vapors from it which rose to the heavens. By degrees the waters relaxed in strength, and speed, and reached the Lake of Geneva without affecting that place. They are supposed to have travelled more than fifty miles in between six and seven hours.

However, perseverance and charity are aiding to repair past devastations; and Martigny is now rising from its ruins. This place was anciently known as Octodurus—(*Cæsar*).

Here our carriage was ordered to wait, intending to start for Milan on Monday; but an anxiety to visit the celebrated Hospital of St. Bernard induced us to request of our two other friends one day's grace; and accordingly yesterday we mounted our mules, and started about nine in the morning. It rained incessantly the entire day, and our *Aubergiste*, where we dined, ventured to recommend the prudence of proceeding no further that evening, from the lateness of the hour even then; but to go on we were determined; moreover, we had promised our friends to be back by the next night. As the evening advanced the scenery became more, and more, savage; vegetation and verdure were seen no longer;—over rocks and precipices alone was our track. Still as we advanced, the tempest increased; it became so dismally dark that we could no longer see each other; and if, by any chance, our mules were

but one yard behind; we holloaed to make sure that neither of us had tumbled down the steep. Our intrepid guide went on; for to return was impracticable; to us no possible path, or way, appeared:—all form was lost; and I saw nothing, save one black, indistinct, line of mountains around me; and streaks of white, which were plains of snows. Our path lay by the brink of a torrent—all that we could hear was its raging fury; the only thing we could dimly see was its white, and foaming, surge at our feet. More, and more, cautiously our mules now planted their steps; sometimes they made a complete halt, and we found ourselves at the edge of a precipice, which they only had seen, and from which, for our preservation, they had turned aside. For myself, totally unable to discern the ground before me, I followed as closely as I could, abandoning myself entirely to the sagacity of my animal. The wind howled; the rain poured; the darkness increased; and the violence of the tempest threatened to blow mule and rider down the steep;—at times we forded the torrent; and at one particular moment my animal seemed to lead me into the midst of the boiling surge:—I attempted no resistance:—I stooped my head as low as I could to try to see my way:—my beast trod heavy on some narrow wooden plank,—and, in a few seconds, I was safe.—Here our guide stopped. He told us that the Pass we had just gained was the

the level of the sea, and is supposed to be the highest human habitation in Europe.

Much impressed with gratitude for the kindness we had individually received, as well as for the general benevolence of the institution, I inscribed our names at parting, in the Album appropriated for that purpose, accompanied with a slight testimonial of our recollections.

As these good monks demand no recompence for their benevolence, I did not omit, as is customary, to drop an adequate compliment in their *Tronc des Aumones.* In the Chapel is a fine monument erected by Napoleon to his friend General Desaix, who perished at the Battle of Marengo.

25 Inst. Before our departure for Milan this morning, we settled accounts. My share, as one of four, for Guides and Mules, from Chamouni to the Mer de Glace, the Jardin, St. Bernard, &c. was 150 francs. The conveyance of my portmanteau (weighing forty-two pounds) from Geneva to Martigny, taking only our *Sacs de nuit* on the backs of our mules, was twelve francs; and my portion of the hire of the carriage to Milan, an open landau, will be about 120 francs, independently of living on the road.

As is customary throughout Italy we drew up a written agreement, distinguishing the number of our trunks, &c. to be carried; the number of days to be on the road—five—and the additional rate

we would pay for every extra day, besides the five, we might detain the carriage: the driver, on his part, covenanting to pay the *Barriere* of the Simplon, twelve francs, and all other *Barrieres*, bridges, &c. &c. and to provide two, three, or four, horses as necessary.

One reason of the great cost of travelling in Switzerland is the practice of paying the expenses of every vehicle back to the place from which it was hired.—Thus we pay for our carriage back again to Geneva.

In leaving Switzerland, I cannot testify to the supposed cheapness of that part of the country which I have seen; having found all charges equally high as at Paris, and accommodation certainly inferior. I ought perhaps to except Chamouni, where we had an excellent dinner, including a bottle of very good *Vin Ordinaire*, for three francs, with other matters in proportion, at the Hotel de Londres.

It was in the neighbourhood of Martigny and in the Haut, and Bas, Valais, that we found those pitiable objects termed Cretins. They are, for the most part, ideotic; sometimes deaf and dumb; and distinguished by the strange personal defect of a Goitre, or swelling in the throat. Though I have understood that this excrescence will sometimes reach to the chest, I saw nothing so extreme. But I observed that almost all the people hereabout

reached by ways never before trodden by armies, and where a handful of men might have annihilated all his troops: the inhabitants were panic struck; he pursued his victorious career, and Milan, the grand key, and capital of Italy, surrendered. The monks of St. Bernard supplied half of this vast army with as many rations, and comforts of clothing, &c. as they could, and here Bonaparte himself rested for some hours. Some regal gratitude he showed by bestowing 12,000 francs for the erection of a similar institution on the Simplon, decreeing that the Abbot of St. Bernard should be the superior of the three, viz. of the two named, and that of Mont Cenis.

The Dogs, their invaluable dogs, remain to be spoken of. This is a breed of Spanish origin, and there are now six in the convent, not quite as large as a Newfoundland, but equally powerful: they are mostly of a fawn colour, some also are white.

On the bleak, and barren, rocks which encompass this hospitable refuge, too often the traveller dies, lost amidst the trackless waste of snows; and a sort of hut termed Le Petit Hôpital is erected in several places for the corpses of those who perish. In the winter, or at any other time, when the falls of snow have destroyed all trace of any path, the dogs are regularly taken out by an Ecclesiastic, and a servant who carries in his basket, provisions, wine, &c. while the animals some-

times have these refreshments tied at their throats. They are always out for a certain number of hours; —though buried to the nose in snows, where no human being, nor animal but themselves, perhaps, could find a path, these sagacious creatures never deviate from the right one. When without them, we should sink in the deep pit, or tumble down the unseen steep, yet with them we may fearlessly follow as they lead. Thus the wayworn traveller, sought out by these faithful creatures, may find with them the food to restore his drooping spirits, and at the Hospice, where they will lead him, every other comfort. But, more than this, they have been known to dart away from the track, in order to hunt for, and to find some hapless, lost, traveller, who, but for them, would, infallibly, have perished. A few months since, two of them, rushing away, on a sudden, led their masters to heaps of snow where lay literally buried, and on the point of dying, a female with her infant child. The noble animal carried the baby unhurt in his mouth till the servant arrived, and conducted them all safe into the right path, and to the convent! There is a beautiful print representing this incident. The identical dog was pointed out to me.—I cannot describe how I felt.

The Hospital itself is 7548 Paris feet * above

* A French foot is about thirteen English inches.

pass, which was formerly such as the others are, yet now is as easy as they are rough.

In the year 1801 Napoleon projected, and in 1805 finished, a complete military road into Italy over the hitherto inaccessible precipices of the Simplon. Soon after leaving Brigg, the road commences: insensibly ascending you mount to the highest points of the pass; to the inn at an elevation of 3216 feet above the level of the Mediterranean; and to the village at 4548. Throughout this stupendous ascent, and thence downwards to Duomo d'Ossola, a length of thirty-five miles, one uniform breadth is maintained of twenty-five Paris feet.

Its direction is one continued winding way, the road always smooth, and its ascent, equally with its descent, so gradual, that at no point is it necessary to lock the carriage wheels.

This *Chaussée* has been considered as one of Bonaparte's most splendid achievements, and as one of the most astonishing triumphs of human ingenuity, and powers, over the barriers of nature. It is indeed stupendous thus to walk with perfect ease amid the highest precipices, and most inaccessible heights; to look upwards, and to see your path in the clouds; to look downwards, and to behold your winding way in the gulphs below!

There are more than thirty bridges thrown across the torrents, and the chasms of the rock; but, where the mighty mass of impenetrable granite

stretched its huge adamantine barriers athwart the path, and seemed to deny all further way; there, six long passages, or galleries, have either been hewn by manual labour through the imperishable granite; or effected by blasting it with gunpowder. On the Italian side 17,500 lb. were used for this purpose. The work was divided between French and Italian engineers, but the difficulties of perforation were far greater on the Italian side of territory than on the French. These arcades through the solid rock are of the length of from 80 paces to 202, or 1000 feet.

Such are some of the Herculean labours surmounted. The road is defended by palings, and short stone pillars at regular distances, and besides the walls below, which uphold the path, the rocks above are also fashioned into a smooth surface. At different stations there are six Refuges, which independently of the obvious meaning of the word are the residences appointed for the "*cantonniers,*" or workmen employed to keep the roads in repair.

How can I attempt to describe the wild, and savage, yet sublime, scenery throughout! The stupendous mountains piled one above the other in the most fantastic forms, stretching to the skies, some capped with snows, some crowned with firs; the groves of larch and beech that line their precipitous sides, partly luxuriant with all the verdure of creation, and partly scathed, and blighted, by the piti-

have a swollen throat, more, or less. Among other assigned causes is the excessive coldness of the water they drink, with the dampness of the situation.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER VII.

SIMPLON AND ITS GRANDEURS—LAGO MAGGIORE—ISOLA MADRE—ISOLA BELLA, AND PALACES—BONAPARTE'S LAUREL TREE—ST. CARLO BORROMEO, AND HIS COLOSSAL STATUE—MILAN — OBSERVATIONS — TRIUMPHAL ARCH — FESTIVAL DELL' ANGELO CUSTODE—LA SCALA, OPERA, AND SIGNORA PALLERINI.

PASSAGE of the Simplon.—Hitherto I have been traversing Alpine Heights, accessible as one would suppose only to goats—roads of rocks alone—staircases of stones—heaps of granites rudely tumbled up and down—torrents passed by slender planks, or limbs of trees—and paths where carriage wheels ne'er rolled. In all these difficulties, presupposing a little courage and presence of mind, so that one need not say—

> " ——————— I'll look no more
> Least my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong ; "

the better rule, in my judgment, is to leave your mule at perfect liberty, with which is combined the advantage of seeing, in full freedom, all the surrounding landscape ; impracticable in walking, our entire attention being engrossed by the care of placing our feet most cautiously.

But I have now to give a brief description of a

less storm, while the terrors of the passage are heightened by the sight of the Crosses erected by the road-side to mark the death of the unhappy travellers crushed in a moment by the tumbling rock, or sweeping *avalanche.*

The predominant feature throughout the Simplon is wild sublimity. The effect is inconceivably grand, as the heavy carriage rumbles through the dark and solid rock, to hear the raging torrent roaring beneath your feet; or to dread the crush of the frowning precipice above. Indeed the torrent, and the cascade, constitute two of the most picturesque, and striking, beauties throughout Switzerland. On the Simplon, among others, is seen the terrific cascade of Frissinone.

The Vedro, formed by the glaciers above, foaming for miles its impetuous course, yet checked at every gush by the huge granites that choke up its bed, here tumbles headlong down a steep. It is grand indeed to see the rage of the torrent:—so impetuous is its fall, that it tumbles not in a sheet of water, but in one broad, vast, misty, spray. The eye delights to watch one mass of foam perpetually hurling down another, to view the forms they take—the whitening surge, and clouds of silvery sparkles that mount, and circle, all around.

The deafening noise drowns all other sounds, and involuntarily we grasp tighter and tighter the rock we hold by, while vainly stretching over the brink

of the precipice, we try to discover where the last rage of the torrent is spent among the profound and craggy cliffs below. Leaving this, and passing immediately through the fourth gallery of rock, another cascade formed by the torrent issuing from the gorge of Zwischbergen clamours again upon the ear;—and further on, a gentle rill, issuing from the heights above, slips silently down smooth plains of slate, which reflect a purply hue; while the stream, transparent as the finest lace, and forming arrowy, rocket, shapes, thus peaceably glides away into a basin below, whose silvery, pellucid, waters reflect all the Alpine firs above in bright, and tranquil, green.

It is remarkable that Napoleon himself never traversed this road. The foundations, and commencement of the magnificent Convent, which he had endowed, a similar institution to that of St. Bernard, may be seen here, now falling to decay, instead of rising to completion.

One of the huge columns intended to support the Triumphal Arch at Milan, which was to terminate this path, and commemorate its founder's fame, in an unlucky moment was arrested on its progress by the news of the Emperor's downfal. There it lies, near Baveno, neglected, but not forgotten;—a striking monument of fallen glory;—yet recalling, still more forcibly, amidst the grandeur of the surrounding wilds, the greatness of him who made these scenes accessible.

From Duomo d'Ossola, the scene begins to change; softer features:—the champaign plains of Lombardy:—Italian inscriptions:—Italian tongue.

The route we took from Martigny, setting off on Tuesday, was through Sion, and sleeping at Tourtemagne:—thence to Brigg on Wednesday, and sleeping at the inn on the top of the Simplon, which, by the bye, I ought to note as a most excellent, and superior, hotel. Dined at Domo d'Ossola, where begin the Italian territories, on Thursday, and slept at Baveno. Sent the carriage on to Sesto, and hired a boat on Friday to view the Borromean Isles (of which hereafter), proceeding by water on the Lago Maggiore to Sesto:—entered the *voiture* at half-past six on Saturday morning, breakfasted at Gallarate, and reached Milan at four o'clock the same day.

It happened that I reached Italy for the first time in my life on my birthday.

It remains to speak of our excursion to the Borromean Isles.

The Lago Maggiore, anciently termed Verbanus, is about thirty-five miles long, and five or six broad, and, in places, of the appalling depth of above 1200 feet. Our boat was manned by four rowers, and since our aquatic trip would occupy us till dusk, and a late dinner at Sesto, we took fruits with wine, &c. on board.

Not a wave ruffled the peaceful bosom of the

lake, and, as we skimmed lightly o'er the surface, the scenery appeared to combine some of the majestic grandeurs of Switzerland with the smiling, gentle, features of Italian landscape.

The savage mountains of Gamborogno rising to the height of 6000 feet above the waters are lost amidst the fleecy clouds, yet their sloping sides are clad with verdure and cultivation even to the water's edge; while their many breaks and intervals give place to show between them the luxuriant plains, and vines, of Italian shores.

There are two Islands in this lake, the Isola Bella, and the Isola Madre, which Tasso, and Ariosto, have sung; and which other poets have deemed as fairy palaces, fit abode for Calypso, and her nymphs;—and be it also remembered, that being now on classic ground, I am speaking of a lake to whose beauties Virgil, and Catullus, have alluded. The Isola Madre was our first landing-place:—on the northern side, is a wood:—on the southern, are seven terraces surmounted by a palace. Both these islands belong to the Borromeo family, but as this villa is now deserted by its illustrious possessors, the rooms, the theatre, &c. &c. have all the appearance of neglect. Its charms arise from its situation, its exotic plants, its aviaries of foreign birds, its groves; and from the beauties of nature, without art.

One mile further north, arises the Isola Bella. Ten terraces, forming so many gardens, rising each

above the other, terminate in a square platform of about fifty feet, surmounted by a colossal Pegasus; while gigantic statues, meant for distant effect, finish the corners of each ascent. The total elevation is about 130 feet; the base of the pyramid 400 feet square. In these gardens bloom the orange and the lemon, the olive and pomegranate, the citron and the cedar, entwined with roses, jessamins, and vines. Here balmy summer ever reigns, and the snows of winter are unknown; while the caper tree, the acanthus, and the tracheline, grow without culture. Each terrace is a garden supported by arcades which form so many green-houses for the more tender plants. Here also are aviaries, and fountains; and gold and silver birds, with the plumage of China and Japan.

On the ground floor of the Palazzo are a suite of rooms formed entirely of shells, spars, and party-coloured marbles; mosaic floors of pebbles; marine productions; with pilasters of lava, and shells, intermixed. How delightful and appropriate here to sit, and view the broad expanse of lake, the distant glowing scenery, and gentle waves, rippling at your feet!

In these grottoes are also some fine specimens of sculpture, and a marble bust of Achilles, considered very superior; but I was most struck with an Hebe, and recumbent Venus, by Monti, the latter, a most exquisite specimen of voluptuous beauty. The whole palace evinces somewhat more

of English comfort than any I have hitherto seen, and in the upper suite of rooms is a noble saloon intended as a ball-room, the centre of which is so contrived as to exhibit a vista, or prospect, of the lake at four different points. The Picture Rooms contain, among others, several specimens by Tempesta, an artist who murdered his first wife in order to obtain a second more beautiful, and who, in this retreat, found an asylum. His portrait, and that of his second lady, by his own pencil, are here seen.

The third Island is termed—Isola dei Pescatori, but is of no other note than what its name imports. The present possessor of the three isles is Il Conte Giberto Borromeo, the descendant of the celebrated St. Carlo Borromeo; and in this Palazzo the late unhappy Queen of England, then Princess of Wales, spent four days. Her bedroom, and boudoir, are of course shown.

Another regal inmate, for a still shorter period, some twenty years ago, was Bonaparte. In the garden is a laurel tree, a prodigy from its height and size, and said to be the largest in the world. On this tree the gardener pointed out to us the faint remains of a word cut out with a knife by Napoleon's own hands. It was singularly appropriate; on the eve of the victory of Marengo, and on such a tree—"Battaglia."

The next object was the colossal bronze statue of Saint Charles Borromeo, erected at Arona, his birth-place.

The noble blood, and princely fortune, of this prelate obtained for him, at the early age of twenty-three, the high dignities of Cardinal, and Archbishop of Milan, bestowed by his uncle, Pius IV. A life, spared only to the age of forty-six, is recorded to have been uniformly spent in the exercise of all the highest virtues that can adorn human nature. His charities are said to have exceeded the revenues of kings; supporting at times the pomp and dignity, of his very exalted station; yet in private, dispensing even with the attendance of a servant, he wore a coarse garment under his sumptuous pontifical robes; and made his own bed of straw. His motto was—"Humility."

The statue is clothed in the vestments of a priest, and is bareheaded. The left arm supports the Bible; the right is extended, perhaps meant to imply the imploring of a benediction upon Milan. The figure may be mounted inside to the top.

Some of the dimensions are as follows:

	Feet.	Inch.
Pedestal	36	0
Statue	72	0
Circumference of head	20	0
Length of face	7	6
Ditto of nose	2	7
Ditto of arms	28	0
Breadth of hand	4	6
Ditto of foot	4	0
Circumference of habit	54	0

Milan.—My first visit at Milan was to the Cathedral; my next to La Scala; and my third to the Triumphal Arch. The first requires almost a chapter to itself; with the second I was so delighted that I mean to go again and again; and the third I shall now briefly notice.

But to digress for a moment, I may here observe, that in looking cursorily over what I have already written, I feel an occasional diffidence of my powers of description. Setting to myself the daily, or nightly, task of noting the occurrences of the preceding hours, I write at once, fresh from the impulse, and feeling, of the moment, often leaving only a hasty coloured sketch which, in the language of painting, more sober judgment would keep down, greater study, and more accurate information, improve, and deeper research and labour, finish. Yet be it remembered, that I profess no more than mementoes of my present tour for future recollections.

An enthusiastic admirer of the sublime beauties of nature, I describe at the moment, not with the idea of being able by any words to paint the grand, and magic, landscapes, ever varying, that Nature shows; but, by some faint record with the pen to be better able to recall at will the recollection, and impression, made upon the mind. Words may tell a human passion, but poor indeed is language to depict the wonders of cr- -ion.—What words can paint infinity?

With regard to the works of man, and to works of art; if, in opposition to the present fashion of decrying, and finding some fault with, every thing, my descriptions be thought too glowing, I can only say that I have written as I felt, with a disposition more inclined to be pleased than soured; and with an admiration for the talents of others, and their productions of art, without one spark of any inclination to insinuate some true or fancied superiority of judgment of my own by recording the minute errors of theirs.

Mayhap there are some who prefer the warm effusions of the heart to the colder, premeditated, studies of the head.

The intended Triumphal Arch of Bonaparte, proposed as the grand entrance into Milan, at the termination of the Simplon Road, was designed by the Marquis Cagnola. As it now remains deserted, the four grand columns are only partly erected; the pedestals are complete with their bassi-rilievi representing France, the Muse of History, Mars, Minerva, &c. &c.

The scaffolding remains just as the workmen seem to have left it long ago, and the workshops around are strewed with other bassi-rilievi, shafts of columns, capitals, with their entablatures, cornices, roses, &c. &c. I thought the cutting of these ornamental details was the best, and boldest, stone-

work I ever saw:—the men said that the workmanship of each rose for the arches cost ten Napoleons; though I did not think equally highly of all the sculptures on the pedestals; but if I was not sufficiently struck with admiration for this much vaunted work of art, it must be recollected that invidious comparisons are very unfair on an unfinished production.

Wednesday.—A gratifying day. Strolled by accident into the Chiesa di Santa Maria Segreta, attracted by the rich tapestry hanging upon the walls of the sacred building; by the golden inscription on the portal—"Indulgenza Plenaria;" and by the silks, tapestry, and festoons of flowers, &c, on this occasion hung from the windows, and across the streets, in the neighbourhood of the church. On entering, I was first struck with the sweet, the solemn, full, concert that broke upon my ears; then I was attracted by the high altar arrayed in all its particular, and special, pomp, and displaying six silver busts as large as life, of Popes and Bishops: Looking round the walls I observed they were hung with crimson damask fringed with gold; yet still all my attention was riveted upon the music, where the full-toned organ most ably played, and an orchestra of a dozen performers, including voices, continued to play, and chaunt, the sublimest, though I cannot say the most sacred, strains.

Compelled to call on my banker on business, I

reluctantly tore myself away, hurried back as soon as possible, and stayed till the ceremony concluded at about half past one. Finding that there would be a continuation in the evening, ordered dinner earlier, was there between five and six—and again delighted till seven. It proved to be La Festa dell' Angelo Custode.

As soon as concluded, we went to La Scala, the opera of Milan, second, it is said, only to St. Carlo of Naples, being a truly noble house in size, decorations, dresses, and orchestra, as well as a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture in grand, and chaste, magnificence. The pit, I should guess, would hold about as many as our London Opera-house. There are six tiers of forty-six boxes in each tier, hung alternately with blue, and yellow, silk drapery. The first striking variation from an English theatre is its darkness; only the stage, the orchestra, and the royal box, in the centre, which has a handsome chandelier, being lit up. Thus almost the entire house is in obscurity; none of that display of female dress, beauty, and pomp, so conspicuous in our theatres is here; yet, I believe, this practice prevails throughout Italy, by which means certainly all trouble of parade is saved; and a family may enter their box at the opera, listen only to the more favourite airs, and in the interval do as they will. Each box having a private room, work, chat, or cards, are common. Over the proscenium is a

clock with a revolving dial plate, which shows only the immediate hour, always at the top, and brightly illuminated. Every successive five minutes appears marked over the hour, then vanishes, giving place to the next, and so on. The architect of this admired building was Piermarini; the first representation took place in 1788; and it is further remarkable that the first regular theatre in Europe was built at Milan in 1490.

The Opera was new that evening, entitled Donna Aurora; the music by Signor Morlachi. Madame Bellochi was the Prima Donna, and warbled enchantingly; and Signora Margherita Schirra, a lovely, young creature of nineteen from the Conservatory of Music made her *debut* in the part of Giulia. Her exquisite voice, and her beauty; Madame Bellochi; the playing of Rolla, the famous violinist, whom I had so much wished to hear, and who has led this orchestra for many years;—all these were combined, and infinitely pleased, at least, was I. The Ballet of "Didone Abbandonata" was introduced, certainly very splendid, but I could not endure to witness the dignity of Æneas degraded by perpetually skipping about, and by all the contortions and attitudes of a dancing and posture master. Perhaps however he, like the rest, sank by comparison with the inimitable, the matchless, Pallerini, who played Dido. Her struggling passion for

the hero; her gradual yielding; her warmest love; her agonies and despair at his leaving her; and her ultimately ascending the funeral pile:—here was every variation of the intensest passion that can agitate a woman's bosom, shown and exhibited, to the life, without a word, without a sound; and only by the perfection of acting, and by the most exquisite, and heart-appealing, expression of features! In the Hunting scene about a dozen real horses, and dogs, are introduced, and strange to say, the beauteous Queen of Carthage without the least alteration, or change, of her splendid full dress, or plumes, was seen galloping upon her hunter, straddling like a man, and displaying her shapes almost as a man! My admission to the pit (the only place the public can go to, the boxes being almost universally engaged, and private property) cost me fifteen-pence English.

To this account of the Opera, I must add that the next day I observed by the bills of the plays that it was the festival of St. Francis. It is customary in Italy not to keep the actual day of our birth, but to keep it on the anniversary festival of the Saint after whom we are named.

It was therefore kept as the birth-day of the Emperor of Austria, Francis I, and for all the theatres there was this announcement "*Questa sera, si recita, illuminato a giorno.*"

Wishing to see the difference, we all determined to go, and a great difference there was; the house being very brilliantly, and completely, lighted up. The Viceroy of Milan, brother of the Emperor of Austria with his Princess, and suite, were in the royal boxes, the full-dress military uniforms prevailed; while all the seats around were filled, making an unusual display of elegance and splendour.

But, I am now tired, and sleepy.

The iron tongue of midnight hath toll'd twelve.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER VIII.

MILAN—SUMMARY OF ANCIENT HISTORY AND MODERN GOVERNMENT—CATHEDRAL, STATUES, &c. AND SUMPTUOUS SUBTERRANEAN CHAPEL OF ST. CARLO BORROMEO—CHURCH OF SAN CELSO, AND MIRACLES—ACADEMY OF ARTS—RAPHAEL—LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER — FULL-DRESSED VIRGIN — STREETS OF MILAN — THEATRES — INFAMOUS COLUMN.

MILAN was anciently Mediolanum, and the capital of Insubria, supposed also of Gallic origin. The Insubrians being ultimately conquered by the Romans, A. U. C. 531, a province was formed of their territories where now exist the modern towns Pavia and Milan. This victory was achieved by Lucius Valerius Flaccus, associated with Cato the Censor; and according to Livy 10,000 Insubrians, and Boii were slain (34th Book, 46th Chap.) Under the Roman sway it flourished long and splendidly, but sank with the rest of that empire from the repeated attacks of the infuriated Goths, and Longobardi.

Milan gradually rose from its wreck, and was again blessed with tranquillity in the government of its native Dukes, the Visconti. Upon the extinction of this noble family, it was successively possessed by France, Spain, Austria, and latterly by Napoleon. At present, it is under the dominion of Austria, and is truly a jewel in the imperial

crown; but it may be observed that this dominion is retained by the most jealous, and vigilant, systems, of police, and government. We can speak as to the harassing trouble, and vexatious loss of time we have been put to by the suspicious watchfulness of the police. Because we proposed to stay more than three days, we received a summons for interrogation, though our passports had undergone every scrutiny. We went to the office, then we were desired to bring on the next day a recommendation from our bankers, or some other responsible persons. Having obtained this, on the ensuing morning we were detained two hours, and a hundred questions put to us about our age, marriage, motives of journey, &c. &c. and the day after that we were promised a *Carta di Sicurezza per Forestieri*. At the promised time however it was not ready, nor till the day after that; and they made us pay a franc and a quarter a-piece for it.

Military, the sure sign of a despotic government, abound everywhere. Austrian soldiers are posted on the Corso, in the theatres, even at the altar. A pretty good hint of popular opinion was lately given to the Emperor. He appeared at the play with the Empress Maria Louisa, Bonaparte's Queen. All the audience exerted themselves to the utmost to show every kind of applause towards the Empress, taking but little notice of his Ma-

jesty. So great was the clamour, that Maria rose, and quitted the house. But in a moment all the audience rose also, and accompanied the Empress home, leaving his Imperial and Royal Majesty to himself and his suite.

The Milanese are now, in almost every department of state, and government, under the subjection of the Austrians, who fill the most important posts of the army, church, council, finance and police. Little understanding of, and still less care for, the happiness, or interests, of the people can be expected from the sway of a foreign governor whose overwhelming power is his best pretence;—the inhabitants vent their complaints where they dare, and will throw off the yoke when they can.

Saturday.—A thoroughly wet day, and quite a treat, as I think that when one is travelling, and incessantly sight-seeing, an occasional heavy rain which detains one in doors entirely may be considered a luxury, by allowing a respite and repose; by giving opportunity to write, to reflect, and to arrange, &c.

The Cathedral.—To describe the far-famed Cathedral of Milan is indeed a task; volumes might be written, and I can only compress. In its style, and pointed arches, it is chiefly Gothic, yet mixed with lighter, Italian, modes of building, and may be termed Lombard Gothic, or Italian Gothic. Its dimensions are these—

	Feet.
Length.....	449
Breadth of Transept	275
Ditto of Nave.....	180
Height under Dome.....	238
Ditto of Nave.....	147
Ditto to the top of the Tower....	400

(N. B. Since writing the above, I have found that Eustace makes all the dimensions greater.)

Independently of its extraordinary beauty, and magnitude, some of its distinctions are its being built not of stone, but of marble, outside and inside, and in parts where lately perfected and finished by Bonaparte presenting a dazzling whiteness.—This beautifying is now carrying on, and completing.

It was first undertaken in the year 1386, and in every subsequent century thousands have been contributed for its adornment, and completion. It was reserved for Napoleon to finish the façade. The number of aiguilles, or spires, is ninety-eight, the topmost is crowned with a figure of the Virgin (to whom the cathedral is dedicated) of gilt brass. The number of statues and sculptures dispersed outside, and within, many of them of high value, exceed 4000; although Addison, numbering every minor figure, and detail, swells the amount to no less than 11,000. The cathe-

dral is not yet completed according to the original design of the architect, but is now being thus finished.

The Chapels in the interior, sacred to Princes and Pontiffs, were all erected by the most celebrated artists of the age: there is one, dedicated to the Medici family in which the figures, large as life, are entirely bronze, and in which there is also a sarcophagus designed by Michael Angelo. They are all further enriched by pictures, and elaborate sculptures.

Among the holy relics, is an asserted true Nail of the Cross, preserved in a sanctuary where art has been lavished to give due effect.

Of the statues, independently of those in the chapels, I was anxious to see the famous one of St. Bartholomew flayed alive. My first impression was that of disappointment. I had imagined I should see the agonies, the contortions, of such a cruel death; but on the contrary, the Saint stands firmly, one foot advanced, and perfectly calm,—a mere anatomical study, though I admit the perfection of the execution. In his hands he holds his skin, so recently flayed; but it is really too solid, and every feature too strongly marked, as of a living body. On the pedestal is inscribed—

"Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus fecit Agrates." *

After the ever unrivalled St. Peter's of Rome,

* The work not of Praxiteles, but of Mark Agrates.

perhaps no cathedral will make so striking an impression upon the traveller as the Duomo of Milan. Externally, its countless pinnacles and spires, so delicate, so elegant, and light; with its hosts of saints, and emblems, and sculptured stories, sacred, and historical, all of marble, and so dazzlingly white;—and internally, its clustered pillars, ninety feet high; its solemn, still, grandeur; its dim, and holy, light; with the rich tints, and hues, reflected from the gorgeous windows above, which throw their lengthened colours athwart the marble pavement, and play upon the walls;—all these effects, and striking contrasts, combined, produce powerful, and irresistible impressions.

A great curiosity remains to be spoken of. Immediately under the dome of the cathedral is the subterranean chapel dedicated to, and enclosing the mortal remains of, Saint Charles Borromeo, now dead about 230 years. We descended by torch-light into a temple of an octagonal form, and of about fifteen feet diameter. The riches contained in this sepulchre seemed to exceed the ransom of kings; and, though the comparison be not strictly applicable, I could not help thinking of the palaces I had read of in the Arabian Nights, or Tales of the Genii.

Here are columns of the choicest marbles, with gold capitals:—crimson damask embroidered with

gold, and wrought to the highest perfection, while round the sepulchre are a series of bassi-rilievi in solid silver, representing the birth of the saint, the principal incidents of his life, and his final glory.

Having expressed my desire to see the corpse, the first care was to light, with due Catholic ceremony, the candles placed on the altar before the tomb; then, the damask covering being removed, and the outer case let down, we beheld the gold and crystal coffin containing the corpse embalmed, and completely habited in sumptuous archiepiscopal robes. We were assured that the crystal, from the extraordinary size and purity of its pieces was more valuable than gold; the panes are about ten inches long, and eight broad. This sarcophagus was a present from Philip IV of Spain.

Over the golden mitre on the head of the saint is suspended a crown of precious stones; in his hand he holds his crosier, similarly enriched, and costly; while an emerald cross of immense value, and an antique figure, about a foot high, of massive gold, both presents from crowned heads, form only part of the riches contained within the coffin.

In the midst of this splendour, and treasure, appears all that is to be seen of the saint himself—the remains, or the bones, of his face,—the face of the black, hideous, and ghastly grinning skull!

Having said thus much of this cathedral, I must say something about another church—La Chiesa di San Celso. The façade is adorned with many choice sculptures: among the best are Adam and Eve; and two Sybils. The exterior columns are of Brocatello marble; the interior of Ornavasso, while the pavement of the edifice is of many coloured marbles, wrought into leaves, and arabesques. This church is reckoned one of the richest, and most adorned of Milan after the cathedral; the ceiling of the nave is gold, and purple; and the dome, esteemed a masterpiece of architecture, is most beautifully painted in fresco by Appiani. The subjects are the four Evangelists, and the four Doctors of the Church. It is not my intention to particularise the beauties, the paintings, the bronzes, &c. of this edifice, but to pass at once to the Chapel of the Virgin, whence is derived its particular fame and wealth.

The pillars of this altar are silver; so also the two massive chandeliers which perpetually burn before it. The figure of the Virgin, in marble, as large as life, I thought one of the most beautiful, and most finished, works of art I had ever seen.

Two Angels, also sculptured by Cæsar Procaccini, support over her head a golden crown, enriched with diamonds, being a present from the Chapter of Rome. But it appears that this altar was favoured with a miracle from heaven. I staid a

long time poring over the depositions as to this matter, recorded in Latin in the church, and though not all alike, the following is the sum and substance of what the bishop, the priests, and about a dozen witnesses testify.

That in Dec. 1485, and during the performance of evening mass, on a sudden the marble effigy of the Virgin, then on that altar, and the infant Jesus in her arms, were animated, and became life:—moreover, that the Virgin opened her arms, which were white as snow, and that the infant Jesus, was as a living child! That such continued for some seconds, till all present were struck dumb to the earth with amazement, and saw no more!

Of this pretty article of Popish belief, it may be sufficient to observe, that the priests have fixed the period of its occurrence at a sufficiently distant date:—also that it is rather singular that only about eight or nine people should have been found to affirm a fact which occurred when the church was crowded, and in the presence of hundreds.

There is also another deposition to a second, and more wonderful, miracle, but with all my inquiries, I could not find any body who knew much about it;—and who can expect to find consistency in such tales as these? It is, that on some certain day, the marble Virgin suddenly tore from her face the veil that shaded it! This the priests had most religiously preserved. I begged hard to see it, but the

only answer I could get was as to its being locked up in the Sacristy, and that the keys were not to be had!

A picture of a further miracle represents this church as it were enveloped in flames, and not a creature injured! The simple truth is that in a storm some lightning passed through the church harmless.

Yesterday I visited the Academy for the Encouragement of Arts, and walked through the various rooms filled with the prize productions of the pupils in Drawing, Modelling, Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and Architecture, some of them being admirable specimens;—there are also casts from originals of celebrity, with some of Canova's, and Rossi's, own execution, presented by them upon being elected members of the Society. In the Picture Gallery, a national, and very valuable, assemblage of the choice works of the old masters, I more particularly noticed the Crucifixion by Guido;—the Virgin and Saints of Domenichino; and La Danse des Amours by Albano, often called the Anacreon of Painters. These pictures are well known by the engravings of them. There is also a curious collection of Fresco paintings, which having been sawed from the walls of the churches they formerly decked, are now hung up here, and put in gilt frames.

Perhaps, however, the chief treasure of the gallery

is the possession of Raphael's picture of the Marriage of the Virgin, and Joseph. This *chef d'œuvre* of the art was the production of the divine Raphael's early years, yet its fame is spread throughout Europe; and in grace, colouring, and arrangement, it has never been surpassed. The gallery of Milan has boasted of this jewel only for twelve years, having within that period purchased it from some hospital for the sum of 60,000 francs.

Attached to the church of Sa. Maria delle Grazie was formerly a convent of Dominican Friars. In the hall, or refectory, of this convent Leonardo da Vinci painted his famous Fresco of the Last Supper. So much admiration has been excited by the merits of this work, and so much compassion for its fate, that I rejoice in having this morning seen an object of so great curiosity, and controversy. Having experienced so many misfortunes; having been whitewashed by the monks; daubed by other hands; corroded by the damps of the walls; and parched and blistered by the fumes, and filth of a troop of cavalry horses, whose stable this hall, for a short time, once was, I must say that much more remains than might have been expected. Its size is about twenty-nine feet by fifteen, and very much as it is mutilated yet, after some short time's contemplation, and patient investigation, enough beauty may be seen to justify the high eulogiums it has received. Henceforward, and for ever, it

will repose, and be venerated, while the matchless engraving of Raphael Morghen immortalises its merits, and displays its beauties fresh as when first from the hands of the artist.

The greatest disfigurement to my eye was the too apparent and miserable retouching by others, greater even than the irreparable loss of part of the picture being cut away. The fat, and easy, monks had a side door in this hall, or refectory, into the kitchen, which was the next room; but, in order to serve the dishes hotter, they cut a door direct into the kitchen through the picture! This door is now for ever blocked; the portion, however, cut out is not the most material; it is in the centre, and takes away the table-cloth, and part of the table from under the Saviour. In this picture, the head of Judas is memorable from its inimitable expression of craft, and treachery; and from the circumstance of Leonardo having long left this head unattempted, alleging that he could not pourtray any head sufficiently expressive of villainy, save the portrait of the Prior himself. (Vasari's Life of L. da V.) There was a splendid copy of this picture executed in Mosaic by Rafaelli, under the auspices of Bonaparte, but which now decks the cabinet of the Emperor of Austria at Vienna.

In this same hall at the opposite end is a picture of the same dimensions, and in infinitely better preservation, representing the Crucifixion. Painted by Jean Donat Montafarno in 1495.

After this we explored the church, which is exceedingly old and curious. In the choir is a Fresco by one of Leonardo's pupils; but in one of the chapels I smiled at a Madonna I there discovered, as large as life, dressed in a cream-coloured silk gown, embroidered with flowers; rings on her fingers, long waist, and stiff pointed stays, with starched ruff; and altogether much in the fashion of the days of our good Queen Bess.

Among the antiquities of Milan remain sixteen fluted columns of the Corinthian order, supposed to have formed part of the Colonnade of the Baths of Maximian.

This city possesses a comfort I have never till now seen since I left London, viz. a *trottoir* for pedestrians, and moreover a smooth paving for carriage wheels; the principal streets having broad strips of flag pavement in the high way, o'er which the carriages roll along equally lightly and swiftly.

The practice of having no other door or front to many sorts of shops, such as cafés, &c. than a curtain, hung in graceful folds, indicates the warmth of Italian skies; this, and another common practice of hanging tapestry and silks from churches, balconies, and verandas, pleases the eye, and excites the fancy.

There is a theatre here for the exhibition of puppets, or Marionettes. Well dressed wooden figures, about four feet high, are moved by wires

from above, and supplied by voices from behind. They perform whole plays; the declamation was very tedious, but their dancing in caricature of an Opera ballet was irresistibly laughable.

There is also in the Public Gardens a theatre, roofless, and open to the heavens, where, in the proper season, plays are performed to crowding auditors during the day, and in the light of the sun. Of the effect I cannot judge, not having seen an exhibition of this nature; but as I never yet saw a play which did not owe more than half its attractions to the illusions, the deceptions, and the concealments produced by stage lights, and studied shades, I should not augur very favourably of the present.

One peculiarity of Milan, and which I have no where else yet found abroad, is its public record of the infamy of its citizens. There is a certain empty space in one of the streets of the city where formerly stood the house of one John James Mora, a barber, who joined with another man, William Platea, and some others, in a conspiracy to poison their fellow citizens; and did cause many deaths. A column was here erected, termed Colonna Infame, with a long detail in Latin of the circumstances, and their results. Being apprehended, they were first put to tortures, then burnt, and their ashes thrown into the waves. The place was decreed unworthy to be ever again built on, and the inscrip-

tion concludes with an admonition for all good subjects to flee from so accursed a spot. This circumstance occurred in 1630; the only point left unexplained is the motive, or interest, of the barber in this transaction which took place during a raging plague.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER IX.

COMO—CATHEDRAL—LAKE OF COMO—PEDLARS—QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND HER VILLA—PLINY'S VILLA AND INTERMITTING FOUNTAIN—THE SOMMARIVA, AND LODI, PALACES—LAKE BY MOONLIGHT—PLAINS OF MILAN—AMPHITHEATRE—CORONATION OF NAPOLEON—EXTRAORDINARY ECHO—GRAND CORSO—EXPENCES TO GENOA.

AN excursion to the Lake of Como, or ancient Larian Lake, gratifying in many respects; gratifying from the particular richness, and beauty, of the scenery, and gratifying from the classic recollections it excites; sung by Catullus, and Claudian; the summer residence of Pliny the younger, whose descriptions, nearly 1800 years ago, remain to be compared with the same objects existing now; and also memorable in these modern days as the scene of certain intrigues of a Queen of England with her Courier. But to proceed regularly.

One day's journey of twenty-seven miles brought us from Milan to the town of Como, a very large, but now neglected, city, with little pretensions to its pristine splendours, though a bishop's see, and containing a population of 20,000 souls.

In the days of Rome, Julius Cæsar transplanted a colony to Como; so also did Pompey; it was a favourite resort and residence of the ancient Romans, as it now is of the modern Milanese; while

among the illustrious dead to whom it has given birth is Pliny the younger.

My earliest visit in the morning was to the Cathedral, constructed of marble, and of a mixed style of architecture—Gothic and Roman; yet although displaying the inconsistency of Corinthian columns surmounted by Gothic pointed arches, it is, in my eyes, an elegant, and imposing, structure, is kept in the highest preservation, and has an interior spacious, and appropriately solemn. At the first chapel on the right at entering, whose particular consecration is apparent from the inscription on the altar, "*Orate pro infirmis*,"* —there is hung up, in addition to the usual *ex voto* offerings of plated arms, legs, and hearts, quite a Monmouth-street exhibition of gowns, petticoats, boddices, &c. &c. with a string of penny pictures representing supposed miraculous interferences of the Virgin, and Saints, in sickness, or accidents. One man is seen tumbling out of window, yet saved by saintly interposition; drowning, shooting, house-tumbling, horse-*running-away*, every kind of accident, and mishap, is here, as commonly throughout Catholic countries, miserably daubed, and stuck up at the altar of God. The poorer people do what they can to evince their faith, and for want of any thing better they, in gratitude, dedicate their old stays, petticoats, wigs,

* Pray for the sick.

or shoes, to be thus exhibited for ever. But it is to be remembered that our own records furnish us with acts of this nature; and that noble dames of England, in former days, have left a portion of their splendid wardrobes to deck the shrine of some favourite Saint or Saintess.

On the exterior of the cathedral is a statue of Pliny with two inscriptions to his honour. Como was his occasional residence; while living, he materially benefited it; his writings speak of its beauties, its villas, temples, and porticos; and, when dead, his will enriched it with a legacy.

The natives of this lake have an irresistible inclination for roaming. Most of the Italian pedlars seen all over Europe come from Como to hawk, wherever they go, their watches, barometers, and instruments, though after many years absence, they always return to their native vales here to spend the little money they have so hardly earned. During their stay abroad they leave their wives to the care of the priest, who sometimes has fifty on his hands at a time!

Embarking between eight and nine o'clock, half an hour's rowing brought us to the Villa d'Este, the residence during eighteen months of Caroline, Queen of England, then Princess of Wales. The palace, since her departure for England has been stripped of all its best moveable furniture, and lighter ornaments, but the remaining decorations,

executed by Milanese artists, in variety of style, costliness, and elegance, surpassed my expectations, and are every way worthy of the rank of her who employed them. The palace is thus comparatively deserted, and neglected, from the legal disputes respecting her bequeathed property; and from the yet undecided point as to whom this villa may ultimately belong. I did not fail to notice those two memorable apartments, the subject of so much legal discussion, and examination of witnesses, in the House of Lords—the bath where Bergami was said to have assisted; and the hall with the statues of Adam and Eve, and the fig-leaves, &c. &c. all which remain still as there described; and were the occasion of certain scenes.

The theatre which Her Majesty built is very elegant. I wished to see the Queen's bed-room, but all our requests were unavailing; it had been expressly forbidden to show it to any one.

On the ceiling of two of the rooms, I believe, one was the *Salle à manger*, is repeated a beautiful painting of Time unveiling Truth: the allusion is evident; the figure of Truth is one of undisguised, voluptuous, beauty, while throughout the palace, Her Majesty seems to have had a prepossession for the display of the forms of pure nature, thinking them probably when "unadorned, adorned the most;" and it must be observed that the frescoes in one of the apartments, depicting the amours of

Cupid and Psyche, painted to the life, are not exactly the subjects which a modest woman would select for her perpetual inspection. However, I wish not to throw one further shadow of reflection upon a slighted woman, and a hapless Queen. Her errors I think, cannot be doubted; on the Continent, certainly, no one does doubt; but her humiliations have indeed been ample expiation:—Peace to her remains! The gardens attached to the house show little taste; immediately adjoining them is a fantastic representation of the city of Saragossa, executed by order of the proprietor of the villa, who was present during the siege.

The next object was the villa Pliniana, conjectured, but not positively proved, to be the former residence of Pliny; and a spot still exhibiting the Intermitting Fountain which he so accurately describes.

In the house, now the residence of some Italian Marchese, are hung up various extracts from that author, more particularly those passages relating to the fountain, which, passing through the hall, on the right, first bursts upon the view. At this point its appearance is a tranquil flow under a very low natural arch. The source is still unknown, but, it appears, it continues to exhibit the same extraordinary ebb and flow thrice a day, that it did at the time of Pliny, nearly 1800 years since, yet varying, and more, or less, violent, according to weather.

Close by, a precipitous cascade tumbling 300 feet, amid rocks, and groves of cypress, beech, and fir, presented as romantic a water-fall as any I have yet seen.

Returning through a long and dark gallery of the villa, on a sudden our conductress pushed open a window.

The effect was terrific, and so unexpected that, involuntarily, we all started back with affright. The hitherto peaceful fountain here tumbles with headlong rage, and foaming spray, forcing for itself a passage through the lower story of the building. It is grand thus in the dark, and in your house, to see at your feet the whitening, foaming, waves impetuously and incessantly hurling each other down to the rocks below, throwing up crystal sparks and silvery spray, to illuminate the gloomy cavern, and in their fight making so deafening a roar, and so similar to the thundering of cannon, that perhaps the loudest ordnance, if exploded in the torrent, would not be heard. Another view in another point is equally grand, but soon after, the fountain is seen to stream away quietly and peaceably into the lake.

The Abbate, Carlo Amoretti, has endeavoured to explain the phenomena of the fountain by attributing them to the influence of the west wind.

Our intermitting fountain near Settle in York-

shire ebbs, and flows, regularly every quarter of an hour.

About four in the afternoon, we landed at Cadenobbia. Our host proved a complete Boniface:—after a long spluttering in Italian, and attempts on his part to surcharge us in every thing, when the bargain was at last concluded, and he had agreed to give us dinner at four francs a-head, and bed for two and a half, he then spoke English very well, informing us that he had spent seven years in England, chiefly in Norfolk. However, every thing was extremely good, and clean.

The morning of our return by the boat to Como was occupied first by the inspection of the Marchese de Sommariva's Palace, an Italian noble of large fortune, and a liberal encourager of modern art, whose villa is on the borders of the lake immediately opposite to Cadenobbia. His Palace contains some of the finest specimens in painting of the French school which I had yet seen; and among the productions of Canova there is a groupe of Mars and Venus large as life; and a statue of Palamedes, of the same size. How exquisite is the beauty of Venus! No mortal man — the stern, inexorable, God of War alone could break from those snowy arms that circle him, and resist that voluptuous tenderness which so sweetly whispers to him—Stay!

This nobleman has an only son, a Colonel of the

Garde du Corps of the King of France, and has a mansion at Paris equally enriched with the productions of art, and equally accessible to the lovers of it.

The next Palazzo visited was that of his Excellency Francesco Melzi d'Eril, Duke of Lodi; but this was chiefly remarkable for the elegance, and splendour, of its decorations, and for the Italian taste, and variety of style in the painting of rooms. Hence, to the famous Cascade, the Fiume di Latte. After toiling with great fatigue up the steep, we saw the dark cavern from which the torrent bursts; precipitating itself down a rocky winding way of several hundred feet, where it combats with impediments at every plunge, while the roar of its struggles may be heard at two miles distance.

The Lago di Como is about forty miles long, five or six broad, and from fifty to five hundred feet deep—subject to sudden and dangerous squalls, but serenely calm as we skimmed along its surface.

At Bellagio where we rowed this morning is the finest point of view. Here are seen the three great branches of the lake. On the north it extends to Riva, bounded by the mountains of Val Tellina, and the Julian Alps. On the south-east it extends to Lecco, and on the south-west to Como. In front the view is terminated by the cloud aspiring Monte Legnone. The northern aspect is the grander from the loftier, and more precipitous,

mountains; the southern the softer from the greater verdure, and cultivation. In general appearance the lake is embosomed in mountains of varying height and figure, yet clad to their topmost heights with verdure; rich in beech, poplar, fir and cypress; and at their base with the yet more luxuriant vine, olive, and mulberry.

Placed in the most picturesque, and varied situations, the banks of the crystal lake are diversified with innumerable hamlets, with the little town, the humble cot, the pilgrim's chapel, the votive shrine, or the grander villa of the Milanese nobility, with whom this lake is a favourite summer retreat.

Now is seen the ruined fort upon the mountain's brow that erst frowned upon the plains below; and now is heard the peaceful chiming of the village spire that peeps with its white pinnacles from amid surrounding foliage.

Well might Pliny in speaking to his friend of his dear Como term it — "*tuæ meæque deliciæ.*"* We were benighted, but a more enchanting landscape than the Lake of Como by moonlight ne'er was seen. Not a wave ruffled the limpid surface of the lake:—in proportion as the mountains on one side became darker, and darker, the brighter was the reflection of the moon on the opposite side. Long time we watched pale Cynthia, seeing her beams gradually surmounting

* Thy, and my, delight.

the heights that intercepted her full view; observing the pale glow upon one range of mountains still enlarging and the shadows of the other continually receding, even to the water's edge. At length she rose above us in brightest majesty.

> This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
> It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

The fleecy clouds that streamed across her orb were tinted with a golden hue, but did not at all obscure her brightness. The rough forms, and inequalities of the mountains gradually faded away, showing only one sweeping, graceful curve seen through a soft and purply, misty hue. As we rowed gently along, sometimes the intervening foliage, sometimes the circular tower, or pointed spire, intercepting her rays, which were shown but partially amid the golden clouds, and glittering stars of the dark blue firmament, formed the acme of picturesque beauty; while her silvery beams, playing in the waters, and caught only at momentary intervals, presented the most brilliant and sparkling coruscations; and the boats gliding by stole so softly and so silently away, as though afraid to awaken the sleeping waves!

On the ensuing day we returned to Milan.

The plains of Milan abound with rice. I wished much to see this production growing, to me a novel sight, but the fields had been cut about a fortnight.

It was on my journey from Milan to Pavia that I first noticed the patriarchal custom of the ox treading out the corn. This animal is in universal request throughout Italy. The horse is seldom, but oxen are always seen in the plough, in the field, or on the road, toiling along with agricultural produce. They are here remarkably fine and handsome, almost invariably of a cream, or dove colour; and are always harnessed so as not to pull by the shoulders against the collar, but against the nape of the neck.

A singular opinion is prevalent throughout Italy that every species of the ox tribe that drinks the waters of the Po must breed, and become of a light dove colour.

The Triumphal Arch of the Simplon, already spoken of, is placed in that vast and noble plain, or Piazza Castello, which forms so admirable a field for the exercise, and review of the Austrian cavalry; and around which are their barracks, and residences. Adjoining to this is the Circus, or Amphitheatre, erected by Bonaparte for the express imitation and celebration of the Olympic, with other games of antiquity. The forms and arrangements are certainly true to the antique; the seats are constructed to rise one above the other in a gentle slope; and there are the respective gates of ingress and egress, with other Roman distinctions. Charioteering, horsemanship, feats of strength, and

Naumachiæ, or naval combats, from the facility of inundating the Arena at will, would, had the Emperor continued to reign, have been occasionally exhibited to admiring crowds. On the occasion of the baptism of the King of Rome, such games were exhibited; the tickets for which were distributed gratuitously, by the municipality of Milan.

Nevertheless I thought the general effect of this Amphitheatre was comparatively poor, and my impression was therefore one of disappointment.

It is capable of containing about 30,000 spectators; but how feeble are any attempts to rival old Rome, whose amphitheatres for the diversion of her citizens could accommodate an hundred thousand; and whose Circus Maximus was 2187 feet long, 960 broad, and would hold 250,000 people.

It is apparent that Bonaparte in most of his acts, from policy, or inclination, followed the Roman institutions. In imitation of old Rome, he sought to make his government, and people, completely military; in minor details he still copied Rome, as far as existing circumstances would allow; his public games were antique; and it was his pride, and his pleasure, to be deemed, and to preside, as a Roman Emperor.

How greatly Milan was favoured by Napoleon, is apparent from his selection of this city as the theatre of his coronation, as King of Italy in 1805; which, by his orders, was as splendid a

pageant as ever was provided for admiring nations.

The Crown, moreover, selected to encircle his brows was the oldest, and most noted diadem in the world—the Iron Crown;—that which has graced so many regal heads; but, far above all, and to which the precious, and unvalued, gems that enrich it are but as nought;—that which contains an iron ring made of the Nails of the Cross of Christ, gathered in Jerusalem by St. Helena, and by her entrusted to her regal son, Constantine.

About two miles distance from Milan may be heard one of the most surprising artificial echoes in the universe. At the Casa Simonetta two parallel walls, reverberating the sound back upon each other till the undulation is totally exhausted, create an echo which repeats the human voice about forty times; and the report of a pistol between fifty and sixty.

This surprising effect was, I believe, entirely the result of chance, and not of design.

The grand Corso of Milan, or *Corso della Porta Orientale* is one of the widest, and noblest, of Italy; for here mingle some of the most fashionable houses of traffic, and modes, with the venerable remains of the buildings of old times, and of other governors, together with the modern splendid villas, and palaces, of the grandees of the present day. Here is of course the chief display

of beauty, and of equipage; nor have I yet seen any street better calculated for a four-in-hand exhibition than this Corso. Beyond it are the Public Gardens, separated only by a decorated and light iron railing, with a few appropriate appendages.

In taking leave of Milan, I have little more to add to my catalogue of sights. In the evening, or rather night, we took a farewell walk by moonlight through the city, pleasing ourselves with observations on the various buildings we chanced to meet with. Perhaps the best edifice we stumbled upon was the Ospedale Maggiore, a most noble charitable erection, capable of receiving twelve hundred sick, with apartments for convalescents, and for those who are able to carry on any particular branch of trade.

Of its exterior architecture, which was all that at such an hour we could notice, we admired its court-yard of about 300 feet square, with a double range of columns entirely around.

Finally, of the ancient poets who have sung Milan, Ausonius is one of the best descriptive, and most laudatory. Every classical reader will recollect his verses, beginning

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum.

Saturday morning, Eleven o'clock.—Off in one hour for Genoa. Our carriage will cost eight Napoleons, for which payment our vetturino, or coachman, bargains to provide one meal a day for us

four, and separate beds for all during the three nights we shall be on the road. An agreement to this effect has accordingly been drawn up, and signed:—a common practice in Italy, and very suitable to those who like ourselves neither travel in the common stage, nor *en grand seigneur*, preceded by their own courier; for by this practice we save, equally, trouble and imposition.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER X.

PAVIA—MONASTERY OF LA CERTOSA—SUMPTUOUS CHAPELS—BATTLE OF PAVIA—UNIVERSITY—BRIDGE OVER THE TESSIN, AND ANCIENT DESCRIPTION OF THAT RIVER—BOETHIUS—ANCIENT GENOA—MARENGO—THE PO, AND FABLE OF PHAETON—VALLEY OF POLCIVERA—GENOA—SUMMARY OF ANCIENT, AND MODERN, HISTORY—ANDREW DORIA, AND REVOLUTION EFFECTED BY HIM IN 1528—CONSPIRACY OF LEWIS FIESCO IN 1547—DORIA PALACE—COLUMBUS.

ABOUT four miles from Pavia stands the celebrated Monastery of La Certosa. Of all the monasteries I have yet seen this is incomparably the noblest, being also generally deemed the finest in Europe.

It was about the hour of sun-set that we approached this venerable, and sumptuous, institution for Carthusian Friars. Slowly we drove through lofty avenues of ancient elms, and poplars, whose boughs were gently fanned by the grateful autumnal breeze; and whose verdant foliage, so gracefully wantoning, shadowed the vermilion, and brilliant, hues of an Italian sun-set. At intervals we caught the huge, and costly, fabric glistening in the distant view; and as the setting rays gradually declined in brightness, the more appropriate were the solemn, and sombre, feelings excited by the darkening foliage, and a visit to the tombs of Monarchs, and Monks, whose

temporal, and whose spiritual, pride were alike humbled to the dust.

The Church is built entirely of white marble; the façade exhibits a striking medley of Saxon, Gothic, and Roman, architecture, adorned with numberless curious bassi-rilievi in marble of scriptural, and other, subjects, together with a series of heads of the Roman Emperors. The interior of the church with its golden dome, and glittering stars, is very imposing, but the chief beauties, and where art, and wealth, have been lavished to give due effect, are found in the series of chapels running parallel with, and on both sides of, the nave. Besides displaying choice pictures, the altars of all of them are composed of the most valuable marbles, further enriched with precious stones: there are the most variegated, and elaborate, mosaics; exquisite sculptures, and bassi-rilievi in front of the altars, with columns of porphyry, bronze, verde antique, oriental, and various, rare, marbles either supporting the *ciborj*, or other ornamental temples on the altars; while jasper, cornelian, agate, crystal, onyx, lapis lazuli,* &c. are mingled to depict in mosaic birds, fruits, and flowers, which rival nature. On one of the altars is a series of subjects representing the

* This latter precious stone is presumed to be the same as the Cyanus of the ancients. The best that we now procure is imported from Great Tartary.

chief incidents of the Old and New Testaments, wrought out of the teeth of the Hippopotamus, said to have occupied the entire life of a Florentine artist, besides employing his pupils.

This Certosa, or monastery for Carthusian monks, was founded by the illustrious Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, about the year 1400. His tomb, and sculptured effigy, a whole length recumbent figure, with three of his family, are seen in the transept. The abbey once had an annual endowment of not less than 20,000*l.* and had accumulated immense wealth; but the Emperor Joseph II. seized it, and abolished the order. Many of its pictures, books, and treasures, were carried away, some to Paris, some to Vienna, and it has been asserted that the French, in order to gain a petty sum exposed this sumptuous edifice to irretrievable ruin by stripping the lead from the roof. Of all the former establishment two monks only are now retained to perform mass; and preserve the church. We walked over the convent. Each monk had a small detached house, consisting of three rooms; also a wine cellar, and a little garden.

It was in the fields of Pavia that Francis I. sustained so severe a defeat by Charles the Fifth, on 24 Feb. 1525; and perhaps no battle on record, till then, was so fatal to France as that. Ten thousand men were slain; among them was

the Duke of Lorrain, and the *soi-disant* Duke of Suffolk, alias Sir Richard de la Poole, who had been banished by Henry VIII.

Both these princes are buried in a convent of Augustin monks at Pavia.

The gallant, chivalrous, and noble minded, monarch, Francis, was himself taken prisoner, and conducted to this convent. It is recorded by the Abbé Richard, that the fallen king reached the monastery at the moment the monks were at vespers; that he walked reverently up to the altar, and joined their chaunt of the 118th and 119th Psalms, at this appropriate verse—

"Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas." *

On the ensuing day Francis was removed to the strong fortress of Pizzichitoné, near Cremona.

The King of Navarre, Henri d'Albert, was also captured; and, among the consequences of this memorable defeat, was the immediate evacuation of Milan, then garrisoned by a French force, and the total abandonment of Italy by that nation. The generals who achieved this splendid conquest, in the absence of their royal master Charles then in Spain, were Pescara, and Antonio de Leyva. However, two years afterwards, in

* It is good for me, O Lord, that I have been in affliction, that I may learn thy ways.

1527, General Lautrec, in order to avenge the disasters of his sovereign, abandoned the city to complete pillage, and thence may be traced the downfal of Pavia.

In Roman history this city is most known as the field where Annibal obtained a signal victory over the Romans commanded by Publius Scipio, and whose life was only saved by the intrepidity of his son, Scipio Africanus. (Livy, 21st book, 46th sec.)

The University of Pavia is by some styled the Mother University: it may be traced back to 1361; and is reckoned one of the most ancient, as it has been one of the most celebrated, of Europe; it was also favoured by a special visit of Napoleon when on his way to Milan for coronation in 1805. We have this day, Sunday, explored most of its departments; the Academics of Natural History, Mineralogy, Anatomy, the Library, &c. &c. In the latter, among the curious books, is one dedicated to Eugene Bonaparte, being the Lord's Prayer in 150 different languages.

The only edifice particularly worthy of notice that I have seen is, the Bridge over the Tessin, being 340 feet long, and 12 wide, having a chapel on it, and a solid wooden roofing.

This River classically known as the Ticinus, and Pavia anciently called Ticinum, have been celebrated by Silius Italicus, and by Claudian. The former thus speaks of the river:—

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadosa,
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo;
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem.
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter volucrum certamina cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.

The Tessin flows its waves, as crystal clear,
While through its azure streams the sands appear,
Still as it laves its shady banks so green,
Its undulating motion scarce is seen;
Gentle gurglings only here are heard,
And tuneful strains from many a rival bird.

I quote and translate this description as the more curious, because the modern rapidity of the stream is in direct contradiction to its ancient descriptions of gentleness, &c.

The antique equestrian statue (disputed whether of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, of Constantine, or of Charles V), lately ornamenting La Piazza Grande, was destroyed by the French on their invasion about twenty years ago, till then one of the principal ornaments of this former metropolis, and residence, of the ancient, and barbarian, Longobardic Kings.

The church of San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro will be visited by those who reverence the memory of the philosophic Roman Boethius, who was imprisoned and executed at Pavia A. D. 525, merely on suspicion of a conspiracy against Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths. During his incarceration, he wrote his

treatise in five books, " De Consolatione Philosophiæ."

Leaving Pavia before five o'clock in the morning, we reached Novi ere dark, and are to set off equally early to-morrow in order to reach Genoa in due time, from an apprehension of robbers now infesting this road. The Diligence which passed us on our journey was guarded by two dragoons; and we use the precaution of regularly loading our pistols every evening, though happily we have not yet been put to the pain of using them.

The classical reader will recollect in his approach to Genoa, that Livy, in the beginning of the 39th book, details the predatory, and irregular, warfare long carried on by the Roman Legions against the then Ligurians, now Genoese; and the amazing difficulty of subduing them owing to the facility of attack and retreat which the natives possessed by their precipices, and fastnesses.

Only a few miles from Novi are the ever-memorable plains of Marengo, with the record of a victory achieved by Bonaparte, perhaps one of the most splendid in history; and whose first, and most immediate, consequence was the entire subjugation, pillage, and possession by the French of this fairest portion of the earth—Italy. By this battle, fought in June, 1800, not only were all hopes of future resistance to the power of France rendered vain by the utter wreck of the Austrian armies; but all

Italy was so completely laid low, so denuded, and exposed, as almost to verify the emphatic language of the conqueror: "The Alps were annihilated."

Near Novi a bridge of boats crosses the Po; and is it possible to pass this classic stream lined with its appropriate poplars without recalling to mind the beautiful fable of Phaeton,* and his sisters, annexed to its history?

The Apennines are crossed at the pass of the

* Phaeton, son of Apollo and Clymene, one of the Oceanides, was beloved by Venus herself. Intoxicated with the distinction, he boasted too much of the favours he had received; and the envious Ephalus, mortified him so keenly by affecting to doubt his godly birth, that the youth, instigated also by his mother, ascended to the palace of the Sun, and besought the God of Day, if really he were his father, to give him some incontrovertible proof. Too rashly, Apollo swore by the Styx that he would grant whatever he requested, and Phaeton demanded to drive his chariot for one day. Fain would Phœbus have retracted; persuasion was vain: all that remained was to counsel his son how to direct the car of day, and how to drive the lightning steeds through the regions of the skies, and from pole to pole. Phaeton snatched the reins; too soon he found his timid ignorance, and the immortal coursers, despising his feeble guidance, dashed from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and threatened the world with universal conflagration. Jupiter beheld the disaster, and hurling a thunderbolt at Phaeton precipitated him into the Po: The Naiades of the stream buried his burnt body; and his sisters, weeping their brother's fate, were changed into poplars on its banks. The fiery chariot had passed too near Africa, which from that hour was burnt up, and has since seemed but as a sandy desart; and the skin of the Ethiopians, with all the inhabitants of the torrid zone, which before was white, has ever since been black.

Bocchetta, an elevation of 5000 feet above the level of the sea: the ascent is tedious, and barren; on a sudden the prospect bursts upon the view, and we behold one immense range of mountains at every point sloping their fertile sides into the luxuriant plains stretched out at their base; we trace the winding, circuitous, road that leads to Genoa, seen with its suburbs at a distance of fifteen miles, and forming with its harbour a graceful semicircular sweep; and we admire the white villas of the nobility that contrast with, and stud, the verdant hills around; with the nobler sight of the dark blue, expansive, Mediterranean that bounds the distant horizon.

The road formerly led through the bed of the river Porcifera, in the valley of Polcivera, always rocky and generally dry, but a bridge is now thrown over it, erected by a Genoese at his individual expence; a Doge of the house of Cambiaso. In the year 1746, the Austrians, then in possession of Genoa, were driven out by a popular insurrection, and encamped in the bed of this river, about six miles from the town. In the night, the torrent suddenly burst forth, and though by its distant roar it gave some little time to escape, in the general confusion, some hundreds of men, with their horses, &c. were swept away.

The view of Genoa is very imposing and grand. Seen at some distance from the shore, or on the

Gulf, this ancient mistress of the seas appears to rise from the bosom of the waters; in front, we behold noble, and capacious, harbours, and ports, filled with the vessels, and the traffic, of all nations; then the "proud" city, forming a graceful curve, its houses, villas, and churches, rising each above the other, uniformly white, amidst the verdure of the mountains; and lastly the bold Apennines somewhat like an amphitheatre behind, which sweep it in on every side. It appears very strongly fortified; batteries defend its coast; an inner strong wall of six miles circuit, an outer one of thirteen; with fortresses on the summits of the Apennines, besides eight or nine gates, and drawbridges, to defend the entrance of the city.

Its history, or origin, is pretended to be as old as Janus. Muratori, in his descriptions of Italy, supposes it to have been visited by Æneas, and that it was founded more than 1400 years before the birth of Christ. It was destroyed either by Annibal, or his brother Mago, in the year of Rome 524, and rebuilt by the Romans in 545. By the Roman historians it was called Genua, and always considered as the capital of Liguria. Subsequently it was ravaged, and utterly destroyed by the Goths and Saracens, in the sixth, seventh, and tenth centuries; yet we find it pre-eminent at the period of the Crusades, and that when Godfrey of Bouillon led his armies to the siege of Jerusalem, and chased the

Saracens from Palestine, and Syria, in the year 1199, the Genoese furnished forty galleys, commanded by their own Admiral Guglielmo Embriaco.

In 1339, Simon Boccanegra was the first elevated to the dignity of Doge, or Duke. This ducal mode of government lasted with various modifications, and under Doges elected every two years, until 1797 when the revolutionary furies of France extended even here. Since that period it has had alternately a royal, and a republican government, but by the general peace consequent upon the battle of Waterloo, and by the decision of the Congress of Vienna, it is at the present moment under the dominion of its ancient sovereign, the King of Sardinia. During these intervals of centuries, so rapidly sketched, it is to be remembered that the fleets of the Genoese were almost universally triumphant; and that their conquests had humbled Saracens, Turks, Pisans, Spaniards, and Venetians. Corsica, Malta, Majorca, Minorca, Crete, Scio, and Smyrna, the islands of the Archipelago, with parts of the coasts of Asia and Africa, were at one time either tributary to, colonised by, or otherwise acknowledged the supremacy of Genoa.

Among its illustrious men, Andrea Doria stands pre-eminent. By his talents and virtues he effected that revolution in 1528 which restored his oppressed country to freedom, and established an equitable constitution. Genoa being at that period under

the dominion of France, the latter had manifested a disposition to raise the neighbouring port of Savona to a rivalry with, and superiority of commerce, above, Genoa. Doria, jealous for his country, ventured to remonstrate with his sovereign, Francis I, who, at that juncture imbued with some false prejudices against this distinguished captain, in an unhappy moment, commanded his arrest.

Well apprised of the intended measure, Doria easily escaped with all his fleet, and immediately revolted to that great antagonist of Francis, Charles V, for whom his first service was the recovery of Naples. He then sailed to his own country, at that period garrisoned by the French under the command of the Governor Trivulci. Want, and sickness, aided his efforts; the French capitulated, the populace levelled the citadel that they had lately held, to the ground; and Andrew Doria was hailed as supreme in power, and in the affections of his countrymen. This memorable day was September 12, 1528.

The sovereignty now within his grasp he magnanimously declined; and by his dictation a constitution was formed by the joint suffrages of twelve citizens. The patriotism, and wisdom, of Doria ever preserved for him a great ascendancy in the councils of that republic which he had established, though he himself never assumed more

than the character and style of a citizen of Genoa. Thus he long lived, honoured and beloved, and since his death, as in his life, he is distinguished as the Father of his Country, and the Restorer of its Liberties.

Nevertheless in 1547 an attempted revolution, and aim at the veteran Doria's life, convulsed all Genoa, and being as singular as it was bold merits notice.

The unbounded partiality manifested by Andrew, towards his grand-nephew Giannetto Doria, seemed to inspire the presumptuous, and haughty, youth with an expectation of succeeding to more power in the state than was consistent with the republican principles of the people. At this juncture, when mistrust, and ill will, were brooding in the minds of many, John Lewis Fiesco, Count of Lavagna, aware of the ambition of Giannetto, determined rather than tamely suffer another to bear away so proud a prize, to risk his life, his fortune, his all; and to perish, or to wear the ducal crown of Genoa. He was illustrious of birth, rich, and handsome; princely in generosity, commanding, and winning; possessing at the same time all the sterner qualities to plot, and to achieve, the deepest designs. Very few were privy to the approaching daring attempt; and in the interim Fiesco was indefatigable in strengthening his

means; in keeping up a guarded, but politic, correspondence with the French Embassador at Rome; with the Pope; and by an intimate confederacy with Farnese, Duke of Parma. He assembled his own vassals; he hired others; and manned four gallies under pretence of cruizing against the Turks. To conceal these suspicious acts, he speciously appeared to be bent upon nothing but dissipation, and boundless indulgences.

Finally, after many schemes had been proposed, and abandoned, the decision was made, and the night of January 2, 1547, was fixed for the daring deed. This period was especially politic; since the Doge vacated his appointment on the first of the month, and till the election on the fourth the people were without their accustomed chief. Fiesco, under pretence of a grand entertainment, had filled his palace that night with the principal citizens, who, once admitted, his guards took care should not leave the place. He appeared among them: and made but too eloquent and popular an appeal on the abuses of the government, and the preponderance of the Dorias.

His vassals, and dependents, shouted their applause, and those who would have dissented dared not, for they distrusted each other. Thus then they sallied forth, the populace joined the standard of their beloved nobleman, and the streets resounded with the popular cry, "Fiesco, and liberty."

All was triumph and success; they possessed themselves of the principal stations of the city, and so admirable were their plans laid that Dorias's fleets in the harbour were completely blockaded, and rendered unavailing.

Giannetto Doria rushed from his house amidst the tumult, and was as quickly murdered by the conspirators. The venerable Andrew would have met the same fate had Lewis Fiesco's orders been obeyed; but chance favoured him with a moment's time, and he escaped by the fleetness of his horse. The conspirators conquered all who dared to oppose them; and finally the Senate sent their Deputies to accept the conditions of Fiesco. In this very moment he had perished by accident. Alarmed by a supposed tumult on board of the Admiral's Galley, in the darkness of the night he rushed upon a treacherous plank, and fell into the sea, borne down by the additional weight of his armour.

The puerile vanity of his brother Jerome consummated the ruin of the plot. Instead of concealing the death of his principal, he appeared before the Senate, and claimed to be himself now Chief. This discovery in a moment changed the face of affairs; the Senate disdained him; his brother's partisans mistrusted him; and the insurgents slinking away by degrees, some to their houses, some from the city entirely, for fear of discovery, this famed conspiracy began, and ended, that night. On the

next evening Andrew Doria returned in triumph, and amid the joyful acclamations of all the populace. Jerome had fled to a strong castle of his own at Montobbio, but in the ensuing month of March he was overpowered, and put to death.*

The palace presented to Andrew Doria still remains; the marble statue erected to his honour was destroyed in the horrors of 1797, and his titles with the inscription in front of the palace, which extended 200 feet. The shorter record is still to be seen.

S. C.
Andrea de Auria,
Patriæ Liberatori,
Munus Publicum.†

The other boast of Genoa of having given birth to the immortal Columbus, seems very dubious, and the Piedmontese appear to have the greater claim. By the solemn decision of the Supreme Council of the Indies, Columbus is proved to have been born at Cuccaro in Montferrat; and at Venice in 1589, a Colombo of Cuccaro claimed the princely inheritance originally awarded to the immortal navigator.

* Cardinal de Retz's Memoires de la Conjuration du Compte Fiesco.

† By a decree of the Senate, the gift of his citizens to Andrew Doria, the deliverer of his country.

CHAPTER XI.

DUCAL PALACE — CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE — CHURCH, AND BRIDGE, OF SA. MARIA DI CARIGNANO—HOSPITAL OF INCURABLES—PALAZZO SERRA, AND SALOON OF THE SUN—PALAZZO DURAZZO—DITTO OF ANDREW DORIA—CATHEDRAL OF ST. LAWRENCE—EMERALD DISH—PICTURES IN THE BRIGNOLE PALACE—ARSENAL—ROMAN PROW—SCULPTURE BY MICHAEL ANGELO—STREETS, HOUSES, &c. OF GENOA—GENOESE CHARACTER—INN OF LA CROCE DI MALTA—THEATRES.

HAVING thus given a summary account of the Government of Genoa by Doges, I may here appropriately speak of the Ducal Palace, whose great saloon was its Senate Hall in the time of its Dukes. Its dimensions are 122 feet in length, 52 in breadth, and 70 in height. Round the room are 38 columns, and pilasters, of Brocatello marble, of the Corinthian order. The marble statues that once adorned the niches were destroyed by the Genoese themselves in some insurrection, and they are now supplied with bad plaster copies. The trouble of casting the draperies is avoided by an ingenious contrivance; they being composed of calico; the folds are beautiful, and the delusion is very complete. No use is now made of this hall, except on occasional public fêtes; while the remaining apartments of this former residence of the Doges are now appropriated as public offices.

The church of St. Ambrose is distinguished by the profusion of marbles with which it may be said to be entirely encrusted. To me, the sight of such varieties of colours, and contrasts, was unpleasing, still more so as utterly destroying the solemnity of a church; its high altar is adorned with a picture of the Circumcision of Jesus by Rubens, placed between four lofty columns of the black marble called Basdiglio di Porto Venere, and two colossal statues of St. Peter, and St. Paul.

In a chapel on the left is another by Rubens, of a Saint curing a man possessed of the Devil; and raising infants again to life; but, above all, in the opposite chapel on the right is Guido's well known, and divine, picture of the Assumption of the Virgin.

The next church visited was Santa Maria di Carignano, celebrated for its noble, and simple, architectural grandeur.

In the nave, among other statues, is a *chef d'œuvre* of Puget:—a dying St. Sebastian, who was shot to death by arrows. The expression, the agony, the swollen muscles, and bursting skin, pronounce it a master-piece. We ascended the topmost tower of this church to view the enchanting panorama. It is said that on the verge of the expanded ocean, the Island of Corsica may be sometimes seen.

Close by is Il Ponte di Carignano, a bridge not

thrown over a stream, but over a street; it has seven arches, the three central ones are stupendously solid, and unite the two hills of Sarzan, and Carignano.

It is somewhat terrific to look down from a parapet wall on the lofty houses below, many of which are six stories high.

One more sight, sad, and horrible, concluded this day. We chanced to walk into their Hospital of Incurables: here were the old and the young, stretched upon their miserable beds of straw, too many doomed ne'er again to rise from them! All kinds of nameless diseases! Livid and ghastly faces! squalid miseries, and hopeless wretchedness! All those who could totter presently surrounded us, with clamorous cries for charity; while the more helpless stretched out their pallid hands from their bed! Perhaps it was even more pitiable to behold so many infants and little children, so blighted, and withered, in their birth; so horribly deformed!

Upstairs are the wards for the Mad. Here were about thirty spectacles of man with all his faculties perverted; of man without one glimmering of reason! Furious, diabolical, raving; and lashed to their beds by the wrists with the strongest iron chains!

The horrors, and blasphemies, of this scene I forbear to describe.

19th Inst. To-day three Palaces, besides Churches. To speak impartially, these palaces, now-a-days, seem to me to possess nothing particularly worthy of notice, or admiration, except their imposing exterior grandeur, and size; and one or two matters in each which I willingly record.

The chief object in the Palazzo Serra, in the Strada Nuova, is the Grand Saloon designed, and decorated by a French architect, Wailly. In size it is comparatively small, forty-five feet by twenty-eight wide; though very lofty. The floor is of polished mastic, stained to imitate Oriental Breccia; sixteen fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a rich entablature, sustain an arch whose capacious pannels are adorned with foliage, arabesques, and eight Cariatides; and which terminate in an oval dome painted with the Apotheosis of Ambrose Spinola. This saloon is almost entirely golden, and is further adorned with silken draperies, tapestry, and *lapis lazuli:* it has cost an enormous sum; it may be fairly said to be fit for the presence of any sovereign; and is appropriately termed the Saloon of the Sun.

Il Palazzo Durazzo belonging to the noble family of that name in the Strada Balbi, extends in front above 300 feet; the grand portal is ornamented with four noble columns of white marble, of one entire piece, and of the Doric order.

Here is of course an immense range of rooms;

but all that I particularly remember as admirable amidst the mass is a sculpture of Schiaffino, a Genoese, representing the Rape of Proserpine, and including the Nymph, Pluto, and Cerberus;—a picture in the chapel by Titian of Christ bearing the Cross; and certainly a *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, the Magdalen at the feet of the Saviour.

Its grandeur of composition, facility of pencil, but particularly the harmonious arrangement of the very fresh, and vivid, colours, with the carnations of the flesh, &c. arrest, and charm, the attention.

I must not omit to say that this palace contains a very choice and valuable library; nor do I mean to depreciate the other pictures, such as those by Giordano, Tintoretto, and other great masters; though I necessarily omit to detail them. In this palace, so proud a memento of the once famed grandeur, and wealth, of the Genoese nobility, the Emperor Joseph II. lodged for a short time.

First and dearest to historic recollections, though now sadly neglected, and ruinous, stands the palace of Andrew Doria. It possesses a most commanding view of the city and the expansive ocean. The garden has a sculpture of Neptune, of the size of life, in his car, but which is only valuable as a portrait of Andrew. In traversing its interior courts, scarce one object will be seen to distract the pleasingly solemn reflections that we are treading the same galleries where once lived the illustrious great,

and good. The pictures have vanished; the frescoes are obliterated; and the tapestries commemorative of the heroic deeds of the Dorias are no more.

Nevertheless, in these former splendid halls, monarchs had been guests of the intrepid Admiral; and it was, I believe, the Emperor, Charles V, who feasted here when Doria flung the golden plate, honoured by regal use, into the ocean, in order that no meaner hands might ever pollute it! However, I must add, he had been cunning enough to station skilful divers beneath the windows to catch, or to fish the dishes up again.

The gardens are, perhaps, more interesting; they command the prospect of that ocean which wafted Doria in triumph to the most distant shores; and whose undulating waves bend their proud necks, and ever press on as if still gently to lave, and kiss, the spot where his feet had trodden.

The Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Lawrence is said to have been founded in the eleventh century, and with it was instituted the third archbishopric in Italy; Rome, and Milan, being the two first.

It contains on its walls some Gothic inscriptions of the highest antiquity, and a marble effigy of Fourbisseur, reputed to have been chiseled by himself in the year 1100. It is built of black and white marble, curiously inlaid in certain parts; and its façade exhibits that medley style commonly termed

Gotico Tedesco. The principal front has three entrances, formed by lofty arches, each adorned with twenty twisted columns of black and white marble elaborately wrought. Over the grand portal is a very rude sculpture of St. Lawrence at the moment of martyrdom (he was broiled to death) surmounted by God, and the symbols of the four Evangelists. The interior of the dome of the choir has also a showy painting of the same Saint's sufferings, and is most gaudily gilt.

The rarities of this cathedral are its possession of the ashes of St. John the Baptist, received, and deposited here with the most solemn pomp, about the year 1088, and which are now preserved in an urn in a sumptuous chapel in the left aisle, enriched with bassi-rilievi; encrusted with marbles even to the dome; and having eight marble statues in niches, four columns of porphyry on the altar, and a general profusion of gilding.

In the vestry, and under the lock and key of the three principal authorities of the city, is preserved that reputed invaluable Emerald Dish known in the Christian world as *Il Sacro Catino.*

At the siege of Palestine in 1101, the Genoese selected this as the choicest prize; till 1809 they kept it most sacredly; the French then took it away, but were compelled to restore it in 1815. But, sad to say, it was returned, broken into several pieces.

From its size as an Emerald, it was invaluable when entire; and, by tradition, the Saviour is said to have eaten the Pascal Lamb off of it with his disciples; and that it was one of the presents of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, who had preserved it in the Temple.

This prize however, without a price, and seized as such by the French, was returned with as much indifference as it had been taken with rapture. The French were not distinguished in those days for their veneration, and belief, of all the sanctimonious relics and articles of faith, of the church; and though this *Sacro Catino* as a precious stone would have been invaluable, in no other view would it be esteemed:—they ventured to question the hallowed treasure, and the result of their profane chemical process proved it a spurious composition, a bit of green glass! But as the dish is again restored to its former honours in the church, and pristine sanctity, it is as well not to remember these late disclosures.

Another relic is a present by Pope Innocent VIII, who was cotemporary with our Edward V, in 1483, of an Agate Dish sculptured with a portrait of St. John the Baptist.

Il Palazzo Rosso del Marchese Brignole, is so called from its being entirely red outside. The great distinction of this palace is its collection of pictures, than which a finer, or more valuable, I have rarely seen.

They are arranged in eighteen galleries and chambers, on the same floor, whose domes are painted by modern artists with mythological, and allegorical, subjects. I particularise a few.

Portraits, large as life, of the Marquis Antonio Julio Brignole, on horseback; another of the Marchioness; by Vandyck. The picture of the Marchese much in the style of his portrait of our Charles I, and equally grand. Guido's St. Sebastian shot with arrows, (engraved). Guercino's Virgin seated with the infant Jesus in her arms, St. John the Baptist, a child, on his knees; St. Bartholomew, and the other St. John.

By Paul Veronese.—Judith with the head of Holofernes, and a black female slave.

Pellegro Piola.—Holy Family.

Cappucino.—St. Francis embracing the Cross.

Rubens.—Portrait of himself, and his Lady, with Satyr and Cupid (engraved).

Guercino.—Cleopatra, whole length, stretched on a bed, and applying the asp.

Carlo Dolci.—Christ's agony in the garden.

These are a few among the many choice paintings; and their excellence made such impression upon me that this simple memento suffices to recall them at will to the mind's eye. I must pass over others of the highest value by Titian, Paris Bordone, Giordano, Domenichino, Tintoretto, &c. &c.

23d inst.—The Arsenal of Genoa contains a very

ample supply of the weapons of war, including 40,000 muskets of English manufacture; and many complete suits of ancient armour. Of the latter, some which had been worn by Genoese ladies, who accompanied the Crusaders to the Holy Land in the year 1301, and during the Pontificate of Boniface VIII, three letters of whom concerning these female warriors are said to be preserved in the archives. The greatest curiosity is the Prow, or Rostrum, of a Roman galley found in the port of Genoa in 1597, and supposed to have been sunk there since the invasion of the Carthaginian General Mago in the year of Rome 524. This Roman relic is about a foot and a half long, very thin and much fractured, hollow, and fashioned at its termination like a boar's head.

The church of the Albergo dei Poveri has an invaluable relic of art in an alto-rilievo of Michael Angelo—the Virgin pressing to her bosom a dead Christ—both demi-figures. The Madonna is bending over the sinking bust; her left hand impressed upon his bosom, her right upholds the head amidst her tresses. Mortal agonies seem here to have been struggling with heavenly resignation; the opened mouth indicates the pangs of death; the celestial forehead the serenity of a God! It may be gazed upon with increasing admiration, and of itself beget adoration. The head of the Virgin is, I think, comparatively very inferior.

A practice prevails in Genoa of painting the outside of palaces in fresco; first introduced at Venice by Giorgioni. Saints large as life, trellis-work; urns; columns; arches; and all the appendages of the windows, &c. &c. painted in the gaudiest colours. To my eye, even when fresh, they appear unmeaning, and quite out of character; moreover the order, and style, of the painted architecture is frequently in opposition to that of the building; but when I see them as they now are, almost all half decayed and in tatters, the effect is revolting; so closely connected are these daubs with the windows, and porches, that the entire front of the house naturally seems in ruins. The interior of all the churches is also in this style. Every arch, dome, coving, and pannel, is painted in staring colours, and gilt at every corner. Viewed collectively the effect is nothing but glare, and totally in opposition to the first principle of a church:—solemnity;—besides conveying the same ideas of general ruin from the decay consequent upon damp, &c. and, when viewed in portions, many of them are but sorry productions.

The streets of Genoa are miserably narrow; the houses monstrously high, with six or seven ranges of windows, including the mezzanini. Marble, chiefly white, abounds, and is seen in staircases, balustrades, and balconies; even in inns, and inferior houses.

"Genoa the Proud" seems, now-a-days, to have little left to merit such an epithet. Three streets there are, the Strada Nuova, Strada Nuovissima, and Strada Balbi, whose perspective presents one rich view of palaces, and regal halls, monuments of the former wealth, and splendour, of the Genoese merchants; and which may justify the assertion of a celebrated authoress that they seemed built for a Congress of Kings.

The interior courts too, with their fountains, gardens, statues, terraces, are worthy of the lofty piles of architecture to which they form the first access. But the city generally is dirty, narrow, and irregular; and the best houses habitable only in the upper stories; the basements being occupied by the meanest shops, tressels, and stalls, and the stairs you have to ascend intruded upon by itinerant tailors, or tinkers, or even by those still more unhappy beings who have no other house than the entrance to yours, no other living, than beggary.

Nevertheless Genoa must rank as one of the principal cities of Italy, and there are many habitations, and many points of view, in which all that is little is lost, and all that is grand, and gratifying to the eye, either in the proud erections of man, or in the boundless view of nature, only are seen. To explore the noble port, harbour, and lighthouse; to examine the fortifications, and

to take the entire promenade of the ramparts will prove some of the attractions of Genoa, though its beauties are best collected in one point of view by an excursion out to sea, at the distance of about two miles.

In character the Genoese have been accused of deceit, and cheating.

It were indeed an injustice on my part to echo this imputation, since I have experienced nothing but fair-dealing, and openness. An unfortunate line of Virgil is too often quoted, applied by him in those days to the Ligurians, and still attempted to be fixed as the character of the modern Genoese. "Dum fata fallere sinebant" (cheat while they can). Also from Ausonius—"Fallaces Ligures" —(the fraudful Ligurians); and again from 11th Eneid of Virgil.

> Vane Ligur, frustrâque animis elate superbis
> Nec quicquam patrias tentâsti lubricus artes;
> Nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.
>
> Vain are thy arts, and empty is thy pride;
> Deceitful Genoese! the virgin cried;
> Thy native arts, and frauds, shall nought obtain,
> Nor wily Aunus see thee safe again.

With respect to the fair sex, it is said that Cecisbeism prevails here as much as in any other country of Italy.

Their general costume in the streets is the Mezzaro, a sort of a muslin veil, of about two yards

long, thrown gracefully over the head, and shoulders, admirably adapted, and practised, to all the finesses, and coquetry, of concealment, or the partial exposure, of feminine charms.

I am also inclined to notice the inn we are at—La Croce di Malta. Our Salle à Manger is handsome, but our bed-rooms are most superior, spacious and lofty; with a dome, the compartments of which are painted according to the Italian mode. Dinner, I may justly say, is luxurious, and always varied. We pay the price they asked, and find the greatest civility and attention.

Breakfast one franc and a half. Dinner four francs. Room two francs.

But little amusement here. One theatre only open; St. Augustino; very spendid dresses, but the performance tedious, owing to incessant declamation.

25th Inst. A specimen of the play bill of to-night for the benefit of Signora Carolina Internari. First, a long eulogium on her extraordinary merits; then the following attractions besides the play of Dido from Metastasio, and a musical farce.

The said Prima Donna to make her entrance to the sound of martial instruments, at which moment also two white doves descend from the ceiling, and suspend a crown over her head, while there falls a shower of odes and sonnets, to her honour, all printed on satin.

A Ligurian Sybill prophecies to her increasing

fame, in the Genoese dialect. A shower of gold and silver. At the end of the play, a flight of doves.

On this occasion the exterior of the house will be additionally lighted; and the interior will be illuminated with forty crystal chandeliers; also adorned with white draperies, and festoons of gold, and flowers.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER XII.

LEGHORN—BRONZE SLAVES—BURIAL GROUND—QUARANTINE—PASSAGE TO AND GULF OF SPEZZIA—PISA, AND SUMMARY OF HISTORY—LEANING TOWER—CATHEDRAL—BAPTISTERY—CAMPO SANTO, AND ANCIENT PICTURES—CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SPINA—UNIVERSITY—BATHS OF ST. JULIAN—COUNT UGOLINO—LUCCA—SUMMARY OF HISTORY—CATHEDRAL, AND MIRACLE—AMPHITHEATRE—PRATO, AND UNDER GARMENT OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

LEGHORN may be soon dispatched.

There is an admirable sculpture in the great square executed by Donatello, being a statue of Ferdinand the First, and at his feet four colossal slaves in bronze, all of excellent workmanship. I could not obtain an accurate account of the origin of this erection. One assertion is, that the son of a former prince having made a gallant sally from the port, and captured an Algerine galley, was so elated with his success that he brought the crew into harbour, without staying to perform quarantine. The punishment is death; but the offender having made a public procession through the city, and with his unfortunate captives chained to his car, his crime was pardoned in consideration of his valour.

A burying ground appropriated to the English, its avenues planted with the fir, the cypress, and the willow, is gratifying as a national cemetery in

a foreign land, and memorable for containing the tomb of Smollett.

By the laws of Leghorn, every dead body of whatsoever degree must be taken out of the walls within twenty-four hours.

We chanced to meet a procession of two or three priests, and a great many boys, carrying a sort of a sedan sofa, on which was placed a black velvet cushion for the reception of the corpse. Their heads, and bodies, were enveloped, and nearly concealed, by flowing white cloth, through which were cut holes for the eyes, and mouth; conveying completely the idea of walking death's heads, or the ghosts of the other world come here to fetch their kindred spirit.

The streets of Leghorn as well as in other parts of Italy are swept by the convicts, or galley slaves; their arms are free, but they are chained in pairs by the legs with iron fetters.

It was no little luck that we had not arrived at Leghorn by any vessel which had come from the ports of France, as the dread of the yellow fever prevailing at Marseilles but a short time back had induced a quarantine of forty-five days. The unfortunate voyager has no remedy, the alternative of two purgatories are offered; either to remain on board, or to land, and stay, in the Lazzaretto, which is the public hospital without the walls, appointed for all who are liable even to the suspicion

of having the plague. Our passage was effected in a felucca, hired at Genoa, a miserable sort of a boat, without cabin or any other accommodation, and in general badly manned, and navigated. The only shelter during night, therefore, was to sleep in the hold; but as I preferred the deck, my only bed was a mattress, with some old rigging for a pillow; however the hardness of the one, and the vermin of the other very effectually prevented repose, and by way of additional comfort made my neck, and head, ache most agreeably. Two nights were passed thus; the latter might have been spared; but the captain would land at the Porto Venere in the morning, and we were detained there three hours. We reached the harbour of Leghorn by nine at night, but the gates were then closed, and no office was open to receive our Billets of Health. Nevertheless it was luck to escape quarantine upon almost any terms, and we saw several vessels lying off, in this unfortunate situation.

The misery of such an imprisonment can hardly be described. One of my companions has endured it. One little room allowed, during so long a period for two or three voyagers; whether friends or foes, signifies not; and, in proof of the extreme rigour with which these laws are enforced, I have been assured that a puff of wind accidentally blowing the coat of a healthy person against that of a

suspected one in quarantine, though on the last day of the confinement of the latter, has caused the healthy man to be detained for all the term of the required imprisonment.

The passage from Genoa to Leghorn has been known to occupy several days; and as we were becalmed for two or three hours in the morning, it was owing to the stiff breezes of the night that we were blown in so quickly. To what sad perversity of the human heart shall we attribute the laughter, or pleasure, so often shown at the uneasiness of another?

The Captain of our felucca, judiciously taking advantage of the gale, crowded all the sail he could, but the vessel, as it swiftly cut along the foaming waves, was so thrown upon its sides, or heeled to that degree, that the waters rushed in upon the deck, where certainly no one could walk, or even stand, without difficulty. As the gale continued to increase, and the night to blacken, the howling of the wind in the shrouds, and the appearance of the bark sinking sideways into the ocean, so terrified one poor old man, as well as a younger passenger, that they both wept aloud, and were perpetually exclaiming; "*Padrone! Padrone! Troppo velo! Troppo velo! Siamo perduti! Siamo tutti perduti!*" Some laughed, and some had the same fears, but would not betray them; while the sailors mocked For my part, I thought we were going

on bravely; and, at all events, I was willing to run some risk for the sake of getting the quicker into port. One awful instant there certainly was, and it shook the faith of us all. At a moment when the violence of the gale induced the Captain to order the shifting of the sails, by some strange mismanagement the sailors suffered them to slip entirely out of their hands. The general outcry, and terror, at this moment showed too clearly how instantaneously each dreaded to be swallowed up in the raging ocean. All upon deck involuntarily started up, and those below rushed above to know the meaning of the cry.

The enjoyment of a bed on the ensuing night can be appreciated only by those who have felt such disquietudes on board ship.

Porto Venere, in the Gulf of Spezzia, has so many natural advantages that Bonaparte had projected the formation of a harbour equally important as those of Genoa and Leghorn:—an excellent road between those cities was also begun, and is now completing. The town is very old and miserable; but the prospects from their ruined church or on the sea are enchanting. The waters of the Gulf appear calm, and peaceful, as a lake, to which it also bears a strong resemblance by being embosomed in mountains;—groves of olives crown the nearer hills; while beyond the little, but natural, outlet that forms the secure mouth of the harbour, the

expansive Mediterranean spreads its dark blue waves to the horizon's edge; and all around are seen the Apennines, on whose more distant summits the icy snows are shining in the golden clouds. On a clear day both Elba, and Corsica, may be traced.

The Rock of Gorgona, which is close to Leghorn, is the spot round about which are found the anchovies so famous as a sauce, yet, strange to say, the natives themselves never think of perfecting this little fish as we eat it; nor do I believe that any fish sauce is to be met with, or very rarely, in Italy, except it be imported from England. The usual addition to fish here (and very good I found it) is a little Florence oil mixed with the juice of a citron.

The Coral-Manufactory, and the Synagogue of the Jews, were the last two places visited by me at Leghorn. The latter is the handsomest that the unfortunate race of Abraham possess throughout Europe.

The manufactory of Leghorn hats, so important to all the belles of every country, is some miles distant from the city.

The Classics speak of Leghorn by the name of Liburnum; and also Herculis Liburni or Labronis Portus. Silius in his eighth book alludes to the Gulf of Spezzia, and neighbouring Promontory, as the Bay of Luna, and Sinus Lunensis. The modern Leghorn owes all its value as a port, and all

its consequence as a city, to the labours of the illustrious Medici; and amply repaid have they been!

Pisa.—Could we implicitly rely upon the traditions of ancient history, we might well venerate Pisa from the classic recollections it excites; since Strabo (book 5th) speaks of Pisa as visited by the wandering Greeks, and particularly by the venerable Nestor, at the termination of the Trojan War. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, has asserted that it was founded before the Trojan War; but we may reasonably believe that it was colonised by the ancient Pisans of the Peleponnesian Pisa on the Alpheus.

Without, however, retrograding so far into the remote periods of time, we well know that Pisa was a Roman colony, a distinguished city of Etruria, and a supposed residence of the Emperor Nero, the columns and sculptures of whose temples and palaces are conjectured still to exist, and partially to contribute to the cathedral, baptistery, &c. Rutilius alludes to its harbour, then styled Sinus Pisanus, having neither mole, or pier, to protect it, but as being equally secure without either from the singular circumstance of the sea-weeds in that part being so tenacious as to prevent the violence of the waves, yet so flexible as to yield to the pressure of the vessels.

The glory of Pisa touched perhaps at its highest point during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries; then were her fleets respected through-

out the Mediterranean, and Corsica, with Sardinia, the Saracens, and Carthage, were among those who humbled to her power. Now weakened by long wars, in her turn almost annihilated by the Genoese, this ancient republic is at present part of the Dukedom of Tuscany; its population is decreased from 150,000 to about 16,000, and in walking through its streets, except on the Quays, the most frequented part, it is impossible not to be impressed with the solitude, and desertion, that seem every where to pervade this city.

Nevertheless in one spot, and close to each other, are four objects of great curiosity—its Cathedral, Baptistery, Campo Santo, or burying ground, and Campanile, or belfry.

Though in the English churches, generally, these accessories, the baptismal font, and belfry, are under one roof; in Italy, they are detached. The belfry, or Campanile, of Pisa, is unique, and the most extraordinary edifice of the kind in the world. It was built by Guglielmo, a German architect, in the year 1174.

A Circular Tower of the height of 181 feet 7 inches, having eight winding galleries, formed of regular arches, and columns. There are fifteen attached columns on the lower story; thirty insulated columns for each of the six successive peristyles, or galleries, and twelve attached columns for the eighth or topmost story, which is of a lighter structure,

and less circumference than the others, and surrounded only by an iron balustrade. The six central galleries are therefore entirely open.

The architect had completed this tower to the fourth story, when, most unexpectedly, the soil on which it was built gave way on the south side, and of course the whole building fell out of the perpendicular line.

Spite of this, the artist finished it according to the original design, and this stupendous fabric, known as the Leaning Tower, has now stood all awry, and apparently tumbling down, yet not having any material decay, or injury, for more than 600 years.

Having on this day spent six hours with some professional friends on the tower, who took every dimension with the utmost possible exactitude, the statements of the principal matters which I here subjoin may be depended upon.

	Feet.	In.
Height of the tower	181	7
Total inclination	13	6
Besides the upper cornice	1	3
Sinking of the ground on the south side	5	5
Upper and lower inner diameter	24	2
Thickness of lower wall	13	7
Ditto of upper wall	5	6
Mean breadth of staircase winding within the wall	3	0

It would seem that the architect had endeavoured to counterpoise the building, and create a balance, since the height of the three upper galleries varies from one to three inches shorter on the north side than on the south.

The 207 columns, and arches, thus ranged around, and above each other, are of marble, as is the whole edifice, some of them antique and choice; with all their capitals differing; while the general effect of this celebrated Leaning Tower is most beautiful, and equally striking, in whatever point it may be viewed.

The Cathedral was built in 1016 by Buschetto, in form a Latin Cross, and is 415 feet long by 145 wide. The front is formed of five stories of half columns, and semicircular arches, each story of less dimensions; and the Dome rises from the centre, also supported by columns, and arches, and adorned by pediments, pinnacles, and statues.

The interior roof is not arched, but formed of wood, in compartments, and roses, &c. richly gilt. The dome is low, and elliptic. The church contains 162 columns of the rarest marbles; some of Oriental granite; and perhaps the most striking feature in their appearance is their dissimilarity, many of them being the relics of former temples of Greece, and Rome; some fluted, some plain, some twisted, or spiral, all of different orders, and of different hues: white, broccatello, granite, and porphyry.

The outer walls are encrusted with ancient mosaics, bassi-rilievi, and Roman stones, with mutilated inscriptions. A bronze Griffin outside is supposed to be of Egyptian workmanship. Fronting the Campanile is a bronze door, curiously sculptured, and the ornaments still sufficiently distinct, and free from corrosion, though now exposed to the weather since the year 1184.

Three more modern bronze doors designed by John of Bologna are most beautifully wrought:—that in the centre represents the incidents in the life of the Madonna; the other two the life of the Saviour; and they are further adorned with fruits, festoons, and flowers, birds, and beasts. The six carved columns that enclose these doors, by some are deemed Grecian; by others Egyptian.

In the interior are some admirable paintings of the miracles of St. Ranieri, who died in 1161, and whom the Pisans have selected as their tutelary saint.

The seats for the canons in the choir are inlaid with a sort of wooden mosaic, and the high altar is enriched with larger pieces, or slabs of lapis lazuli than I have hitherto seen. One singular inconsistency struck me. On the funereal urns of Cardinal, Count, Guido, are sculptured in white marble, on a black base, two satyrs' heads.

In former days the candelabras, and other appendages of this cathedral were of silver. I had to

listen again to the same sad tale, the spoliations committed by the French. They took away 2000 lb. weight of silver.

The Baptistery.—The exterior of this building may please by its endless pediments, pinnacles, and statues, but the interior, I think, few can admire. The Pulpit, however, is beautiful, being supported by nine columns of precious marbles, and wrought with bassi-rilievi of Parian marble, and Oriental alabaster. The Font is an immense octagon vase, containing four basins for the immersion of infants, and a central one sufficiently large for adults. Its dome has a most powerful echo, and its sides form whispering galleries.

This edifice, the common baptistery of the city, was the work of Dioti Salvi in 1152, by the voluntary contribution of a florin from every Pisan family.

The Campo Santo, or Cemetery of Pisa, is totally unique.

Towards the close of the twelfth century, Archbishop Ubaldo Lanfranci, cotemporary with Richard, Cœur de Lion, and, like him, a warrior, in the Holy Land, freighted fifty galleys with the earth of Jerusalem, brought it to Pisa, and deposited it on this spot for a place of burial; prompted as well by the superstition of the day, as by the belief that this earth had the peculiar property of destroying every corpse deposited in it, in forty-eight hours. Around

this earth, therefore, has been erected a rectangular building, 414 feet in length, and 139 in breadth; the cloister is 39 feet broad, and is formed by 62 Gothic arcades of light tracery. The exterior is plain, the central gate only being surmounted with pinnacles. This edifice was begun under the direction of Giovanni Pisano, and was finished in 1283.

Around, and within, these walls are fresco paintings of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth, centuries, chiefly scriptural, but some from Dante. These as a sort of chronological history of the art of painting, and of its gradual progress; also as a record of the costume, the customs, and the quaint ideas, of those days are most curious, and valuable. Pity indeed to add that much is lost, and defaced; nor do I understand that adequate care is taken for the preservation of the residue. Within the cloisters are about 300 works of art in sculptures, bassi-rilievi, columns, busts, urns, vases, sarcophagi, &c. &c. Ancient Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Etruscan, and Modern.

It is said that of Pisa only there are 600 dead here sleeping, some of them equally ancient and illustrious. One tomb I particularised; that of the Countess Beatrice, mother of the famed Countess Matilda, the last descendant of the illustrious Counts of Tuscany. She died in 1113.

The pictures adorning the interior are the pro-

duction of Giotto, and Buffalmacco, who were the earliest contributors; after whom came those of Andrea, and Bernardo, Orgagna; Pietro Laurati; Simone Memmi; Anton Veniziano; Spinello Aretino; and particularly of Benozzo Gozzoli who arrived at Pisa about 1468.

There is one by Andrea Orgagna, commonly termed the Triumph of Death, without colouring, perspective, or *chiaro oscuro*, arts unknown in those days, but where we may long gaze in following the odd, and quaint, fancies of the author, representing Death in the centre, elevated upon a heap of dead, clad in mail, having cloven feet, wings, and scythe, mowing down kings, queens, warriors, governors, and priests; some of the latter clasping their purses, and still clinging to their temporal goods; and where we may long amuse ourselves in observing the varied attitudes, and figures, of the demons with lions' heads, goats' feet, and serpents' tails, who are plunging their victims into the fiery gulph; some of whom are bound upon their bristly backs; some clinging to their devils' legs; and some biting them in despair to make them loose their hold. In other parts, Angels are seen flying to the succour of some souls, or winging their flight upwards with beatified spirits.

The poor, the wretched, and the maimed, are beheld in vain invoking Death to terminate their pangs, who, perversely deaf, is threatening the lives

of other groups at that moment revelling in all the pleasures of life.

A Last Judgment by the same hand is equally curious. Then follows an Inferno, or Hell, done by Bernardo Orgagna, by some thought a personification of Dante's Inferno. First, the Lascivious are punished by being whipped by demons and by being condemned to submit to the nauseous embracings of devils. The Avaricious have liquid gold poured down their throats; and are tantalized by the perpetual chinking of money-bags tossed about by little imps. The Passionate are linked together, while twining serpents irritate them to tear each other to pieces. The Gluttonous are tempted with the choicest, and most luxurious, viands, but demons ever frustrate their even touching the tables. The Envious are immersed, and frozen, in perpetual ice. The Slothful are compelled to move about, by Devils brandishing pitch-forks; with which, if they do not run very quickly, they are sure to stick them. The Proud walk with their heads off; and those False Prophets who pretended to see the future cannot now even see the present, for the serpents that twist about their eyes. Mahomet is also supposed to be introduced, and as for King Herod, Satan gripes him fast between his legs.

Besides the pictures alluded to in this very brief sketch, there are abundance of further cu-

rious productions representing the miracles of Saints; the misfortunes of Job, with other scriptural subjects. There is a perceptible progress in the art according to the era of the painter; and though there be not the slightest pretensions to the refinements and improvements of modern practice, yet there is much to interest and amuse in the fancy, the expression, the costume, and the style; and where, notwithstanding all imperfections, much vigour and grace also occasionally break forth.

We were anxious to visit La Chiesa di Santa Maria della Spina, to see, as its name implies, the identical Thorn, said to have been one of the Crown of Thorns of the Saviour. As soon as entered, we expressed our wish, and were told that robbers had stolen it!

This church is very small, and low, cased with black and white marble, and singular in appearance from its decorations of pinnacles, obelisks, and arches with fret-work, forming canopies to statues.

The general style of the architecture of these various sacred buildings cannot be strictly classed under any one head; since it is at the same time Gothic, Roman, Grecian, Saracenic, and Oriental. In many instances it may be designated as that composite style termed Gotico Moresco.

The man of letters will visit the University of Pisa, which, though so much sunk from its former

celebrity, still possesses many professors of fame, with most of the essentials for students. Pisa has boasted of being the first to found a Botanical Garden, and a Theatre for Anatomy; but latterly a celebrated botanist, Dr. Smith, has ascribed the honour of the earliest botanical garden in Europe to Padua in 1533. The declension of her university may be traced from the conquest of Pisa by Florence about the year 1406, though the governors of the latter, the Medici, gloried in restoring it to its pristine honours, which was effected in 1472 by the special care, and princely munificence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who, besides the annual grant from the state of 6000 florins, gave a noble donation from his private purse.

Between three and four miles from Pisa are a suite of modern, handsome, and convenient Baths, much resorted to by invalids, both in gouty and liver complaints. Their great peculiarity is their extreme natural warmth. Not having a thermometer at the time, I am unable to specify the precise degree of heat; but, in order to give some idea, I should say that the water was as warm as one could well drink. The source is most abundant at all times, yet never varying much, summer, or winter, in its tepidity. Within two or three yards of these warm springs, there arises one of cold water. They are known as the Baths of St. Julian. Two very antique columns found and pre-

served here, with some further corroborations, have induced a belief that these baths are on the site of those mentioned by Pliny, and Strabo.

A further walk of about a quarter of an hour to look at the marble quarries producing that sort commonly called Dove Marble, finished this day.

Monday.—Explored a farm of the Grand Duke, where he has a breed of about twenty camels, and where he also rears horses for the chase; being close to an extensive forest, in which, during the season, he and his court hunt the stag, and wild bear.

Lord Byron is now expected at Pisa from Ravenna. His Lordship has hired a Palazzo on the banks of the Arno, which flows through the town, a muddy, and most unpoetical, stream; but as in its course it takes a gentle curve, it thus contributes to give a more pleasing appearance to the city.

Many of my countrymen must know Fuseli's affecting picture of the Death of Count Ugolino, and his family. Not long since there still stood his prison, ever since named the Tower of Famine. The story is read in Dante, in the 33d Canto of the Inferno; and the summary is, that this Pisan nobleman succeeded in a joint enterprise with Archbishop Ruggiero to depose the then governor of the city, and Ugolino, as agreed, assumed the chief command. The bishop became envious, and rancorous; by double treachery, he contrived to stir

up the populace against his former colleague, and sent him with all his family to prison.

Soon after, he threw the key of the dungeon into the Arno, and left Ugolino, the father, with all his family to be starved to death!!

Lucca.—Lucca, surnamed *L'Industriosa*, is one of the ancient towns of Italy. It was colonized by the Romans 170 years before Christ: here Cæsar had his interview with Pompey, and Crassus; and here 200 Roman senators assembled to visit him when he wintered in this place after his third campaign in Gaul.

The House of Brunswick, Sovereigns of Great Britain, are according to Muratori, descended from Adalberto, or Albert Azo, surnamed, "Il Ricco," of the illustrious house of Este, who was Duke or Marquis of Milan and Genoa, and reigned over Lucca in the tenth century. His monument is in the cathedral.

The Countess Matilda, of the same stock, was born Princess of Lucca. It was in the eleventh century that she carried on her famed thirty years war in support of Pope Gregory VII: and that as Queen of Tuscany, Lombardy, and Liguria, she at length succeeded in restoring some of its ancient patrimony to the church.

Lucca is watered by the Serchio, probably the ancient Auser, and its plain is encircled by the Apennines; the town also defended by bastions

and ramparts, forming an agreeable walk, for ride, of three miles.

The Cathedral presents, externally, an architecture chiefly of the Saxon style; internally, modernised, gilt, and kept in the highest order. One chief object of veneration is a silver Christ on the cross, small of size, and suspended in the nave. From an inscription near, and, as I presume, in allusion to this very cross, I gather the following legend, or miracle, attached to it.

In the year 1338 Johannes* being falsely accused of murder, was condemned to the block. At the moment of execution, he fervently implored this crucifix, then before him, to manifest his innocence, and thus saying, he bowed his head to the hatchet. Three successive times the executioner struck; but, in vain;—the hatchet had softened; and the iron had become tender even as the skin!!

An Amphitheatre was once at Lucca. All we could trace was somewhat of its exterior circular sweep, now a range of wretched buildings, though showing occasional fragments of the ancient massive stone, and brick structure. The interior is a garden; the outer houses chiefly butchers' shops. The columns that have been rescued adorn the church of St. Freddiano.

Ride from Lucca to Pistoja. Wretched accommodation at this latter place.

* The surname I could not decipher.

The main record of Pistoja is its having been the scene of the destruction of Catiline and his brother rebels. (Sallust.)

At Prato, about eleven miles before arriving at Florence, is an ancient church, having a pulpit elaborately sculptured with bassi-rilievi in stone, which is placed outside the church. Here also is preserved a most memorable Christian relic. A Zone, or under garment, of the Virgin Mary! said to be composed of wool, adorned with gold; and affirmed to have been in the possession of the inhabitants of Prato for seven centuries. It is preserved under the lock and key of three authorities.

Naturally anxious to behold so precious an object of Roman Catholic adoration, I hastened to request permission. My rebuff was very speedy.—Had I special leave, or dispensation, from His Holiness the Pope?

CHAPTER XIII.

FLORENCE — ORIGIN AND HISTORY — FACTIONS OF THE GUELPHS, AND GHIBELLINES — SUMMARY OF THE HISTORY OF THE MEDICI — LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT — CONSPIRACY OF 1478 — MURDER OF GIOVANNI — BULL OF SIXTUS IV. — DEATH OF LORENZO — GOVERNMENT BY SAVONORALA, THE PREACHER — POPES LEO X. AND CLEMENT VII — MEDICEAN ARMS — SUCCESSION, AND FATE, OF THE VARIOUS MEDICI, TILL EXTINCT IN 1737 — SUCCESSIVE GOVERNMENTS BY AUSTRIA, AND FRANCE — FÆSULÆ, AND ANTIQUITIES — CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO — POETICAL ADDRESSES — SUMPTUOUS MAUSOLEUM OF THE MEDICI — LAURENTIAN LIBRARY — GALILEO'S FINGER — CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, AND MIRACLE — ANDREA DEL SARTO.

FAIR Florence! situated in a fertile luxuriant plain, embosomed in its native mountains, richly studded with villas; bounded by the Apennines, and intersected in its centre by the Arno!—and here I would fain expatiate on the luxuriant landscape, and endless beauties, of the Valle d'Arno, and on the goodly prospects that strike every traveller as he approaches this Athens of Italy, this justly styled La Bella Firenze: but as it happened that on the day I arrived such sights were quite obscured by the raining, louring, atmosphere, I beg to express my firm belief of all these attractions, though I decline giving any borrowed description of them.

Four principal bridges connect the opposite quays, that of La Santa Trinita, very greatly admired for its architectural beauty, and its three elliptical arches; and that of Il Ponte Vecchio curious from being covered, and almost concealed, as you pass over it, by shops and dwelling-houses. These shops are now, by law, confined to the occupations of goldsmiths and jewellers. Before, however, I launch into any allusions to the modern glories of Florence let me note some record of its ancient days.

Much controversy exists as to its origin. By some it is thought to have been founded by the people of Fiesole (distant three miles) and Dante would seem to corroborate this by saying,

> Quello 'ngrato popolo maligno
> Che discese di Fiesole ab antico.

Or founded by Sylla, and some of Cæsar's veteran soldiers about sixty years before Christ, then called Villa Arnina and Florentia. Or lastly, according to Politian, it was founded during the triumvirate of Octavius Cæsar, Anthony, and Lepidus. (1 *and* 2 *Book of Epistles.*)

In the invasion of the Goths, Florence shared the common fate of Italy, and was utterly destroyed by Totila, King of the Ostrogoths. Nevertheless, after a lapse of about 200 years, Charlemagne re-established, and France continued to govern it, till the German Emperors obtained, and ruled it with despotic sway by feudal Dukes, and Marquisses.

In the year 1010, Florence signalised itself by the attack, and conquest, of Fiesole, its reputed parent; and in 1215, a murder committed in the city, first gave rise to the famous factions of the Guelphs, and the Ghibellines, by these two parties taking opposite sides. In process of time the Guelphs were presumed to be always for the popular cause; while the Ghibellines, on the contrary, favoured aristocracy. The former were also termed the *Neri*, the latter the *Bianchi*.

It were endless to describe the factions, the contentions, and the feuds, of these rival powers, alternately reigning by alternately expelling each other; few cities, if any, present such an incessant series of popular tumults, and broils, as Florence up to the present period; yet during these troubles, talent was roused, and invigorated, by collision, while each leader struggled to obtain some temporary popularity by some popular concessions; and at the same time by promoting the arts, which never obtained a greater celebrity than in the time of the Medici, and which continue to shed at this hour such a splendour on Florence.

In 1378, this family then enriching themselves by commerce, and distinguishing themselves by their honour, and their virtues, were first called to a post in their country's service by the election of Sylvestre, or Salvestro, de' Medici to the office of Gonfaloniere, or chief magistrate, an appointment

instituted about the year 1289. Spite of conspiracy, and faction, the supremacy of the republic continued in this family, and finally by common consent became confirmed, and hereditary. Among its illustrious chiefs, Cosmo, surnamed the Father of his Country, and his grandson, Lorenzo, the Magnificent, will ever retain the gratitude, and veneration, of their country, and may well rank from their talents, and from the estimation in which they were held, with more renowned monarchs, though as simply Chiefs of the Republic of Tuscany, they had such a comparatively limited scope of action.

As the period of the government of Florence by Lorenzo is the fairest portion of its history, I am pleased in giving a brief sketch of it.

Giovanni de' Medici, who died in 1428, left two sons, Cosmo, the Pater Patriæ, and Lorenzo. Of this latter, or of his progeny, we shall have no further occasion to speak till 1537, when, upon the extinction of all the rightful descendants of Cosmo, the elder brother, the issue of this Lorenzo first obtained the Dukedom of Tuscany. In 1433, Cosmo was dispossessed of his supremacy by the usurpation of Rinaldo d' Albizi, but the interposition of foreign potentates, and his own virtues, procured his restoration, and the return of his brother, Lorenzo, in one twelvemonth afterwards; and Rinaldo, with his party, were routed.

After a life of uninterrupted prosperity, Cosmo

departed from this world on Aug. 1, 1464, leaving two sons, Piero and Giovanni, the latter died in 1461, ere he had attained to any important political distinctions; the former was father of Lorenzo the Magnificent, born in January, 1448, and of Guiliano, born in 1453, afterwards assassinated.

Piero succeeded to Cosmo, and in 1466 his life was threatened by the conspiracy of Luca Pitti, which ended only in the disgrace and exilement of its projector; but who has eternized his name as having planned, and begun, the regal Pitti Palace, the established residence of the sovereigns of Tuscany.

Piero died in Dec. 1469, and in a few days subsequently Lorenzo, at the early age of twenty-one, and at the request of his fellow citizens, assumed the chief magistracy of the city. In this elevated rank, Lorenzo continued his career with equal honour to himself, and his country; enabled still to add to that immense private wealth originally acquired by the extensive commerce of his ancestors, and still carried on by himself for his own, and his country's weal.

The year 1478 gave birth to a conspiracy and murder as atrocious as any on record.

The Medici having excited the inextinguishable hatred of Pope Sixtus IV, in protecting some weaker powers from his oppression, and by opposing his views of aggrandisement in encroachments on

Italy generally, this prelate formed an alliance with the illustrious house of Pazzi, likewise jealous of the influence of the Medici, and in combination with him, and with his own nephew, Prince Girolamo Riario, and Girolamo's young nephew, Cardinal Raffaello Riario, with Francesco Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, and his brother Giacopo Salviati, with Giacopo Poggio, an eminent scholar, Bernardo Bandini, Giovanni Battista Montessico, a captain of the Papal troops; Antonio Maffei, and several other priests; the Pazzi arranged their atrocious plot. Preliminaries being settled, and military at hand to support the intention, and Lorenzo having received the Cardinal and his suite at his own palace at Florence with equal splendour, and hospitality; on Sunday, April 26, 1478, he, and his brother Julian, at their request, accompanied them to divine service at the church of the Reparata: which was the spot chosen by a Pope, an Archbishop, a Cardinal, and Priests, for the murder of the two most illustrious men of the age!—the moment, moreover, agreed upon was that, when the officiating minister raised to view the divine and consecrated host, and when all present were bowed down to the earth in humblest adoration!

At this solemn moment, Bandini first, and Francesco de Pazzi afterwards, rushing upon Giuliano stabbed him, repeatedly, even when dead. The soldier Montesicco had agreed to dispatch Lo-

renzo, but when their plans were changed he declared he dared not do it at the altar of God; and therefore two priests, Maffei, and Stefano da Bagnone, undertook his part. Maffei's dagger however, only cut Lorenzo in the neck, who, now aroused, repelled his murderers, and they both, after wounding an attendant, endeavoured to fly.

Bandini would have attacked Lorenzo, but Francesco Nori, a favourite, in trying to save the life of his patron was deprived of his own by the assassin. The general tumult in the church was now terrific; but Lorenzo was surrounded by his friends, and was hurried into the sacristy.

As previously planned, the Archbishop and some of his associates, had left the church a little before the fatal moment, and, proceeding to the palace he was, in the confidence of victory, haranguing the assembled magistrates, but the irresolution of his manner, and suspicion of his character, arousing the vigilance of the Gonfaloniere, Cesar Petrucci, he suddenly summoned his guard, and blocked up the chamber. In the confusion Giacopo de Pazzi was seen inciting the people to revolt, and Petrucci soon discovered the whole plot, from the insurgents who were now attempting to force the palace and rescue the Archbishop. Happily they were repulsed, the prelate was secured; his adherents were killed without concern; and Giacopo Poggio was hung outside the windows for the gaze of the populace.

The fury of the people being now left to its full gratification, and Lorenzo being adored, his enemies were hewn to pieces:—Francesco de Pazzi was put to death cruelly; the Archbishop was hung out of a window in all his episcopal robes; and strange to say, so inextinguishable was his natural savageness of disposition, that according to Politian, while hanging, and dying, he griped with his teeth the naked corpse of Pazzi hanging close by, ferociously biting it. Giacopo de Pazzi shared a similar cruel fate, and the whole of this family were condemned to disgrace and banishment.

Montessico was beheaded; and the wretched priests, who had undertaken the murder of Lorenzo being, after two or three days, hunted out, suffered a cruel death. Bandini had escaped to Constantinople, but was sent back in chains to die. The young Cardinal, Raffaello Riario, saved his life only by the intercessions of Lorenzo in consequence of his youth, and his solemn asseverations that he acted by the desire of others, and without knowing the full intentions of the conspirators. Girolamo Riario, the Pope's nephew, and a principal in this plot, was himself, in consequence of his barbarities and crimes, afterwards assassinated in his palace in 1488. Giuliano was buried amid the general grief, and with the greatest pomp in the church of San Lorenzo. Every mark of infamy was heaped upon the race of the Pazzi; and medals, &c. were struck

commemorative of the event, and in honour of the Medici. Giuliano left an illegitimate infant, one year old, subsequently known to the world as Clement VII.

In process of time the mercy of Lorenzo extended even to his enemies; he pardoned and promoted the relations of those who had lately suffered, and even the Pazzi were re-instated.

As might be expected, His Holiness was irritated to madness by the failure of his schemes, and public disgrace; and poured out anathemas, and excommunications, unsparingly. I give an abridgment of this papal fulmination, as a tolerable specimen of priestly pride, folly, and impotency. This Bull is dated St. Peter's, Rome, June 1478, and in the seventh year of the Pontificate of Sixtus IV.

It opens with declaring Lorenzo de' Medici, a pupil of iniquity, and a child of perdition (*Iniquitatis filius et perditionis alumnus*); then proceeds, in a very verbose style, to recapitulate many injuries and offences against the authority of the Holy Church; after this it states that Lorenzo, and his associates (naming them) having thoroughly thrown off the fear of God, inflamed with rage, stirred up by the Devil, and like dogs, raging mad (*Dei timore penitus abjecto, furore succensi, et diabolica suggestione vexati, ac tanquam canes ad efferam rabiem ducti*), did proceed to lay violent hands

upon the Archbishop, to keep him prisoner, to hang him by a cord out of window, in view of the populace, and finally cut the rope in order to tumble the body headlong to the ground—*Proh dolor et inauditum scelus!** Then it states that they proceeded to commit similar outrages against Ecclesiastics, and others, of good fame and rank.

For which acts His Holiness, with the advice, and concurrence, of the Sacred College of Cardinals, proceeds to name and declare, all those sons of iniquity, thus guilty of treason, to be sacrilegious — excommunicated — anathematized — infamous—unworthy of trust—incapable of making a will:—and forbidding to them, and their heirs, promotion, succession to, or enjoyment of, any appointments, spiritual, or temporal. Moreover, all their habitations are condemned to be pulled down, to be made desert, that no one may ever inhabit them, and for a mark of perpetual infamy never to be restored:—no one is bound to pay them what they owe; nor to reply to them in any court of justice. All their possessions are confiscated to the state, nor can they bequeath any matter; and with further commands, &c. &c. it again declares Lorenzo with all his associates, and adherents, to be under all the pains and penalties awarded by ecclesiastical and civil law; and anathematizes them with having incurred the punishment of excommunication and eternal malediction.

* Oh misery! and unheard-of wickedness!

Such are the acts, and sentiments, of a Christian Bishop! The document is preserved in the public archives.

However, the Synod of Florence drew up a statement in reply to this Bull of Sixtus, in which they have belaboured His Holiness with equal abuse, and acrimony. About two years afterwards, peace being general throughout Italy, Sixtus intimated his wish to pardon past offences, and after a temporary anger, and some passing reproaches, he once more admitted Florence into the bosom of the church.

To revert now to the period of this conspiracy in 1478.—Declarations of war from foreign powers; pestilence; and combinations of untoward circumstances continued to harass Lorenzo, and to oppress Florence; and in 1479 he for a time, quitted the city, proceeding to Naples from political motives. Here he was so successful as to convert the King, Ferdinand, from an avowed enemy into a friend, and after a stay of three months he returned to Florence to be welcomed with transport by his people. Soon after this, peace was established with the Papal states, and in 1484 Sixtus IV died, leaving behind him a character of consummate priestly pride, rapacity, and avarice.

It was during his pontificate and for his profit that the promotions of the church were openly bought and sold. He was succeeded by Giambattista Cibò who took the name of Innocent VIII.

About the year 1488, the prosperity of Florence was at its height, and Lorenzo was respected and courted by all the sovereigns of Europe. The arts flourished beyond precedent, learning was encouraged by every possible liberality, particularly by the acquisition of ancient manuscripts, with the works of celebrated authors, and Lorenzo was ever attended by, and in the company of the learned and the good. His most intimate friend as an author was Politian; the artist always the most welcome to his table—Michael Angelo. Thus he continued with increasing fame, and benefit to all around, till his timeless death on April 8, 1492.

By his wife Clarice he had three sons, Piero, born in 1471; Giovanni, 1475, afterwards Leo X, and Giuliano, 1478, who married into the royal family of France, and was created Duke of Nemours. There were also three daughters.

Piero, (who had married Alfonsina of the illustrious Roman house of Orsini) succeeding to the chief authority at the death of his father, too soon betrayed his incompetency to his station, and for a succession of weak acts was at length expelled by the Florentines; he retreated to Venice, and, after some unsuccessful attempts to regain his possessions, died after ten years' exile, being drowned off the banks of the Garigliano.

In this interval Florence sustained incalculable loss, being plundered by the troops of Charles

VIII. of France, of the treasures of art, and science, so carefully accumulated by the Medici; whose splendid palaces, and galleries, were sacked by all who dared to snatch whatever they could. Its government was chiefly directed by a fanatic preacher, named Savonorola: a few matters suffice to prove the follies, and the frauds, of this short-lived monkish delusion. Savonorola pretended to supernatural powers; that he was the Florentine Ambassador to Heaven, and that Christ himself had promised to govern the city! Moreover a medal was struck which bore on its reverse a cross with the motto—*Jesus Christus Rex Noster.* Being however soon detected, this arrant impostor, with two of his attendants, was first strangled, and then burnt.

Nevertheless, in 1512, and after an absence of eighteen years, the Medici were once more reinstated at Florence by popular favour; and in March 1513, the Cardinal Giovanni dei Medici, second son of Lorenzo, then only thirty-seven years of age, obtained the supremacy of papal power, and succeeding to Julius II, assumed the name of Leo X; a Pontificate as splendid for the arts, and as prosperous for Italy generally, as any the annals of Rome can boast; though at this very period arose that man, Luther, who, singly, dared attack the mighty power of the Pope; whose persevering energies so boldly and successfully exposed the fal-

lacies, and corruptions, of the Roman Catholic church; and whose writings and doctrines have so weakened, and lopped away, a power once supreme upon earth.

This Pope, Leo X, Lorenzo's second son had been admitted into holy orders at seven years; and at eight years of age, this child had two rich Abbacies, and had been appointed by Louis XI, Archbishop of Aix in Provence! but he did not succeed to the latter. At thirteen years old he was promoted to the dignity of Cardinal by Innocent VIII, the only restriction upon such unexampled appointment being to forbid the assumption, and publicity, of his honours till he attained the age of sixteen.

By the influence of Leo, Giuliano, Lorenzo's third son, assumed the direction of Florence, but he soon voluntarily resigned it in favour of Lorenzo, the son of the banished Piero, and was shortly afterwards created Duke of Nemours by Francis I.

Lorenzo became thus Chief of the Republic till his death in 1519. He had espoused Madelaine of Boulogne, of the royal blood of France, who gave to that kingdom a queen in her daughter, the too famous Catherine de' Medici, consort of Henry II. Prior to his death, he had been also invested with the sovereiguty, and bore the style, of Duke of Urbino.

Giulio de' Medici the before-alluded-to natural son of the assassinated Giuliano being elevated to the papacy by the title of Clement VII, had a natural son, Alexander—although by some this Alexander is affirmed to have been the offspring of the Duke of Urbino; and Giuliano de Medici, the Duke of Nemours, had a similar offspring well known as the celebrated and accomplished Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici; both these, however, having made themselves odious, the whole race was again expelled from Florence; a popular government was re-established, and all memorials of the Medici were ordered to be obliterated; even to effacing their coats of arms.

These had ever been six balls or pills, in a plain field, which with their name, literally—Physicians, was a fair heraldic etymology. But when they rose to supremacy, it was then necessary to give them ancestorial dignity, and it was accordingly proved, or fabled, that Averardo de' Medici, of the time of Charlemagne, fought the plundering giant Mugello, who bore six iron balls suspended to his ponderous mace or club; that the valiant Averardo warded off the deadly blows with his battered shield; that he conquered the giant, and that from the impression of these balls on his shield, he was allowed thus to emblazon his family arms.

Clement, however, indefatigable to obtain the restitution of his family contrived an alliance be-

tween Alexander and Margaret, a natural daughter of Charles V, under promise of restoring the Medici to their former rank in Florence; and the people oppressed by accumulated disasters, and the strong hand of power, at length consented to receive their exiled chief, who returned in 1532, and first assumed the appellation of Doge of Florence.

Alexander soon abandoned himself to every species of dissipation; but while his people were groaning under his sway, the dagger of a near relation, who deliberately planned his murder, and executed it on the night of January 6, 1537, terminated his disgraceful career. This assassination was executed by Lorenzino di Medici (so called from his small stature), a descendant of Lorenzo, the younger brother of Cosmo, the Pater Patriæ, but which family, as springing from a junior branch had hitherto had no share in the government of their country. Lorenzino, however, having perpetrated the deed, fled in terror, reached Constantinople, passed eleven years of exile, and was himself finally assassinated by two soldiers in revenge for his previous crime.

At the death of Alexander, the Florentines deliberated some time upon the choice of a successor, and finally his cousin Cosmo, son of the intrepid General Giovanni de' Medici (great-grandson of the Lorenzo before alluded to), Captain of the Bande Nere, and denominated Il Gran Diavolo,

was elected Chief of the Republic. Charles V avowed his approbation of Cosmo, and under his powerful sanction, he was the first who assumed the sovereignty and title of Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Henceforward, a succession of sovereigns of the Medicean race continued to possess, and to govern absolutely, the once free republic of Florence; and of them all, Cosmo the Third seems to have been the most odious. At his death in October 1723 he left two children John Gaston, and Maria Louisa, the former reigned till his decease in July 1737, universally lamented, and as being the last male descendant of the illustrious Medici. The only remaining survivor in the female line his sister, Anna Maria Louisa, being married to the Elector Palatine, the sovereignty of Tuscany passed, by virtue of a treaty with the Court of Vienna, to Francis Duke of Lorraine, who became Emperor, and died in 1765.

To him succeeded Peter Leopold, whose long reign was marked by equal wisdom, benevolence and liberality. Called to the Imperial Throne of Austria by the death of Joseph II, in 1790, he was succeeded in the government of Florence by his second son, Ferdinand III, brother of the present Emperor of Germany, Francis.

The French Revolution, and their invasion of Tuscany in 1799 compelled the last-named Duke to fly his dominions, and the provisional govern-

ment composed of Generals Dupont, Miollis, and Murat, was retained till February 1801, when, by the treaty of Luneville, Florence was ceded to the Infante of Spain, Louis, Hereditary Prince of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, who took the title of King of Etruria. He died in May 1803. During the minority of his son Charles Louis, and the regency of his mother, Maria Louisa, General Rielly, in 1807, by power of a further treaty between France and Spain formally declared its annexation to the empire of France, and Napoleon's sister, Eliza, Princess of Lucca, and Piombino, made her solemn entry into Florence in 1809, and continued to administer the government as Grand Duchess of Tuscany; till, once more, a still greater revolution—and may it be the last, hurled her from the throne, and the present Grand Duke, Ferdinand III, after an absence from, and loss of, his dominions for fifteen years made his triumphal re-entry into Florence on September 17, 1814.

13th Inst.—I do not confine myself to any regular laws of detail, and therefore passing for the present over the events of the preceding days, I here relate the occurrences of this day.

A walk of about four miles to Fæsulæ, one of the twelve ancient cities of Etruria, and famed in those days for its skill in divination, and interpretation of omens. Here Sylla founded a colony, or it was effected during the triumvirate of Octa-

vianus Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Marcus Lepidus (*Politian's Epistles*), while parts of the ancient walls, being stones of immense size, piled, without cement, one upon the other, still remain.

Within the last twelve years an Amphitheatre also has been discovered, by digging. A portion of the rising seats, and steps; a reservoir for water under an arch; together with several vaulted caves, supposed for the wild beasts; and entrances, or vomitories, for the people, remain in excellent preservation.

Though not a very clean, yet I fancied it a classical, labour to crawl into these ancient dens, now almost choked by thorns and dirt; nor did I omit to seat myself on those steps where, so many centuries past, some noble, or ignoble, Roman had sat to view his country's games.

A Church dedicated to, and containing the corpse of, St. Alexander was built in the sixth century, on the site of a Temple supposed sacred to Bacchus. Its fourteen ancient Ionic columns support the roof, while outside the door stands the very altar where Pagan incense formerly smoked in honour of the jolly God.

The day was beautiful, warm as summer, but the view was hazy and imperfect. A more golden, luxuriant, prospect, I think, could nowhere be seen, though we traced it so indistinctly. Fæsulæ is placed on the summit of a high hill, and the

delighted eye ranges on every side over one unbounded prospect of the riches of nature perfected by cultivation, and embellished with innumerable villas which seem to extend even to the distant Apennines. On the summit of this hill is a convent of Franciscan friars. Politian, towards the conclusion of his "Rusticus," has dwelt on the beauties of Fæsulæ; and our own Milton has also sung them.

Church of St. Lawrence.—The Sacristy was designed by Michael Angelo, at the expense of Clement VII, and contains the tombs of Giuliano, Duke of Nemours, and of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, with their effigies, large as life, both sitting, draped in military habits, and admirably sculptured by this artist. At the foot of one of these are two statues of Day and Night; at the other, Morn, and Twilight. So exquisite did the expression of the female figure of Night, sleeping, appear to some poet of the age, that he thus wrote under it:

La Notte che tu vidi in si dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso; e perche dorme, ha vita;
Desta la, se non il credi, e parlaratti.

Sweet is the sleep that gentle night bestows:
As Ang'lo form'd me, here I still repose:
Yet life to stone his wond'rous art may give,
But wake me, up I rise, reply, and live.

Michael Angelo is said to have thus poetically answered;

Grato mi è 'l sonno, e più l'esser di sasso;
Mentre che 'l danno, e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir, m' è gran ventura:
Però non mi destar; deh! parlar basso.

Still let me sleep, and still repose in stone,
For shame, and folly, fill the world alone:
Happy am I neither to see, or say:
Ah! wake me not, and softly speak, I pray.

Few descriptions can raise anticipation more than this, yet I must remark that my first impression was that of much disappointment. This statue of Night is larger than life, and to say the least is coarse, and muscular. The expression of sleep is admirable, and this great artist has shown in this figure his usual transcendant talents; but where shall we find in Buonarotti feminine beauty, or approximation to the grace,—the celestial purity, of the Grecian Venus? and who can admire a statue personifying so aerial a vision cumbered in so coarse a garment of mere mortality?

Nevertheless, so sacred is the veneration paid by the Florentines to their distinguished countryman, that no other hand has ever profaned by a single touch aught that he left, however unfinished. The accompaniments to this, and the corresponding figure; also a Madonna, and Infant Christ, in this sacristy, are as he left them; the latter little more than the rough block, with scarcely the impression of the chisel.

Immediately adjoining this church of St. Lawrence is the Mausoleum of the first six Grand

Dukes of Tuscany—begun in 1604. This is also an unfinished pile of splendour, said to have cost very nearly sixteen millions of francs, and still to require a further sum of six millions. Its form is that of an octangular chapel, whose diameter is about 90 feet, and elevation about 200. Neither the altar, the pavement, or the dome, are yet touched, there are but two of the Medicean statues out of the six, and only one tomb completed. The bodies of the Princes are in a subterranean chapel underneath. The splendours of this Mausoleum consist in its being entirely incrusted with the rarest and most beautiful marbles, wrought, and inlaid, to the highest polish and perfection. The Sarcophagi are formed of Egyptian, and Oriental, granite, with the green jasper of Corsica, &c. surmounted by cushions inlaid with precious stones, and supporting crowns of gold, and jewels. In the large, and precious, slabs of jasper, verde antique, lapis lazuli, Oriental alabaster, and Spanish coral, are introduced the armorial distinctions of the various cities of Tuscany, exquisitely wrought. These again, as are also the funereal urns, are inlaid and enriched with mother of pearl, jaune antique, porphyry, green jasper, &c. &c. Some of these marbles surpassed in their colours, and polish, all that I had hitherto seen, or could have supposed.

But has all this cost, and labour, an adequate result by the production of a work of genuine art?

Is there nothing like a puerile, and unworthy, vanity in thus inlaying stone cushions with jewels? to say nothing of the bad effect of the pilasters being composed of series of small slabs of marble, by which all unity, and grandeur of vision, is frittered away, and spoilt.

The Laurentian Library owes its origin to Cosmo, the Pater Patriæ, and its valued stores chiefly to the munificence of the succeeding Medici. It possesses some very ancient, memorable, manuscripts, and which, as literary curiosities, I took much pleasure to-day in inspecting. The hall was designed by Michael Angelo, and continued by Georgio Vasari, yet left incomplete. It was begun under the auspices of Clement VII, and opened to the public by Cosmo I, in 1571.

Kept in a separate glass case, are the famed Pandects of Justinian. This celebrated compilation of 534 decisions of lawyers upon the ancient Roman civil law, compiled by Justinian in the year 530, and by a decree of that emperor, established as the Roman Code, was found according to Hume, in a barrel at Amalfi in 1137. Its great antiquity, and complete insight into Roman jurisprudence, establish it as one of the most valuable relics of ancient law.

Here is also the oldest manuscript Virgil extant, with the notes of a Roman Consul of the fifth century; likewise a Horace, with Petrarch's own

hand-writing in it, and notes; together with a book filled with his familiar letters to a friend. By the bye these are not very legible, owing to the style of writing of that age, and endless contractions. It contains besides portraits of himself, and his Laura, which are supposed to be authentic.

There is also a Decameron of Boccacio, a manuscript written by some friend in the author's lifetime from the original, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire; and a complete copy of Terence's six plays, written throughout by Boccacio in a beautiful hand.

Among the illuminated works, those of the fifteenth century are the highest wrought, and many of them being executed by Attaventi, in pursuance of the orders of the Medici, contain portraits of that family. A Florentine Missal of that period is exquisitely finished and coloured.

In a small crystal case on the top of one of the presses containing these literary relics is preserved a finger of Galileo. Being directed upwards, it seems to indicate, or suggest, this great astronomer pointing to those celestial spheres which he had so ably explored, yet for which philosophy, and wisdom, he was reviled, banished, and, compelled by the clergy publicly to recant his theory, under pain of being put to death as a vile and apostate heretic; and for daring to assert that the earth moved round the sun, &c. contrary to their creed, and ignorant faith.

As I sometimes amuse myself by exploring the miracles of the Roman Catholic belief, I shall here speak of one, and of the church in which its record is preserved.

La Chiesa della Santissima Annunziata contains a miraculous picture of the Virgin, of which the story runs thus. Some (as usual, hundred) years since, in 1252, one Bartolomeo, a painter employed on a picture of the Madonna, had finished all but the head, and this, after much pondering how to make sufficiently celestial, he abandoned in despair, and fell asleep. Upon awaking, he found the head ready painted for him (doubtless by an Angel), and thus thinking, and crying out, he ran all over the town in a divine extacy, proclaiming—A miracle! a miracle!

This picture is preserved with the greatest veneration in a most costly chapel of the church, of a pavilion form; and is protected by three curtains, of which the outer one is changed every day. Unfortunately it is scarcely ever shown, except by favour to Princes, and Sovereigns, and I was told that nothing less than a special permission from the Pope or the Grand Duke would do for me.

Before the holy image there burn silver lamps of exquisite workmanship, one presented by Maria Maddalena of Austria, consort of Cosmo II, there are silver candelabras six feet high, a silver altar, silver steps, curtain, fringe, lilies, ciborio, and two silver statues of angels.

al. The adjoining Oratory is encrusted with jasper, agate, oriental calcedony, and choicest marbles, beautifully inlaid and wrought in relief, to represent flowers, and the sun and moon, with the planetary spheres. The other treasures of art are the paintings of the dome by Volterrano; and the chapel erected from the designs, and at the expense (about 6000 crowns) of John of Bologna, whose remains lie here. The bronze Crucifix over the altar is his own production.

In one of the outer corridors of the church is the much admired fresco of Andrea del Sarto, known as the Madonna del Sacco; thus named, because the artist at that time in the greatest indigence painted it for a sack of corn. It is but fair to acknowledge that it is much injured by exposure to weather; but I looked, and looked in vain, for those pre-eminent beauties which have obtained for it so much celebrity.

These outer corridors are also adorned with other frescoes by Del Sarto, which are greatly prized, yet were performed by him for the humble sum of from ten, to fifteen, crowns a-piece. This famed, and unfortunate, artist was nicknamed Sarto, from his father's trade as a tailor: his family name was Vannucchi.

This church is one of the most distinguished in Florence. In former days it has been visited with all due pomp by Popes Martin V, Eugene IV, and

Pius VII. Here also were celebrated the nuptials of the Grand Duke Leopold with Anna Maria Carolina of Saxony; and it still continues to be the most *fashionable* church, and grand *rendezvous* of devotees to religion, or other matters.

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

CHAPTER XIV.

GALLERY OF FLORENCE—JOHN OF BOLOGNA'S MERCURY, AND RAPE OF THE SABINES—CELLINI'S PERSEUS—THE TRIBUNE —VENUS DE' MEDICI, AND OTHER SCULPTURES—PICTURES BY GUERCINO—RAPHAEL, &c.—TITIAN'S VENUS—HALL OF NIOBE—ETRUSCAN, AND ROMAN, RELICS—MICHAEL ANGELO'S BRUTUS, AND EPIGRAMS—MOSAIC TABLES—HALL OF PORTRAITS—MEDICEAN VASE—HERMAPHRODITE—CLAUDE —LEONARDO DA VINCI—CABINET OF GEMS—EARLY PAINTINGS—GABINETTO FISICO—PLAGUE IN WAX—PITTI PALACE —PICTURES BY SALVATOR ROSA—RUBENS—CIGOLI, &c. &c. —RAPHAEL'S HOLY FAMILIES—GUIDO'S CLEOPATRA—GRAND DUCHESS'S BATH—ALABASTER COLUMNS.

THE gallery of Florence being one of the most valuable in Europe, I will endeavour to note some of its chief beauties.

It was built in 1564 by Giorgio Vasari, under the direction of Cosmo I, whose family, in their successive reigns, purchased at any price the invaluable relics of art it now includes. Till the accession of Leopold these treasures had been considered as the property of the reigning sovereign; but his munificence offered, and decreed, the entire collection as the property of the state. The gallery is formed of two parallel and lateral corridors 430 feet long, terminated, and united, by another of about 100 feet long; the whole proportionably wide, and about twenty feet high. The gallery forms the topmost range of the building; the

halls beneath are appropriated as depositaries of the public archives, public offices, and also contain the Magliabechian library, &c. &c.

Though somewhat prepared, still hope throbs high, and anticipation flutters, in approaching so famed a sanctuary of art as this. The first striking object is the famed original Wild Boar, and near to him two Wolf Dogs,—all wonderfully expressive. The eye is then arrested by the ceilings of the various corridors, painted historically, and fancifully, by successive painters from the year 1581; —by busts of the various contributors to the museum;—by Sarcophagi, most interesting from the classical subjects sculptured on them;—by a series of busts of the Roman Emperors, and Empresses, almost complete, and many most rare; and by statues without number, some few of which I particularize, not meaning to hunt out phrases, and epithets, to eulogize them, or the still vainer attempt of description; but simply to notice them as objects of the highest celebrity; to recall them by this memento to my mind's eye, and to point them out to others whose turn it may be next to see them.

A Mercury by John of Bologna is actually buoyant in the air. The artist has expressed him as sailing on, or ascending to, the skies, wafted by the breath of a Zephyr, and to the utmost beauty of form has superadded the aerial lightness of the

Messenger of Jove shooting aloft into the clouds; a figure that reminds us of Shakspeare's beautiful description—"Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury"—or as one that might "bestride the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air."

Of John of Bologna as a sculptor I can hardly speak adequately. In a very different style, his Rape of the Sabines, a group of three figures exposed in the Gran' Piazza is one of the most fiery, yet graceful, productions of the chisel I ever beheld; while near to it, and every way worthy to compete with it, is Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus holding up Medusa's head at the moment after decapitation. Neither of these groups will be simply looked at; once seen, they will again and again arrest the attention, and excite the admiration of all.

In the Tribune of the gallery, a small octagon temple, is a collection of five invaluable relics of sculpture, and some of the choicest pictures. Here is the Venus de' Medici, the chef d'œuvre of Grecian, and the inimitable prototype of modern, art.

This Venus was found in the Villa Adriana at Tivoli; there are some fractures, and losses, and consequent modern restorations, but nothing materially to affect the beauty of the original. Its height in English measure is four feet, eleven inches, the artist though undoubtedly of Grecian soil, is unknown. Its great distinction, in addition

to its utmost beauty of form, is its celestial purity, its goddess grace, and heavenly modesty; charms which no copy ever did, or ever can, communicate, and which prove the transcendant dignity of the original.

The author of this immortal production is yet unknown; it being doubtful whether it is by Cleomenes, an Athenian; by Alcamenes, who lived 450 years, or by Praxiteles, who flourished 330 years, before our Saviour, and who sculptured two Venuses, one nude, the other draped. The natives of Cos took the latter; those of Gnidos the former; and so highly did they prize this statue that they refused it to Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, who moreover offered to cancel an enormous debt of the state for it. Such may be this very Venus which modern eyes now gaze upon, and which was brought to Florence about the year 1680.

In confirmation of its being done by Praxiteles, there is a humorous Greek epigram, which has, I know not by whom, been thus translated:

> "Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
> Have seen me naked, and exposed to view;
> All this I frankly own, without denying,
> But where has this Praxiteles been prying?"

However, this is no mortal, voluptuous, beauty; Venus herself in all her charms it may be, but she is still celestial, and a Goddess: on earth she presses her delicate foot for a moment; but what

impure, mortal thoughts can dare profane this Daughter of Jupiter, and Bride of Heaven?

During the period that the French, *par force*, took, and kept, this jewel in the Louvre, her place was supplied by Canova's Venus; of which hereafter.

The Apollino, or youthful Apollo, is a corresponding model of juvenile manly beauty. The three remaining and equally celebrated are the two Wrestlers, the vanquished, and the conquering; the Dancing Fawn, whose inimitable head is Michael Angelo's; and the Arrotino or Knife-Grinder, as it is commonly called. These are all master-pieces, the last is, I think, wonderfully expressive; and is now generally considered to represent the Scythian Slave preparing to flay Marsyas.

Of the Pictures in this Tribune there are two by Guercino, styled the Magician of Painting: a Sleeping Endymion, and the Samian Sybil. A Holy Family by Michael Angelo. A Virgin in contemplation by Guido: a most surprising portrait of Cardinal Aguecchia by Domenichino; and several by Raphael; the three finest of which are his St. John in the Desert; his portraits of his favourite mistress, La Fornarina, and of Pope Julius II, all inimitable for grace, and beauty of expression embodied in the richest, deepest, and finest, colouring imaginable. These are among the latest productions of his pencil, and when he

had abandoned, and triumphed over the hard, stiff, and colourless, outlines of his master Pietro Perrugino.

Chief of all, is, perhaps, Titian's famous Venus. The Grecian effigy was a model of ethereal purity; this the perfection of mortal charms. A young, and beauteous, Venus, her right hand decked with flowers, stretched, nude, upon a couch, and beaming with voluptuous looks:—the prodigy of colouring.—This picture cannot be gazed on with indifference, nor well described;—let us pass to a very different object,

The Hall of Niobe;—the hapless mother, and her fourteen children. This celebrated group is supposed to have occupied collectively the tympanum of the pediment of a temple dedicated to Apollo Sosias; they are now placed at intervals around this hall. The figure of Niobe is rather colossal, and her youngest daughter terrified, and kneeling, seeks refuge in her maternal arms.*

* Niobe was daughter of Tantalus, king of Lydia, and married Amphion, by whom she had seven sons, and seven daughters. Proud of her progeny, she ventured to insult Latona, because mother of only two, Apollo and Diana. The incensed goddess summoned her children, and immediately all the sons perished by the darts of Apollo, and all the daughters by those of Diana, one excepted, Chloris, who had married Neleus, king of Pylos. Niobe herself, stupified at her woes, was metamorphosed into a stone, or, according to some, into a fountain of tears; and Jupiter continued his resentment by changing into stone, for nine successive days, all who attempted to bury the bodies. On the tenth day they were honoured with a funeral by the gods themselves.

The mother is justly considered as the finest. In her traits are admirably depicted struggling dignity, maternal tenderness, and anguish. How beautifully has Ovid alluded to her.

Ultima restabat quam totô corpore mater
Tôtâ vestê tegens, unam, minimamque: relinque,
De multis minimam posco, clamavit et unam;
Dumque rogat, pro quâ rogat, occidit.

One only left, the mother fondly prest,
Strain'd in her arms and cover'd with her vest;
Of all my fated race, this last, this only, prize
My youngest child, ah! spare! the frantic mother cries!
While yet she heav'n implores, the hapless maiden dies.

Her sons and daughters are shown in various attitudes; some dead, some dying; some just stricken; some attempting to fly, and some looking upward, as it were to reproach Heaven.

It may be said of several of these figures that they have too much of a theatrical, or forced, gesture, and therefore lose proportionately, the greatest of all beauties, the expression of nature; but how much more is the effect weakened, and spoiled, by their being all placed at regular, equidistances: a family of fourteen dying each at right angles and in a right line parallel with the other! Niobe will ever be deemed a *chef d'œuvre;* and so might her children too were they but arranged as the artist originally placed them, and where Nature would impel—around their hapless mother.

Another chamber is filled with Etruscan vases; a third with ancient bronzes, containing all the Etruscan divinities of small size; various animals having a symbolical meaning, and a Roman eagle of the twenty-fourth legion. Also Roman altars, lamps, tripods, candelabras, with helmets, spurs, and bits; the ornaments of Roman ladies in rings, buckles, bracelets, &c. of gold, and a lady's looking-glass, supposed to be composed of mixed metal, and polished. By the bye, this latter was not very bright. There are also, ancient locks, and hinges, and kitchen utensils in pots, and pans. It contains further a most curious lamp, supposed to have belonged to the primitive Christians, in form of a ship, with St. Peter at the stern. Above the mast is inscribed Dominus legem dat (The Lord giveth the law). And here, further, is a curious manuscript on wax, specifying the expenses incurred by Philip le Bel, of France, during one day when he made a journey in the year 1301.

Among the larger statues in this room is a noble Minerva, though perceptibly damaged by fire; an Etruscan Orator, admirably executed; dug up near the Lake Thrasymene; and a Chimera, with the head of a lion, that of a goat growing out of his back, and with the tail of a serpent.

Amidst other sculptures, Michael Angelo's unfinished head of Brutus will attract attention from the recollection of the lines, and the wit, excited

by opposite sentiments. Some one thus wrote under the imperfect head:

Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor e marmore ducit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit.

This head of Brutus the sculptor would have done
But thinking of his crimes, he left it scarce begun.

An Englishman, Lord Sandwich, replied,

Brutum effecisset sculptor, sed mente recursat
Tanta viri virtus, sistit, et abstinuit.

Brutus' head the artist left ere scarce began
Because no art could show the greatness of that man.

In one of the chambers are three large tables, two of them are of the richest, and most beautiful, Florentine Mosaic conceivable. This species of art is termed Opera di Commesso, or Opere di Pietre Commesse; and these tables are wrought into the most glowing, vivid, and diversified, representations of flowers, birds, fruit, foliage, crowns, &c., tastefully arranged;—by means of minute pieces of the finest marbles, intermixed with small spars, and gems. The Grand Duke is a great encourager of this beautiful species of art: he has many of these tables at his palace, and at the manufactory which I have inspected, viewing the whole process, the polishing of the natural stone, the sawing it into certain forms according to a previous drawing, and finally inserting the minuter pieces, and gems, in their proper places, there is here a table just finished for H. R. H.

which has occupied three years' labour, and has cost above 2000*l.* sterling, and yet the design is simply that of four antique vases upon a green base, with a border of opals. Some tables in the Museum are worth an almost incredible sum: they are estimated at more than 10,000*l.* a piece.

In two other chambers are a series of portraits of almost every painter of note of every age and nation, painted by their own hands; among the latest I noticed our own admirable artist, Harlowe, with whom I was intimate. They are certainly very interesting. The Hon. Mrs. Damer's bust by herself is also here.

In another room is the famed Medicean Vase, presumed to have been executed in Greece at the period of Alexander the Great. The story sculptured in basso-rilievo represents the sacrifice of Iphigenia, who is seated, mournfully expecting her hapless doom, before the altar of Diana. Four of the warriors are supposed to represent Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses and Menelaus. The Duke of Devonshire has ordered a copy of this vase at an expense of 500*l.*

In the second chamber of these portraits is the celebrated recumbent Hermaphrodite. So exquisite is the finish, and so natural the sleep, of this ambiguous beauty, that the lines already quoted, written upon Michael Angelo's Night, would, I think, be much more appropriate here.

I must draw my account of this Museum to a conclusion, and therefore will only record two more pictures out of the large collections of the various schools, with one other gallery.

A Marine View introducing the Villa de' Medici by Claude, the figures by Filippo Lauri. Here is a picture of magic. All the objects are equally grand, and animated. I gazed till I fancied I could inhale the warm, delicious air shed around, and see the bright sun-beam, dancing on the liquid waves.

The other is a picture of terror. Leonardo da Vinci's Head of Medusa. Exquisitely finished, and owing its wondrous horrors to the study of the young artist amid the hideous, living monsters; a reclining head with innumerable venomous, hissing, serpents in place of hair, surrounded by toads, and poisoned asps, while from the mouth may be seen to issue the foul malignant pest.

The Cabinet of Gems comes next. Supported by four columns of Oriental Alabaster, and four of Verde Antique, and containing six *armoires* full of the richest gems, and jewels, wrought, and introduced, in various forms, and cut with a perfection as valuable as the gem itself.

Small columns of Sienna Agate having capitals of Rock Crystal, embellished with Topazes, Turquoises, &c. Vases of one entire piece of Lapis Lazuli—of Sardonyx, or Blood Stone, &c. One of

Lapis Lazuli is nearly 18 inches in diameter. A Rock Crystal Coffer wrought with scriptural subjects. An enamelled figure of Cosmo II, in a golden robe kneeling before an altar; having mosaics of the rarest marbles, the crown, and altar, with other ornaments, formed of the most precious stones. A small cup composed of a single emerald. A little dog formed of one pearl. A bust of a warrior wrought in gold, the head cut out of one jewel. Hercules killing the Hydra, formed of jasper, and pearls. A portrait of Tiberius wrought out of one Turquoise. These are a few of the dazzling, though certainly very unimportant, rarities of this Sanctum Sanctorum.

As the Gallery presents a series of paintings representing the art from its earliest dawn to its latest refinements, in one of the corridors may be seen scriptural subjects painted by some Greek artists as far back as the thirteenth century. These stiff, angular, unmeaning, representations of the Virgin, and Child, are much the same, the one as the other, for in those dark days the very posture, and mode of painting the divine Jesus, as an infant, and his mother, were prescribed and regulated by the monastic ritual. The illusion of representing life upon canvass was not thought of, or not attempted, and labour was thrown away, and more attempt at a silly effect was shown by giving a gold ground to the picture, and introducing bespangled draperies, and gilt borders.

The series of busts of the Roman Emperors, with their wives and daughters, is esteemed very valuable, and extend from the age of Julius Cæsar to that of Constantine.

The Gabinetto Fisico is under the same roof with a collection of preserved birds, beasts, fishes, insects, minerals, &c. &c. Here are a suite of chambers, containing a complete museum of imitative anatomical preparations, all in wax. To science, and surgery, such an exposition is desirable; but, to my eyes, this exhibition of the human body cut up, opened, and shown with all its viscera, &c. &c. is sickening,—male and female, without reserve, and in every section, shown to the life and to the bone by the closest imitation in coloured wax: a portion of the rooms is appropriated to the display of all the mysteries of nature throughout the entire process of gravidation; while the whole is calculated to make one shudder, and almost dread to make a single motion for fear of disarranging so intricate a machine. I thought of the words of the Psalmist—"We are fearfully, and wonderfully, made."

This museum is or was under the direction of the Chevalier Felici Fontana. A Sicilian of the name of Zumbo was the first to adapt wax to the imitation of human anatomy. Besides this of which I have been speaking, there is a famous representation of the progress of the Plague on the

human frame, done in wax, likewise, on a small scale. This room is not commonly shown, or open like the others. It was executed by the Abbate Lumbo, in the time, and by the orders, of the Medici.

Three cases represent first, the feebleness, the horrors, and the anguish, with the despair of the unhappy victim when seized by the incipient pest: —the second, the commencement of putridity, and corruption, when hurled into the common charnel-house;—the third, the last stages of putrefaction, the bursting of the body; the dropping off of the limbs; the tarantula and the rat gnawing at the entrails; the mushroom, and the worm created and fed by human corruption!

The 16th and 17th have been occupied in ranging through the state rooms of the Grand Duke at the Pitti Palace, the value of whose collection of pictures may be somewhat estimated when it is known that the French despoiled it of no less than between sixty and seventy which they carried to the Louvre, but which are now restored to their royal owner.

Of Salvator Rosa there are several. One very large painting represents a battle. This artist, so sublime, and terrible in his conceptions, and so energetic in his executions, can bring the spectator into the midst of the very scene he represents, or elevate his soul to those nameless conceptions which the pencil cannot paint, though it may excite them,

and which the heart alone can feel. Herein is the very essence of the art;—the technical labours of *chiaro 'scuro*, effect, finish, contrast, &c. are manual;—the energy of passion, the soul, the poetry of painting, are neither to be taught or acquired:—to paint them is first to feel them.

To return from my digression. This battle has all the awful horrors, and confusion, of such a scene. It may be long gazed upon, and still furnish food for the imagination. By the same hand, are some matchless, glowing, *waving*, sea pieces. Two splendid landscapes of Rubens; his own portrait with his brother's and the two philosophers, Grotius and Lipsius: also his large painting of the Devastations of War, are among the best pictures of this spirited artist, whose conception, and execution, seem equally, and so surprisingly, ready and felicitous. Here, besides, are Michael Angelo's Fates, the three Weird Sisters, like the witches of Macbeth,

> "So wither'd and so wild in their attire
> That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,
> And yet are on't."

For a contrast of grace and form, take Giulio Romano's Apollo dancing with the Muses. Here further are some very fine productions by Cigoli, particularly an Ecce Homo: Portrait of Salvator Rosa by himself: Raphael's invaluable Holy Families, La S^{a} Famiglia detta dell' Impannata;

and his Madonna della Seggiola. The wonders of this latter picture consist in the maternal tenderness, and dignity, that beam in the eyes, and beauteous face, of the Virgin as she seems to strain her divine, and playful, infant in her arms; while the little St. John, with his arms so unaffectedly clasped, seems replete with mild, and innocent, devotion. So famed is this work of art, that, I believe, almost every engraver of note has attempted to perpetuate it. Here is also this artist's famed portrait of Pope Julius II.

One other painting there is of which I may attempt a description, but cannot give any adequate idea—Guido's Cleopatra, a demi figure of the beautiful Queen applying the fatal asp to her bosom. So struck was I with this picture that, much as I have said of Titian's Venus, perhaps this surpasses it. Her lovely head, uplifted to the skies, she seems to contemplate, so soon to attain, is bound by her dark tresses, still, as ever, tastefully arranged. A light shade is thrown over the throat, and part of the bust, the rest is alabaster; so fair that one might worship it; so round, and real, that one may fancy its palpitations. The effect is produced entirely without labour, or violent contrast; her silken robes are white, and very faint blue, nor is there a single dark shadow throughout the canvass. This is the Cleopatra that subdued Anthony.

The Grand Duchess has lately had a Bath fitted up for herself in this palace, the extreme elegance and taste of which, strike all visitors. It has columns of Verde Antique with Corinthian capitals of the purest marble, and in the recesses between which are four nymphs, beautifully sculptured. The room is tastefully draped with light blue silk, and silver fringe, while every ornament is appropriate, the entablature being enriched with carvings of dolphins, and sportive sea monsters; the tables inlaid with marine views; and her Highness's chairs are formed as ocean shells, supported by silver swans, whose wings conjoined make an elbow to repose upon.

In another room there are two of the largest columns of the purest Oriental Alabaster I ever saw: the one is plain; the other spiral. Their diameter at the base is 9½ inches: their height, without including the capitals, and bases, is 7 feet, 4½ inches.

CHAPTER XV.

SANTA CROCE—DANTE; HIS TOMB AT RAVENNA—LIFE, AND WRITINGS—MICHAEL ANGELO'S TOMB, AND ALFIERI'S REFLECTIONS UPON IT—ALFIERI'S TOMB, AND PASQUINADE—MACHIAVELLI AND GALILEO—DISCOVERY OF THE TRUE CROSS—CATHEDRAL, AND SACRED SYNODS—CAMPANILE—BAPTISTERY AND BRONZE DOORS—CANOVA'S VENUS—THE COCOMERO THEATRE—TACCHINARDI, AND BONINI—ROSSINI—REFLECTIONS ON MUSIC—VALLOMBROSA—ROMANTIC SECLUSION, AND POETICAL SKETCH—ORIGIN, AND ANCIENT LEGEND—VISITED BY MILTON—EXTRACT FROM HIM.

FLORENCE has given birth to many illustrious names. Among those whose bones, and sculptured tombs, repose in the church of Santa Croce are Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, and Galileo.

To recover the relics of Dante, the Florentines have made many efforts, but it was his ungrateful countrymen who banished him; it was at Ravenna that he found an asylum, and a grave; and by a decree of the Pope and a just one, they who sheltered him have the right to keep his hallowed coffin. I admire his epitaph at Ravenna—

Exulem a Florentia excepit Ravenna; vivo fruens, mortuum colens.

Tumulum pretiosum musis S. P. Q. Rav. jure ac ære suo tanquam thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit, ornavit.

Ravenna received him when an exile from Florence;—enjoying him while living; honouring him when dead.

This tomb, dear to the Muses, the Senate and people of Ravenna, of their own authority, from their own funds, and as their public treasure, have erected, consecrated, and adorned.

The Florentines are now proud even of an old portrait of him in the Duomo, and religiously preserve a stone on which he is known to have sat in the Piazza :—it is also in contemplation to erect a cenotaph to his memory in this church of Santa Croce.

Dante was born at Florence about the middle of the thirteenth century, and held distinguished rank, having been many times invested with the appointment of ambassador. In the various feuds that distracted the city, his party were completely overpowered about the year 1300; first he was banished, and his property forfeited; in 1302 he was condemned to be burnt alive, under base accusation of fraud; and in 1321 he died at Ravenna. Some few years afterwards, honours, almost divine, were paid to his memory; for Dante is the idol of Italy, as Shakspeare is of England.

Each flourishing at a period when letters were but in their dawn, each has created a language, imagery, and idioms peculiarly their own; new fashions, new tastes, and customs have rendered obsolete, and almost unintelligible, some of their allusions, and expressions; yet through centuries, and ages, their fame, and veneration still blooms; while other bards are forgotten; and the greatest that have survived in either country acknowledge the supremacy of the genius of these two.

In front of the Sarcophagus of Michael Angelo are three weeping figures of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. On it is his bust, and by his own desire, the monument is so placed that he seems to regard the dome of the cathedral erected by Brunellesco, and from which he conceived and executed, the still grander cupola of St. Peter's. This is altogether a superb monument, and is further very memorable as having first kindled the embers of reflection and genius in the soul of one whom Italy greatly vaunts — Alfieri; — whose young mind, only seventeen, was then at war within itself from consciousness of, but inability to combat with, idleness and dissipation, and which had not yet encountered any adequate excitement to arouse his slumbering energies, and urge him to be a Man. It is recorded in his life, written by himself, and these are his words:

"La tomba di Michelangelo in S^{a} Croce fu una delle poche cose che mi fermassero; e su la memoria di quell' uomo di tanta fama feci una qualche riflessione, e fin da quel punto sentii fortemente che non riuscivano veramente grandi fra gli uomini che quei pochissimi che aveano lasciata alcuna cosa stabile fatta da loro."

The tomb of Michael Angelo in S^{a} Croce was one of the few things that arrested me. I began to reflect on the memory of one so renowned, and finally I felt vehemently that even of the great among mankind none had lived to a good end but those very few who had left something permanent and stable of their own creation.

How deeply, eternally, important; and yet how slight, how imperceptible to all around, are those first impulses that strike in early years upon the soul, and, breeding there, lead on to fame, or infamy! How vital then, how affecting, the care of those by whom the infant mind is moulded for ever to weal or to woe!

Further on is the tomb of Alfieri, erected by his wife the Countess of Albany, the last remnant of the royal blood of the Stuarts. It represents Italy, crowned, mourning at the Sarcophagus of her poet, it is enriched by a basso-rilievo head of Alfieri, and is adorned with appropriate laurel wreaths, lyres, and masks:—the work of Canova.*

Alfieri has left behind him the fame of a poet, and the character of a patriot. But pride, aristocratical pride, unbounded, filled his entire soul, and the lustre of his public career is dimmed by the recollection of some of his private conduct.

Machiavelli is recorded in this very pithy epitaph.

* This monument having been erected about the time that the French were despoiling Italy of its treasures, the following pasquinade was affixed at Rome upon that now mutilated, but once witty, effigy.

Questa volta Canova l'ha sbagliata,
Ha l'Italia vestita, ed è spogliata.

Sure;—Canova this time has made a mistake:
He shows Italy rob'd when she's bare as a stake.

Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium.
Nicholaus Machiavelli
Ob. A. D. 1527.*

And Galileo's bones are also here whose long panegyric now declares him who when living was so persecuted and despised, as

"Nulli ætatis suæ comparandus."†

Behind the high altar are some very curious, and antique, paintings by Agnolo Gaddi in allusion to the discovery of the true Cross. In the year 356, St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, being at Jerusalem, and shocked at the profanation of a temple of Venus occupying the site where perhaps the Holy Sepulchre had been, ordered it to be rased to the ground. Remains confirmatory of her predictions were found, but, above all, the three Crosses were there. Now, the difficulty was to ascertain the holy one; and alas! no clue, no conjecture, or effort, appeared feasible, till finally a reverend bishop ordered them all to be carried to the house of a sick woman. Here he tried the virtue of the two first without effect, but no sooner was the patient lifted from her bed, and placed upon the right Cross, than she immediately became whole!

* To such a name no eulogium is adequate. Niccolo Machiavelli died A. D. 1527.

† In his day incomparable.

22d.—The Cathedral of Florence was undertaken in the year 1298, though not completed till about 1470. Its dome was the glory of Brunelleschi, and the object of Michael Angelo's unceasing admiration; for even in death he desired that his bust on his tomb might be so placed as if he could still view that paragon of architectural skill which had emboldened him to execute that yet more stupendous monument the cupola of St. Peter's. Its length is about 420 feet by 360.

In 1439 was held within its sacred walls that venerable council of the Greek Emperor, and his Patriarchs, in union with the Roman Pontiff, and prelates, mutually agreeing on one holy, and indissoluble, faith; but the subjoined inscription then affixed in the church will best explain.

Sacrosancta Œcumenica decima septa synodus hac in Florentina Basilica celebrata, in quâ tam Græci quam Latini in unam eandemque veram fidem consensere, coram Eugenio IV. Universalis Ecclesiæ Pontifice, necnon Joanne Augusto, Græcorum Imperatore, Anno Domini, 1439.*

And again:

Ad perpetuam rei memoriam. Generali Concilio Florentie celebrato, post longas disputationes unio Grecorum facta est in hac ipsa Ecclesia die 6ta Julii, 1439; presidente eidem concilio Eugenio, Papa, cum Latinis Episcopis, et Prelatis, et Proceribus

* The seventeenth Holy Œcumenical Council has been celebrated in this cathedral of Florence, in which, both Greeks and Latins have united in one, the same, and true, Faith, ir. the presence of Eugene IV, Chief Bishop of the Universal Church, and of John Augustus, Emperor of the Greeks, A. D. 1439.

Grecorum in copioso numero; sublatisque erroribus in unam eandemque rectam fidem quam Romana tenet Ecclesia, consenserunt.*

In the cathedral is the portrait of Dante, already alluded to; and another, supposed of our countryman, Sir John Hawkwood, who died in the time of Richard II. As there are no chapels ranged along its naves to display sculpture, and the lighter beauties of architecture, this cathedral has a comparatively naked, and desolate effect; while the light that finds its way with difficulty through the dome is so scanty that the general darkness increases the sombre, and little inviting, appearance of the interior of this edifice, certainly far more promising, and splendid, in its exterior form, and case of black, and white, marble.

The Campanile is the handsomest building of the kind I have hitherto seen, being a quadrangular tower of the height of 280 feet, composed of, and wrought with, beautifully variegated marbles, among which red is the predominant colour.

* For an everlasting remembrance. At a General Council held at Florence, after long continued disputations, an union with the Greeks was effected in this church on July 6, 1439. President, Pope Eugene, in company with many Latin bishops and prelates, and Greek elders and rulers. Moreover, all errors being expunged, they have united in that one, the same, and the true, faith held by the Roman Catholic church.

Is the church united? All its professors, believers, and the right faith at length proved after 1800 years disputations?

Attached to the Baptistery, which is supposed to have been a temple of Mars, are three bronze doors, two of which are so exquisitely sculptured, that Michael Angelo is reported to have said they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

They were ordered in commemoration, and in gratitude for the cessation of the plague in 1400. That on the south is by Andrew Pisano, representing the history of St. John the Baptist; that on the north, the life of Jesus Christ; and that on the east, the incidents of the Old Testament, both the latter by Ghiberti. The flowers, and birds, sculptured by this artist pass all praise.

Two Porphyry Columns at these gates were the gift of the Pisans to the Florentines in 1117 for a military service against the Lucccse:—yet, will it be believed, that over these doors, and from these columns, are suspended, in festoons, the chains of the harbour of Pisa, when taken by the Florentines in 1362.

24.—I have this day seen Canova's Venus. During the interval in which the Medicean Goddess graced the Louvre, this next best occupied her pedestal in the Gallery of Florence. Now restored to the Grand Duke, she has a boudoir to herself in his palace, where her figure is reflected, and multiplied, in every aspect by the lofty glasses that line the room.

Were I asked my opinion, I should say that this

is the most perfect, exquisite, and finished, delineation of mortal, female, beauty that the chisel ever shaped. I have expressed the word "mortal" in contrast to the Grecian Venus, which I would say is the semblance of heavenly purity, as the modern Venus is of earthly perfection. In the one statue the artist has disdained drapery, his divinity needed it not, there is "Heaven in her eye;" for the other, the words of the poet are, perhaps, the most applicable description I can give.

> "From her naked limbs of glowing white,
> Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand,
> In folds, loose floating, falls the fainter lawn;
> And fair exposed she stands, shrunk from herself,
> With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze
> Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn."

These lines are really appropriate, though I know not whether such was the idea of the sculptor, and I will only further add that, so exquisite is the beauty of this Nymph, that the imagination of the poet, bright as it is, might have kindled into a more fervent glow, had this Venus been his prototype.

26th Inst. MUSIC.—I have not hitherto spoken of music; and it may perhaps surprise those who, like myself, anticipated the delights of Italian strains to hear the declaration, that since I left Milan until my arrival here, all that I have heard, generally speaking, has been of the humblest kind.

To the opera, or Pergola, I have not been

from the indifferent report I have heard of it, but I shall ever delight in the recollection of that minor theatre, the Cocomero, and of the pleasure there inspired by Rossini's music of the opera of Edward, and Christina, aided by the incomparable tenor voice of Tacchinardi, and the yet more attractive warblings, and exquisite intonation, of the Prima Donna, Emilia Bonnini, supported by an admirable orchestra, and a masterly leader. I have gone whenever I could, and whenever unavoidably absent, have felt all the languor of regret.

How melodious must be the voices of these two I have named, when it is known that all the rest are just proportionably indifferent; and that the chorusses are the most nasal, and discordant, noises ever heard.

The price of admission to the Italian theatres is so small that the talent engaged must bear a proportionate ratio; for the same reason an opera once produced is played every night, sometimes for months. Rossini is the favourite of the day, and he adapts his melodies, perhaps from his genius, perhaps from his policy, to the taste of the modern Italian audiences.

This Opera is one of the most expressive I ever listened to: one might close the eye, yet divine the action by the melody. A Quintett in the first act is the most delicious concord of sweet sounds ever inhaled by mortal ears; and a Solo in the

second act by Tacchinardi is sublime. Generally speaking, Rossini has not the energy, the loftiness, the sublimity of music that stuns, and shakes, the soul:—take one example, the last scene of Don Giovanni by Mozart: Rossini's is the power to penetrate into the remotest depths, and very soul, of harmony; and ever and anon to produce those captivating, melodious, expressive, strains that steal upon, subdue, and fill up, every sense.

Of all the enjoyments of earth, Music is the only one we hope to partake of in heaven:—and why?—because it is the purest. Other delights have somewhat sensual; some alloy of the grosser particles of human feelings;—Music is pure as the Vestal flames which were kindled only by the rays of the sun; and, when enjoying its power, we approximate something nearer to that heaven where the Deity sits enthroned, and to whom the Angels are ever quiring.

It is Dante, I believe, in his Inferno, who speaks of some one meeting there a melodious songster of the earth, and intreating a strain. While he sings, all the troubled spirits crowd around, forgetting their woes till their jailer drives them back! It was Orpheus's lyre that gained him admission into hell. Pluto and Proserpine shed tears at his melody: the wheel of Ixion stopped: Tantalus forgot his thirst: the stone of Sisyphus ceased to roll: the Furies relented!

Music is that soft language, or as Petrarch beautifully terms it

Il parlar che nell' anima si sente.
The language of the soul.

Instantaneously it can pierce the heart; can recall the past; can conjure up the delights, and the sorrows, that are gone by; and keep up soft converse in the soul with the best, and purest, affections of the mind.

A few notes shall strike some sympathetic chord within; elicit some fond, heart-entwined, recollections; and, instantly, the friend of our choice, or the idol mistress of our soul, shall be with us, and, as it were, in us, diffusing the pleasingly melancholy remembrances of days that are past; and like a pure spirit, mingling with our present existence. By music, devotion is heightened; passion is assuaged, or excited; affection kindled; hope cherished: the lively dance, and the spirits, are exhilarated; man rushes to battle, and to death, at the sound of martial music:—and it is—"the food of love."

Tell me, ye who can, any sensation so exquisite, so pure, so refined, as the concord of sweet sounds by the side of Her we love; when, forgetting aught else, and all around, we breathe the impassioned soul; and inhale the responsive sigh!

Vallombrosa.—The 28th was given to an excursion to the Abbey of Vallombrosa, a spot which

Milton is said to have visited, and from which he is supposed to have painted some of the scenic imagery of Paradise Lost. Ariosto alludes to it thus:

——— Vallombrosa
Cosi fu nominato una badia
Ricca e bella, non men religiosa;
E cortesa a chiunque vi venia.*

Though the day was remarkably fine, yet as there prevailed at the time we were there an haziness around the distant scenery, we did not ascend the summit of the mountain, nor mount the lesser cliff where is a smaller monastery, distinguished as the Paradisino, from the enchanting landscape it commands. My praise of the scenery must therefore be confined to the ride which leads to the convent, and to the romantic views immediately around it.

It is environed by an amphitheatre of hills, and groves of lofty firs: seclusion, and romantic solitude, form its chief characteristics: with which impression on the mind, I transcribe an effusion, dictated on the spot, by a train of pensive thoughts.

Written at Vallombrosa, 1821.

In these lone shades, where solitude e'er reigns;
Far from the world, and all its sick'ning pains,
Here let me muse, and hush'd be every strife,
Remote from man, and vain, delusive life:

* Vallombrosa, an abbey thus named, equally wealthy, picturesque, and pious; and courteous also to every visitor.

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Mid scenes which, erst, the classic muse did sing
And Milton soaring with sublimer wing.
Here may the heart, when sadd'ning thoughts inspire,
Flee from mock mirth, and into self retire;
Friendship betray'd may here some solace find
To heal the wound still rankling in the mind.
Here too may some fond youth of generous mould,
Whose heart responded to the tale he told,
Whose idol mistress to adore was pleasure,
His heart's chief life, and soul's best treasure,
Find a fit place to mourn his hapless lot,
And sigh o'er love profaned and vows forgot.
Some one unfit to feel, just fit to feign,
A mimic love, to give another pain.
Whose fashion-phrase, or mode, or dress more spruce,
Or dashing vice, may offer some excuse
To show the bitter slight, or cold disdain,
Or words of scorn to love that pleads in vain;
To sink the soul, oppress it more and more,
And bleed the fainting heart at every pore.
Or here, perchance, may flee some maiden true,
Firm of resolve to bid the world adieu;
Of him she fondly loved, by fate bereft,
No hope, no joy, or peace, to her is left;
To memory's woes she gives the live-long day,
Weeps o'er the past, and sighs her soul away.
Or here may pine some yet more hapless maid
Honour abused, and virgin faith betray'd:
Retirement best suits with wounded pride,
And woe that springs from shame who would not hide?
Like some fair vase of alabaster hue,
Of purest form, and exquisite to view,
If once defaced, deform'd, by hands profane,
Or lustre lost by some foul, tainted, flame,
The beauteous object, late the general pride,
To pity, scorn, neglect, is thrown aside.

But to proceed regularly. This Abbey was founded about the eleventh century by a noble of

Florence, Giovanni Gualberti, of whom and of his flight from the devil, there remains on record, this curious legend. Being at prayers in the forest, he was attacked by Satan, who pursued him hotly to the brink of a precipice, down which he meant to hurl him. The Saint, on the verge of destruction, touched, or leant against, a rock close by: the adamant yielded to the pressure, and admitted his whole body; the devil, in his haste, shot past the rock, and down the gulph, while the Saint got out, and walked home!

But few remains now of this once peopled monastery. From the Padre Foresticro, or Rev. Monk, commissioned to receive strangers, we experienced every kind hospitality, though our visit extended but to two or three hours, and did not afford time to inspect their museum of natural history, nor any other memorable object except the church, which contains a portrait of an English Benedictine Monk of this convent, and who in the last century became famous for his recovery of the art of Scagliola: Father Hugford.

The verses of Milton allusive to Vallombrosa are these:

> So on he fares, and to the border comes
> Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
> Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green
> As with a rural mound, the champaign head
> Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild
> Access denied; and overhead up grew

Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
A sylvan scene: and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

And again the poet in his first book of Paradise Lost, says—

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa where the Etrurian shades
High o'er arch'd embower.

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CHAPTER XVI.

MOZZI PALACE—BENVENUTI'S PICTURE—POGGI PALACE—MICHAEL ANGELO'S ADONIS—BOBOLI GARDENS—THE GRAND DUKE AT THE PLAY—COUNTESS OF ALBANY AND ALFIERI—FLORENCE SCULPTURE—BARTOLINI, AND CHARGES UPON SENDING TWO VASES TO ENGLAND—DEPARTURE FOR ROME—SIENNA—THE CATHEDRAL—ANTIQUE MOSAIC—POPES—GRECIAN GRACES—BATHS OF ST. PETER AT LA SCALA—SULPHUR CAVES—NATURAL CAMEOS, &c.—RADICOFANI—ANCIENT VOLSCIUM—BOLSENA AND BASALT COLUMNS—BACCANO—ROME—SKETCH OF THE JOURNEY, AND EXPENSES.

AT the Mozzi Palazzo at Florence is a very fine painting by Benvenuti, who is President of the Royal Academy of Arts. The subject is that of the Saxons swearing allegiance to Bonaparte after the fatal battle of Jena. The scene is torch-light, with an imperfect view of the city. Napoleon, whose portrait here is asserted to be one of the most accurate known, and I can easily credit it, standing in a firm attitude, and with a most impressive aspect, receives the last promises of the Duke of Brunswick, upheld by his attendants, and o'er whose war-worn; and venerable face, already death begins to shadow his ghostly pall. The troops around their commander extend, generally, their arms while taking the oath of fealty, and near to Napoleon are introduced his brother Jerome, with Murat, St. Cyr, Berthier and others.

This picture has really all the impressive solemnity, and deep feeling which the subject demands, aided by the scenic effect of night, and uncertain, glimmering, fires. It very far surpasses, in my opinion, the other production of the same artist in the Corsini Palace, representing the Death of Priam: and where, among other pictures, is one by Carlo Dolci, a demi figure of Poetry, represented as crowned with laurels, and draped in a blue robe embossed with golden stars. For this painting, certainly a most beautiful production, very large sums have been vainly offered by English amateurs.

The Poggi Palace, a country retirement of the Grand Duke, from June to September, and only at a distance of about two miles, has nothing very memorable throughout its range of rooms;—the best thing for me to note is a Dying Adonis, sculptured by Michael Angelo. The attitude may appear, as many of this artist's productions do, somewhat forced, and constrained; the boar is introduced under, and as it were compressed by Adonis's legs, but the expression of the heaven-favoured, yet dying, mortal is admirable: subdued by death, yet still struggling with love of life, and one might say, with recollections of his celestial Goddess.

At the avenues of the Poggi Palace are the statues of Petrarch and Dante, for on this spot they

were accustomed to recite their verses to the people.

The best promenade of Florence is perhaps the Boboli Gardens, attached to the Pitti Palace. They are very extensive, commanding by their elevation beautiful prospects, and being very profusely adorned with statues; some of which possess merit. Their chief attraction is in consisting entirely of evergeens; ilex, cypress, fir, bay, laurel, laurestinus, &c. They are the largest gardens in Italy which thus at all times, and even in the depth of winter, preserve the verdure of summer.

The Florentines are said to be content with the existing form of government, but which I have understood to be almost arbitrary, and dependent upon the will of the Grand Duke. One curious, and extraordinary proof of this is occasionally given at the theatres. When His Imperial, and Royal Highness honours the house with his presence, not choosing to stay late, yet preferring the last part of a performance to the first, then the last part is played before the first; and when the Grand Duke, and family, have retired, then the audience are indulged with seeing the beginning where the end should be.—This is a stretch of independent will which Napoleon in the utmost plenitude of his power, and idolization, never thought of attempting.

Louisa, Countess of Albany, Princess of Stol-

berg, the last descendant of the royal Stuarts, and the widow of Alfieri, I should have wished to have seen. Proud of her affinity to the crown of England, though the descendant of an exiled monarch, she bears on her carriage, &c. the royal arms of England, and, as I understand, preserves a Court etiquette as strict as the Grand Duke of Tuscany himself. Time must have withered her charms, and impaired her powers; but, though I know her not, I can but think highly of one who swayed so long, and powerfully, the heart of him whom Italy prizes so highly, who, in his writings, has so distinguished, and beautifully depicted, her; and this, moreover, after possessing her as a wife for twelve years, concluding his panegyric by saying—

"Ma in lei si innalza, addolcisce, e migliorasi di giorno in giorno il mio animo."* (Vita d'Alfieri.)

Florence is famed for its cheapness of sculpture, as well as for the many professors of it; and, in truth, it is no little amusement to go from Studio to Studio, and admire the innumerable, and some admirable copies in alabaster, and marble, from all celebrated originals, modern, or antique; as well as vases, tripods, with every other species of elegant, and fanciful, embellishment.

Among the best professors is Bartolini, who seems selected by the English to perpetuate their

* For, through her, day by day, is my mind elevated, comforted, and ameliorated.

phizzes; since here may be seen busts without number of those—Whose names are known to fame and those—Who scarcely have a name.

In this Studio I selected two large, and beautiful, Alabaster Vases, paying the price agreed for them; also for the box to pack them in, &c. and gave directions for sending them to England. As they were meant for a present, I much wished to pay every possible contingency of expense up to their delivery, but this being asserted to be impossible, I parted with a strict understanding upon honour (I wish it had been upon paper) that the whole further charges should not exceed One Pound. During my absence from England, and in about two months after purchase, they were delivered in London with this bill.

Account of charges upon a case received from Florence by the Schooner —— and delivered to ——.

	£	s.	d.
Amount paid the Sculptor's Agents at Florence and Leghorn	1	15	9
Foreign Postage 3*s.* 10*d.*—Entry 6*s.* ..	0	9	10
Duty 2*s.* 6*d.*—Officers and Men at Custom House 2*s.*—Landing, Wharfage, &c. 4*s.*	0	8	6
Porterage and Delivery, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Commission 10*s.*	0	17	6
Freight, Primage, Pierage	1	11	0
	5	2	7

Upon hearing of this demand, long afterwards, I was very indignant, and wrote instantly to desire it might not be paid, since I could prove it to be contrary to all previous agreements; and deemed it therefore, either a gross surcharge, or mistake.

In the intermediate time however, it had been paid; but, in consequence of some remonstrance, the London agent had ventured to deduct 20*s*.

Upon my return to town, I explained the case to this agent, who promised his efforts to obtain redress, but I have long since abandoned all idea of this, more particularly as three houses are respectively concerned in the matter:—the Florentine artist; the Leghorn, and London, agents.

I do not insert this trifling occurrence with any vindictive feelings; I merely speak of it as a caution to any who may subsequently make such, or more extensive, purchases, with a recommendation, unless they are utterly regardless of the cost of the article to have a specific agreement, to cover all contingent charges.

Sunday.—On the ensuing Wednesday, it is fixed that we set off for Rome. If it be allowable to speak of pains proceeding only from disappointed anticipation, I may be allowed to speak of mine arising from the absence of the British Ambassador, Lord Burghersh.

To Florence at large his present stay in England is matter of regret; to Englishmen his loss is more severe.

To his mansion all who were worthy were welcome, and to his own countrymen, once properly introduced, a reception there, was naturally a passport to the circles of the other English, and Florentine, nobility. For myself, I had that introduction which I may justly think would have brought me within the sphere to which His Excellency extended his favours; and as I know of few objects more valuable to a traveller than an insight into the manners, and modes, of foreign society, I must proportionately lament the chance which has thus deprived me of this range of visiting. Nevertheless, I have had the advantage of admission into some other superior circles, and from the circumstance of being directed by chance into a house where I became very intimate with its most agreeable inmates, I have less felt the want of, or the wish for a more extended circle of visiting. I am happy here to record Miss W. daughter of General Sir Charles W. whose amiability deserves more than this brief notice; nor do I forget Miss H. who, to the advantages of birth, unites the charms of person, and of talent, with the vivacity of the liveliest of dispositions.

Intimacy with Mrs. H. and the young lady, led to some gallantry, from a certain young gentleman of the party to Miss H. and it having been reported, whether truly or no, I cannot tell, that the said lady had exercised her skill in miniature

painting by a sketch of his portrait, on the ensuing morning, this effusion was accordingly presented to her.

Address to a Young Lady who drew the Author's Portrait.

Matilda deigns her talents bright
To bid the pencil trace
A Head; and, thus, recall to sight
Th' expression of the face.

To fading colours she refers
The features to impart:—
To me such aid needs not;
For Hers are graven on my heart.

5th Inst.—At length it was decided to leave Florence with all its attractions, and, accordingly at eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning we set out for Rome, sleeping at Poggibonsi the first night, and reaching Sienna the next morning. Here purer Italian is said to be spoken, commonly, than in most other cities of Italy. Our short stay allowed little more than an inspection of the Cathedral.

The town is built on volcanic ground, and one eruption in 1797 did incalculable damage. So irregular, and hilly, is Sienna that the Baptistery, adjoining the Cathedral, is just under it, so that through an iron lattice in the pavement of the church one may look down into the other building. This Cathedral was erected in the thirteenth century, and the present façade (its second) was the work of

two Siennese architects, Agnolo, and Agostino. It is very striking from the profusion, and crowding, of minute ornaments cut in the stone windows, columns, doors, and everywhere else, externally. The pavement near the choir, after having been much worn, is now carefully preserved by a wooden covering, it being inlaid with the most ancient species of mosaic work known, done by Beccafumi, surnamed Meccarino, and by Duccio de Buoninsegna.

It is formed by the intermixture of white and grey marble, hatched with black mastic. The incidents best represented are the Sacrifice of Isaac: Jephtha's rash vow: and Moses striking the rock.

The Vestry possesses the Catholic Musical Service, with the Psalms, admirably written on vellum, and beautifully illuminated by the Monks.

Around the vault of the nave, and choir, are a set of heads of Popes in *terra cotta*. It can hardly be supposed that these should be accurate. The first of the series is Jesus Christ, having the dark complexion of a Moor, and an Oriental turban; next to him is St. Peter, holding the keys of heaven, and hell; and the last of the number is Alexander III.

The greatest rarity of Sienna is an antique group, of Grecian sculpture, dug up under the church, and there treasured, commonly called the Graces.

Much might be expected from such a promise as

this, yet, so mutilated are these relics, that the effect is almost destroyed. The central figure is headless; several of the arms are wanting, and there are several patches. Some beauty, and grace, there certainly is; but, with all due deference to antiquity, I very much prefer some similar groups of modern execution.

On the ensuing night we slept at Buonconvento; and about eleven o'clock the following morning, breakfasted at La Scala. Here three of the party, including myself, hired horses to visit the Baths of St. Peter, at a distance of about seven miles, and were not a little gratified in our exploration of volcanic wonders. The streams that flow around smoke perceptibly, and are too hot for the hand to bear long; the odour, and taste, strongly sulphureous. Dr. Vegni was the first who produced a work of art simply by the operation of the water, which being scattered in spray, the calcareous particles settle on moulds properly placed, and thus gradually produce a cameo, or intaglio, according to the impression. I bought an oval, cameo, head of Julius Cæsar; the time it had taken to form was six weeks.

We then proceeded to the Sulphur Caves. All around exhibited the appearance of volcanic devastation; the ground was split into yawning fissures, and caverns, down which we heard some distant roar, but whether from the operation of fire, or

water, we knew not; we saw beds of sulphur clouded by the mists arising from their own heat, and were struck with observing at one and the same place, as it were, the decomposition effected by the rising fumes of the sulphuric heat, and the petrifactions continually forming by the passage of the streams over the surrounding ground.

The same night we slept at La Novella, passing Radicofani, the frontier of Tuscany, on whose summit, picturesquely situated, is a now ruined fortress, partially, and beautifully, illumined, as we passed it, by the golden rays of a setting sun whose glories, like its own, were sinking fast away. This height is nearly 2500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano.

On Saturday, we entered the Papal States at Ponte Centino, and breakfasted at Bolsena, conjectured to be built upon the site of the ancient Volsinium.

Such scenes, and such situations, when first explored, and on the very road to Rome herself, excite those deep feelings so strictly in unison with a pilgrimage to the decayed, but Eternal, City.

In addition to the remains of the ancient Roman walls, and viæ, are the relics of an amphitheatre, a sculptured sarcophagus, and antique columns preserved in the church, which is further memorable from the asserted occurrence in 1263 of that miracle whence originates the Fête Dieu.

On the borders of the Lake of Bolsena, anciently Lacus Vulsinus, are a most striking series of prismatic, basalt, columns, all standing obliquely, and, as it were, shaken, and thus displaced, by some convulsion of nature.

Montefiascone, and Viterbo, at the foot of Monte Cimino, anciently Mons Ciminus, lead to Ronciligione, and thence to Monterosi, where we slept on Sunday night. Proceeding through Baccano, along the Via Flaminia, and through the Porta del Popolo, originally erected by Aurelian, on Monday the 12th, we entered the Eternal City!

With respect to this journey from Florence to Rome, I had heard so very much of the insuperable disgusts, and disagreeables, attending it, that I am bound to say I think them exaggerated, and that the inns are not altogether so very, very filthy.

The ladies may well be allowed to complain, but, I think, that the men may manage to bear these temporary incommodities. We certainly had but meagre fare, though it was rather amusing in some instances to try, and contrive, how to procure our little comforts. Tea we took with us; but this being a luxury unknown in these parts, the deuce of a tea pot could be had. In this case, when sitting over a wood fire, we could get any sort of vessel, stewing pan, or fish pot, with, or without, a cover, we boiled the tea in it, and drank it out of tumblers, for want of cups, leaves and all, using a bit of bread instead of a spoon.

Sometimes the utmost we could achieve was to put the tea, each man in his own glass, and to pour the boiling water upon it. On one occasion, we thought ourselves famously well off in getting hold of a soup tureen, cover and ladle, in lieu of tea pot, tea cups, basin, and other appendages. Such trifles excite laughter, and fun, rather than long, or wry faces, and serve as a specimen of some part of this country.

At La Novella, where the poor peasantry, or wretched inn, possess neither butter, sugar, milk, meat, or cow, &c. being five in company we were obliged to sleep three in a miserable rafter room; two bed-rooms, one of which was the dining-room, being all they had: and it was at this place that, finding but one basin, and one towel, furnished for three people, I asked for two more towels. The good woman seemed quite amazed, exclaiming in bad Italian, "What! Three towels! How could you expect such a magazine!"

Our carriage was very comfortable, and our Vetturino did more than fulfil his promise, since, occasionally, without increasing his charge, he found, instead of four mules, five, or six, to draw it. These animals, however, being as slow as they are sure, and never deviating from their own pace, were the cause of our being regularly called at three o'clock in the morning, and once at two o'clock, starting in one hour after, one only day excepted,

when our Vetturino allowed us to sleep till seven o'clock, and thus we dragged on till about eight in the evening. However, even this inconvenience has its concomitant advantages, since it allows one to read, or sleep in the carriage, to observe, to walk, or to ride, at will.

The expense, every matter included, was not 200 paoli a-head. (About four pounds.)

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CHAPTER XVII.

ROME, REFLECTIONS ON—ST. PETER'S—PIAZZA—COLONNADES—EGYPTIAN OBELISK—FOUNTAINS—VESTIBULE—PORTA SANTA—INTERIOR—DIMENSIONS—TOMB OF ST. PETER—HIGH ALTAR—CUPOLA—MONUMENTS—ST. PETER'S STATUE—HISTORY OF ITS ERECTION—OBSERVATIONS—THEATRE OF MARCELLUS—JULIA, DAUGHTER OF AUGUSTUS—CHURCH OF ST. PAUL (WITHOUT THE WALLS)—DITTO OF ST. SEBASTIAN—MIRACLE—CATACOMBS—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA, AND POETICAL FICTION—TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS—FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA—NUMA POMPILIUS—CIRCUS OF CARACALLA—CHARIOTEERING, &c.—CANOVA, AND HIS SCULPTURES—PERSEUS—CREUGAS, AND DAMOXENUS—THORWALDSON, AND COMPARISON WITH CANOVA—PROCESS OF SCULPTURE.

ROME!

How varied, and overwhelming, the reflections that arise in this, the Eternal, City! The grand, the imposing, the stupendous, relics of the once greatest nation upon earth, which existeth no more!—the receptacle, the hallowed temple still of the noblest efforts, and attainments, that modern art has perfected! the Throne where the Holy Church displays her supremacy in the Papal power; whose Sovereign Pontiff, with his triple, mysterious, crown, has deemed even kings but as his vassals; and who still claims, as successor of St. Peter, the primacy of honour and authority, and dominion, throughout the entire Christian world!

In ranging through Roman monuments it were difficult for me to say which feeling most predominates,—admiration of her works of immortal art; admiration of the nation which raised them; or sorrow for her downfal, mixed with horror of the Barbarian invaders who wilfully and sacrilegiously destroyed her and her trophies! Twenty-five hundred years, and more, have revolved;—nations, and monarchs, have risen and sunk;—time has annihilated intermediate records, and events;—Rome has been pillaged, burnt, sacked, destroyed, and mouldered by the more destructive waste of passing centuries.

> "Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
> Some, hostile fury, some, religious rage;
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire."—(*Pope.*)

Yet still she remains in solemn, venerable, eternal, grandeur!

However, let us waive further mournful reflection. Hitherto, in entering a city of note, I have given a summary of its history. Of Rome, this were superfluous, and as, in speaking of its antiquities, I shall aim at recording some slight historical accounts connected with them, these may suffice instead of a regular, chronological, detail.

St. Peter's.—The noblest, the grandest, the most sumptuous, temple ever raised by man for the adoration of the Supreme God; and which,

great as were the glories of ancient Rome, and famed as was the temple of Jerusalem, rivals any, the proudest, record upon earth.

This Cathedral is built in a Piazza, supposed to have formed part of Nero's Circus where he formerly exhibited publicly his skill in charioteering, and where afterwards Christian Saints were martyred; the piazza, or square, is bounded by Colonnades which sweep on either hand in a semicircular form up to the portico of the temple. This range comprises 284 Doric columns, and 88 pilasters; their height is 61 feet; intermediate breadth 56; while they form on each side a triple portico, the central one sufficiently wide to admit two carriages a-breast. The entablature that surmounts them has a balustrade adorned with 192 Statues, each of the height of 11½ feet.

In the middle of this immense piazza is elevated an Egyptian Obelisk of red granite, remarkable as one of the very few of these vestiges of antiquity that remain entire: its own height is seventy-eight feet, but including its base it reaches to 124. Originally erected at Heliopolis by Nuncoreus, son of Sesostris, King of Egypt, it was transported to Rome by order of Caligula, and afterwards removed to its present site, in front of St. Peter's, by direction of Pope Sixtus V. Some idea of its vast weight may be formed by the knowledge that Fontana employed four months' labour, and the

power of forty-one machines, 800 men, and 160 horses applied at the same instant, to raise it from the ground wherein it had sunk, and to move it, though a distance of only 300 paces, from the spot where now is the vestry, although the yet greater difficulty was to raise it upon the pedestal where it at present stands:—the expense of these operations exceeded 200,000 francs.

On each side of the Obelisk are two Fountains of beautiful design. Perpetually throwing a column of water, nine feet high, reflecting, when the sun shines upon the sparkling spray, all the colours of the rainbow: the waters fall gracefully into a basin of Oriental granite, of fifty feet circumference, and thence into a deeper of eighty-nine feet.

Exquisite contrast! We gaze with awe upon the ponderous Obelisk; we would fain fathom its hidden mysterious meanings. We view it imperishable, vast, profound! enduring still since the remotest ages! We look at the Fountains, the ear soothed by their murmurs; the balmy air refreshed by their playful agitations; the eye delighted by their sparkling coruscations! Nature ever young, and fresh!

The façade of the church executed by Carlo Maderno, rises to the height of 150 feet; its Corinthian columns are eight feet, three inches in diameter, and eighty-eight feet high, while on the balustrade that surmounts the attic are thirteen statues, each seven-

teen feet in height, personifying Christ, and his twelve Apostles.

The magnificent Portico, or Vestibule, fit approach to such a temple, is 439 feet long, 37 broad, and 62 high; its columns are marble, its ceiling richly gilt, and it is terminated on either end by an Equestrian Statue of Constantine, and Charlemagne.

Five doors conduct to the interior; the principal being adorned with bassi rilievi in bronze; here is La Porta Santa, or Holy Door now shut, and opened but once in twenty-five years,—at the time of the Jubilee, the institution of Boniface VIII, originally commemorated but once in a century, yet subsequently, from the cupidity of successive Pontiffs, celebrated four times in that period. On this great occasion the Holy Door is thrown down, the Pope first passes through; but the crowds which throng after him stop, ere they pass, devoutly to scramble for the broken bits of brick, and mortar, that tumble from the surrounding wall. In this door is inserted a bronze Cross, an object of great general devotion, as those who enter the church from religious motives, previously reverently kiss it.

But it was on first entering the sacred edifice that I was dumb with astonishment; its grandeur, sublimity, simplicity, and magnificence, seize the soul; we seem struck with the consciousness of our own insignificance; of our inability to conceive

such a glorious work of art; in time, the mind dilates, and expands, with the sense of its own powers here so proudly displayed; while the soul soars to that Heaven, and to that God, to whose divinity, and to whose glory, this temple is consecrated!

Its form is a Latin Cross, and its dimensions, according to a table affixed in the cathedral, are thus:

	Feet.
Height from pavement to top of the cross.	448
Length (exclusive of thickness of walls)	613
Breadth of transept	444
Breadth of central nave	78
Height of columns	80
Diameter of lantern	27
Ditto of ball	8

Its lateral Chapels are about twenty feet broad, each;—at the intersection of the Nave and Transept stands the glorious, illuminated Tomb of St. Peter, while the vista is terminated by the sumptuous High Altar crowned by the Chair of the Apostle. The walls are encrusted with the choicest marbles; the arches, and ceilings, splendidly gilt; adorned with armorial bearings, coffers, roses, festoons, wreaths, medallions, doves, angels, &c. the niches, and chapels, enriched with the perfection of mosaic work, in glowing, and ever durable copies of the most celebrated pictures; any one of them a source of endless admiration and delight;

and here, too, are the finest productions of sculpture in monumental tombs, effigies, and statues,—works which may commemorate Sovereigns, and Pontiffs, but which immortalize the genius of the artist who created them.

Around the Tomb of St. Peter, 112 costly lamps perpetually burn, surmounted by a Canopy which is supported by four spiral, bronze, columns, gilt, of the Composite order, each of the height of 34 feet; the total elevation to the top of the cross above this sumptuous canopy being 122 feet, when measured from the pavement. Below, a double circular staircase, surrounded by a balustrade, leads to the ancient repository of the body of the Saint: the walls also, and pavement, being formed of the choicest and most variegated precious stones, and marbles.

The grand Nave is terminated circularly, and contains the majestic High Altar, above which is the bronze and gold Chair, supported by four colossal figures, representing the Fathers of the Church; and having enclosed within it the original one, wherein St. Peter, and his immediate successors are said to have officiated.

One stained window of yellow beams introduces the Holy Dove, and a golden Glory finishes this sumptuous terminating altar at the majestic height of 174 feet.

Yet the grander, the more sublime, gratification

is to lift one's eyes to the matchless, glorious Cupola that ranges in the clouds; here, floods of azure light perpetually stream, assimilating, as it were, with the golden elevation, shedding soft celestial beams, and ever playing about that Dome that is planted in the earth, yet soars aloft amid the skies.

On the frieze of the entablature within the cupola is inscribed this sentence, the great hinge and support of the Roman Catholic creed.

"Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum." *

So harmonious are the proportions of this cathedral that we are not aware of its colossal magnitude till we proceed to examine its details: the arches, the dome, the altar, we acknowledge to be stupendously grand; yet the accompaniments, the ornaments, the figures, appear suited to ourselves; nevertheless, in one figure, that of the Evangelist, St. Mark, comparatively, little elevated, and apparently of our own size, the pen that he holds is about six feet in length.

It were vain, and long, indeed, to attempt to describe the sculptures, the pictures, the riches of this basilick.

Among the monuments is Canova's unparalleled one to Pope Clement 13th, of the house of Rez-

* Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church, and to thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

zonico. The Pope is in his pontifical robes on his knees; a colossal figure of Religion bearing the Cross; the Genius of Death sighing at the foot of the sarcophagus, and holding the torch of life reversed, the flame just expiring; and two recumbent lions, the one asleep, the other aroused:—both these animals are so living fine, that we dread to approach either; we fear to awaken the one, or to provoke the other.

Who would wish to live, or fear to die, that could obtain immortality by such a monument as this?

Near the Tomb of St. Peter is his statue sitting, being a bronze figure of the size of life, formerly a Jupiter Capitolinus, now, by the addition of a couple of keys, and other appropriate appendages, transmuted into the Saint. His right foot projects beyond the pedestal; all Catholics who enter the church first kiss, and then rub their foreheads against this foot. So many million times has this been done that the bronze is smoothed, and much worn away.

In the Transept are Confessionals for almost every modern tongue—English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Greek, German, Turkish, Oriental, &c.

So massive are the walls of St. Peter's that they resist all the varying influence of the seasons: here, at this period of winter, whatever be the outward

cold, the cathedral inside is uniformly warm, and pleasant, hence one reason of its becoming a public promenade; Yesterday, Sunday, from four to five o'clock, after vespers in the Capella del Coro, where there is sometimes excellent music, and a grand display of English, it was, as usual, paraded by some of the most attractive fair loungers I have hitherto seen.

To Religion then is this splendid pile consecrated: to the High Priest of the Christian Church is it specially intrusted: in Rome, the ancient Queen of Nations, is it erected.

Visitants from all quarters, and of all ranks, here congregate, from the Sovereign Pontiff, and the haughty Cardinal, in their sumptuous robes, to the poor pilgrim with his simple scrip, rosary, and staff. Anon we observe the living varying throngs, and then we gaze in ceaseless admiration of the majestic pile and all its glorious beauties, till the rapt contemplation bursts through and soars even beyond that towering Dome which seems itself to aspire to the skies!

It remains for me to explore the range of subterranean chapels beneath the tomb of St. Peter; and to mount to the top of the cathedral in order to obtain a better view of its construction.

Originally, Constantine erected in the year 306, a temple on the site of this to the honour of Peter. In 1450, this, from necessity was rased to the

ground, and Pope Nicholas V first undertook the erection of a new cathedral. In 1508, Julius II laid the foundation stone of one of the pillars of the dome, and Bramante has the greater merit of its present design. Under Leo X, who employed Raphael, with other architects, its original plan of a Latin Cross, was reduced to a Greek one. Under Paul III, Michael Angelo laboured to restore it to the form of the Greek Cross, which his immediate predecessor, Sangallo, had spoilt by his attempts to build as a Latin one; and by Michael Angelo was that Cupola completed which alone would immortalize him. Finally, during the reign of Paul V, Carlo Maderno finished it by once more altering it to its present form, the Latin Cross, and by him also was designed the present façade. The time occupied, therefore, in the erection of this fabric was above 150 years; six-and-twenty Pontiffs reigned during this period, and gave it their attention: the cost is hardly known. In 1694 it was estimated to have amounted to 251,450,000 francs; many are the subsequent decorations of gilding, mosaics, pictures, &c. besides a new vestry, which has consumed about 5,000,000 francs.

Such is St. Peter's generally. After this, to say it has defects may sound harsh; but I may at least say that in one or two instances it might be better; such at least is the impression upon one who, without being a professed judge, and critic, may have

a mind fitted for the perception of beauty, uninfluenced by arbitrary rules of art, or critical dogmas. Michael Angelo designed its interior as a Greek Cross—Carlo Maderno made it a Latin. How much more gratifying to the eye, expansive, comprehensive, and noble is the first rather than the last.

Its façade again by Maderno—grand as it undoubtedly may be, is it appropriate, pure, or proportionate, having the show of a palace-front, not the solemnity of a cathedral; split into many sections, and so unhappily screening that majestic dome which in our cathedral of St. Paul's so immediately and admirably arrests and delights the gaze?

The towering genius of Bonarotti had designed a front similar to the majesty of the Pantheon!

But it is in the interior of the church when the spectator turns back from the high altar, that he must acknowledge that the reverse of the façade, and this termination is little in unison with the surrounding glories.

But enough—to revert to its beauties; here are the sculptures of Rossi, Bernini, Canova; his exquisite monuments of Rezzonico, the royal Stuarts, and others; here are the paintings of Domenichino, Raphael, Guido, and Guercino;—but why enumerate these and all other arts here congregated? St. Peter's has a still higher claim; for man, fleeting man, whose days on earth are so few, but whose

existence is eternal, has here embodied a portion of that genius which, in whatever planet he may hereafter abide, shall ever declare that he once lived to fame in this!

Yesterday, 17th instant, was occupied by a drive round the skirts of Rome, or by making what our Vetturino, and Cicerone, chose to term "Il gran giro." Still we are favoured with the finest weather, and the most extraordinary Christmas I ever experienced. No sign yet of English winter, almost every day is uniformly sunny, and serene: in many parts the trees still retain their leaves, while the orange plant loaded with its luscious fruit is every where beheld in the open air. How grand and beautiful is the Umbrella Pine, occasionally seen in Italy!

The first place we reached was the Theatre of Marcellus, memorable as the second theatre built at Rome, and capable of containing more than 30,000 spectators. This edifice has ever been admired for its architectural beauty, however imperfectly such forms can now be traced; ruined by time; devastated by its use in troublesome periods as a fortress; then again converted into a palace; and finally, and at present, disfigured, and its fair proportions effaced, and choked up, by mean, and vile, temporary habitations.

This theatre was dedicated to Marcellus, son of Octavia, sister of Augustus, who married the Em-

peror's daughter, Julia, and was publicly avowed as successor to the throne. At the age of eighteen, however, he was suddenly cut off, and his mother, Octavia, never recovered the shock, but died of melancholy, about ten years before Christ.

Virgil pronounced his panegyric, and Octavia swooned on hearing it. The poet was remunerated with 10,000 sestertii * for every verse.

Of Julia, the royal bride of so estimable a man, it will be remembered that she was a second time married to Agrippa, and a third time to Tiberius, and that her beauty was equalled only by her wit, and her licentiousness. In the indulgence of her unbridled passions, and incontinence, she stopped at nought; her father banished her to the coast of Campania, and her husband, Tiberius, who had previously left her, when he succeeded to the regal purple, commanded her to be starved to death. A. D. 14.

We then drove to the Church of St. Paul, (without the walls) founded by Constantine, completed by Theodosius in 386, and once so glorious from the reputation of possessing the body of St. Paul that it became necessary to build a portico, nearly a mile long, for the better accommodation of the crowds that flocked to the church.

Now, deserted, cold, cheerless, and damp, it ex-

* A sestertius is about 2d. English (a fraction less.)

hibits a striking medley of ancient grandeur, and present neglect. The Sanctuary is the only part in tolerable repair, the interior 240 feet long, and 140 broad, has a roof of naked beams, and rafters, but along the nave are eighty Columns of the rarest marbles, twenty-four of which are said to have been taken from the tomb of Hadrian, of that kind known as Pavonazzo, delicately white, and streaked, or marked, with a violet hue. These pillars were among the rarest I have seen: being thirty-six feet high; eleven in circumference, and fluted.

On the frieze of the nave around the church is a register of Popes from St. Peter to the present; in number 253. The pavement is composed of fragments of ancient marbles, some bearing inscriptions, and there are ancient mosaics both without, and within, the church. Under the high altar is the corpse of St. Paul, though I may presume that this is now deemed apocryphal, for how else can we account for the neglect of a church once so honoured, and enriched, on that very score?

Next came the church of St. Sebastian, where the Saint reposes beneath a marble effigy beautifully sculptured by Giorgetti. Here also is a record of a miracle: that while Pope Gregory was administering mass, the Angel of God, whiter than snow, appeared to him, announcing this place

to be the sacred one where remission of sins might be obtained from the promises of Christ to St. Sebastian.

In this church we procured torches, and descended to the Catacombs beneath. Originally excavated to procure that sand, called Puzzolana, the Christians, during their persecutions, hid themselves in these dismal, grave-like, caverns to escape the martyrdom threatened, and to continue the celebration of their religion. Once, these excavations extended above twelve miles; now, choked up, they do not reach above four, while the few low-vaulted, wretched, rooms we explored, about five feet broad, and seven long, occasionally encountering a crucifix, or some sad memento of sufferings, sufficed for curiosity, and roused all the feelings of pity. The various ranges of excavations bear different names; that we were in was the Cemeterium Calixti. The dead had been deposited by their imprisoned brethren in the cavities, and niches, between the walls, closing them afterwards, with brick, or stone. It was not unusual to delineate on these walls a representation of a martyrdom: here was seen a Christian thrown into a cauldron of boiling water; and elsewhere some other horrid death; mottos, also, expressive of their cruel situation, have been traced; one of which ran thus:—

O tempora infausta, quibus, inter sacra et vota, ne cavernis quidem, salvari possumus.*

The old records of the church assert that fourteen Popes, and 170,000 martyrs have here mouldered into dust.

On the Appian Way may be seen afar off, the massive Tomb erected by Crassus in honour of his wife Cecilia Metella; being a beautiful circular edifice eighty-nine feet in diameter, and meant, one may suppose, to last for ever, the walls having no superincumbent weight to support, yet being of the extraordinary thickness of twenty feet. Nothing has been found here, nor probably ever was deposited, except the Sarcophagus; and that has been removed by Paul III to the Farnese Palace. This original inscription remains to this hour on the walls:

Caiciliæ
Q. Cretici F.
Metellæ Crassi.

Implying the tomb of Cecilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Metellus Creticus, and wife of Crassus.

On the frieze there yet remain some bassi rilievi; and, in addition to the picturesque, and striking, beauty of this massive monument are the recollections excited by the poetical fiction of the antiquary Boissard.

* Oh! unhappy days, in which amid holy covenants, and ceremonies, not even in caverns are we safe.

Quodque in eo maxime mirandum est, artificio tam singulari composita est ea moles, ut Echo loquentium voces septies, et octies, distincte, et articulate, referat; ut in exequiis et funere quod Crassus uxori solemniter celebrabat, ejulatus plorantium multiplicaretur in immensum, non secus ac si Dii Manes, et omnes inferorum animæ, fatum Cæciliæ illius commiserati ex imo terræ continuis plangerent ploratibus, suum doloremque testarentur communem, quem lachrymis viventium conjunctum esse vellent.*

However, not even this poetical fiction, nor the hallowed repose due to the dead, averted the profanation, and the thunders, of war, and havoc; for, about the beginning of the fourteenth century the family of the Savelli here withstood a regular siege by a German army, and the fortress of the tomb, then impregnable, was finally honourably surrendered; afterwards during the civil commotions of the Roman Barons with their Pontiffs, the family of the Gaietani, having possessed themselves of this eternal pile, a second time used it as a fortress, and erected on its summit those battlements now crumbling into dust.

Once again all is hushed and still, and the ivy

* But what is most to be admired is the very curious construction of this pile, by which means, Echo distinctly, and articulately, repeats the human voice seven, and even eight, times; so that amid the funeral pomps which Crassus solemnly celebrated for his lost Cecilia, the sighs and lamentations of the weeping mourners were re-echoed as though the Spirits of the Dead, and the Infernal Deities themselves, bewailed her unhappy fate, and thus in the profundities of the grave mingled their ghostly wailings with the sorrows of the living.

of centuries, friend to the repose of the grave, has crept silently o'er, and around, all, seeking to hide with its ever-verdant leaf the unseemly havoc of cannon, and the unfitting turrets, and battlements, of war.

The Metelli were a Roman family who gave to their country both patriots and warriors. Cecilia's father, Metellus Creticus, was thus named from his conquests in Crete, about 60 years before Christ.

Illustrious by birth; blessed with a husband's love; the deeds of her sires chronicled in the page of history; her own monument eternal; what terrors could the tomb have for Metella?

The Romans were prodigal of monumental grandeur, but this has more; vast, venerable, eternal: the wide prospect around is desert of habitation; the city is distant; and the Angel of Desolation has laid human habitations low; Nature only renovates; ever verdant and here ever tranquil. The pilgrim may pause at this tomb, and may contemplate till the tumultuous passions of his bosom be hushed, and calm, as the air around!

Thence we proceeded to view another Tomb, far less striking in appearance, but equally interesting in its recollections; the subterranean tomb of the most illustrious patriots Rome ever gloried in—the Scipios.

This monument has not been revealed more

than forty years: the sarcophagi, busts, inscriptions, &c. have been removed to the Vatican, and of the story, built above the present excavation no vestige remains. Dark and dismal, as are these mouldering caverns after the lapse, and neglect, of 2000 years, methinks, the records yet remaining written on the walls; and the niches, where once reposed the bones of these illustrious dead, may kindle the flame of patriotism to light the dreary way.

A very different object comes next. The Fountain of Egeria, the Goddess Nymph whom Numa Pompilius, second King of Rome, is said to have been in the habit of visiting, and from her divine oracles to have received those precepts, and laws, which his people willingly obeyed.

Numa, who was married to Tatia, daughter of the King of the Sabines, spent his life in philosophic retirement. Called to the throne by the will of the people, at the death of Romulus, some celestial fiction was necessary to give currency to laws proposed by him for the government of so unsettled a state. He reigned 43 years to the benefit of ancient Rome, and died 672 years B. C.

The situation of the Grot is romantic, and retired; and still there issues from it the same pure stream which probably Numa, and other Romans, had quaffed, and which I, therefore, quaffed also. This flows on unaltered and unalterable; all else

is sad and ruinous. Yet so celebrated had this fountain become in the days of Juvenal, that he complains of the profusion of marble in his time, and that the waters did not stream away encompassed only by the verdant grass. (3d Book.)

The Fountain, according to Ovid, is the Nymph herself, who, inconsolable for the death of Numa, was thus dissolved in tears by the compassion of Diana (Ovid Met. 15, v. 547.) This may be no greater fiction than the identity of the sacred grot itself, for, in exploring ancient Rome, I repeat the uncertainty of the discovery of the classical relics whose ancient names, and sites, are often so positively fixed by moderns.

> " Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
> Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
> On what were chambers; arch crush'd, column strown
> In fragments, choked up vaults and frescos steep'd
> In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd
> Deeming it midnight:—Temples—Baths, or Halls?
> Pronounce who can——". *Childe Harold.*

But where even a conjecture, or chance, may light upon the identical spot; and no other place contests it, who, merely from the want of proof-positive, would forego the delights of such recollections; and the illusions, and fancies, of classic records?

It is with these feelings that I explore Rome, and that thus I attempt to delineate it. The Muses

may long since have fled the Egerian Vale, but the Romans, to this hour, preserve their veneration for the spot, since, on the first Sunday in May, they make a procession to it, feasting, singing, and dancing, and crowning themselves with flowers, after the manner of their ancestors; a vestige, probably of the ancient Floralia, or Games of Flora.

We then drove to the Circus of Caracalla, erected 1600 years ago; one of the smallest of the eight grand Circi for the exhibition of the public games, but the only one remaining in sufficient preservation to enable us to trace pretty accurately its various forms and arrangements. Few matters excite more forcibly the sense of Roman grandeur than the vastness of their places for public assembly. This Circus would hold about 20,000 spectators, but the Circus Maximus, erected by Tarquinius Priscus, would accommodate 350,000 people! Rome, preeminent in glory as in arts, in the thunders of war, as in the games of the Circus, even in her amusements soared above rival nations; and here her Emperor Nero, from the window of his "Golden Palace" which adjoined the Circus Maximus gave the signal nod for sports for which 300,000 Romans waited!

The different games of leaping, boxing, wrestling, hurling the quoit, and javelin, with foot-racing, were here exhibited; but I rather prefer to describe the Charioteering.

The length of this Circus is about 1500 feet, breadth 300; around it were ranged seven gradations of seats for spectators, and there are the remains of the Emperor's box, or Suggestus, in the Podium; and of other seats presumed set apart for the Judges and Magistracy.

The Chariots had either two, or four, horses; either Bigæ, or Quadrigæ; yet occasionally they had six, or seven, horses, Sejuges, Septemjuges; and Suetonius asserts (24 chap.) that Nero drove a Decemjugis, or Chariot with ten horses abreast. Their drivers were distinguished by their colours, White, Red, Blue, and Green; but Domitian added two further; Gold, and Purple. Four chariots started at a time; the course was to go five, or seven, times round the Spina, a division running down the field, and raised above the earth, sometimes adorned with effigies of divinities, and which was here 900 feet long, while the victorious charioteer drove out amidst the acclamations, and shouts, of thousands at a triumphal gate erected just opposite the goal, or Career, from which he started. This Spina is not in the middle of the field, but thirty feet nearer on one side than the other; vestiges of the Metæ, or Pillars, or Boundaries, which the chariots had to reach, or turn, have also been found, together with the Carceres whence they started.

At one extremity of the Spina was the hidden,

or buried altar of Consus, by some asserted as the God of Counsels, by whose inspiration Romulus achieved the successful rape of the Sabine women; by others presumed the altar of Equestrian Neptune, which opinion is the more likely from this Deity being the creator, and God, of Horses; and from there being placed on the Spina seven Dolphins, and seven Eggs, one of each of which was regularly taken off at the end of every successive course, or heat, or *Missus*.

The Dolphins explain themselves:—the Eggs it may be remembered, allude to Castor and Pollux, the one the unrivalled patron of horses, the other of boxing and wrestling.*

The charioteers set off from the wider part, there was therefore the greater skill to get in, and to keep their place in the narrower:—they had the reins attached to their bodies, and as accidents happened the more frequently from this entanglement, there was, in the narrowest part of the race

* Castor and Pollux were the sons of Jupiter by the beautiful, and oft sculptured, Leda. The enamoured king of heaven besought the aid of Venus to obtain his desires, and she, metamorphosing herself into an eagle, and Jupiter into a swan, seemed to pursue the soft cygnet with all the ferocity of a bird of prey.

The swan fled for refuge into the bosom of Leda, then bathing in the Eurotas, and caused the birth of an egg from which sprang the famed twins still known on earth as the constellation Gemini of the heavens.

course, and where from the jostling, and jockeyship, some unlucky whip was sometimes spilt, and killed, here was a gate on purpose to remove the dead body, and for no other use, the Roman superstition deeming it ominous even to pass a gate where a corpse had gone through. Around the walls are still the remains of the Terra Cotta vases with which they were once filled, and the Egyptian Obelisk that did stand in the middle of this Circus is now in the Piazza Navona.

The combats of men with wild beasts were exhibited in these Circi, but it was in the Circus Maximus that assembled thousands witnessed that memorable instance of grateful recollection in the noble lion who instead of devouring Androcles fell to licking his feet.

CANOVA.—Rome abounds with artists in every department, and of every country. To this focus, and centre, of art, ancient, and modern, all who can gladly come, and, I believe, that by the regulations of the French Academy of Arts all their students, and competitors for distinction, are obliged to study here for five years.

It is no little gratification to find a ready access to the productions of genius, and not a little delight have I experienced this morning in admiring the efforts of one, in my opinion, of the greatest sculptors of any age or country:—Canova.

It is so much the mode to vaunt the matchless

arts of Greece, and Rome, that it seems a bold attempt to prove any thing modern worthy of such comparison. Doubtless there are relics of ancient sculpture, pre-eminent, surpassing, godlike. At the downfal of Greece, and Rome, the art seemed lost; witness the rude, the wretched, efforts of the middle, and darker, ages to revive it. These miserable productions, contrasted with the perfections of antiquity, occasionally dug from ancient ruins, naturally, by contrast, tended to debase the living art in proportion as it exalted the antique. But, can the wondrous faculties of man, ever straining towards perfection, be stationary? In these modern days are there not sculptors whose genius may vie with ancient Greece? Indeed I deem there are. I could enumerate several, but it is of Canova that I here speak, whose chisel may, I think, compete with any production of antiquity.

To enumerate a few I examined in his *attelier*. His Three Graces for the Duke of Bedford. Colossal Statue of Bonaparte holding the Globe in his hand, surmounted by a figure of Victory. This vain glorious monument was ordered, I understand, by Napoleon himself, and subsequently given by Louis to the Duke of Wellington. A Venus for Mr. Hope. Endymion Sleeping—for a nobleman. A Nymph for the King of England.

These in their varying, and differing, attributes

are perhaps as fine as ever were called into life. His Chloris awakened, and his Hebe, are, I presume, known to all. The loveliest personification of exquisite feminine beauty, and in every sense the expression of the original verse.

> Dorme Clori, coll' arpa Amor la desta:
> Sorge su'l fianco, e ad ascoltar s'arresta.
>
> Chloris sleeps, but Love attunes the silver lyre;
> She wakes to rise—to listen—to admire.

The little Cupid, with his lyre, what can exceed the archness of his look, or the expression of the soft, harmonious, sounds he seems to be insinuating in her ear?

Hebe is personified according to this verse;—

> Ebe, con aureo serto incoronata,
> Di nettare, e d'ambrosio, in ciel ministra.
>
> Hebe with brows by a golden garland graced
> In Heav'n pours nectar for the Gods to taste.

Rome, and the Pope, seem duly to appreciate his merits since in the Vatican, and in the same range with the Apollo, and the Laocoon, they have placed his Perseus, and his two boxers, Creugas and Damoxenus. The boxers, each a living Hercules, all muscle, and gigantic strength: Perseus a model of godlike beauty, and like the Apollo, beaming triumphant at the moment of cutting off the Gorgon's Head.*

* Perseus was the son of Jupiter and Danæ, and had bound himself to produce the head of Medusa, the only mortal of the

The attitude of these boxers so very different from the modern system in the "Fancy" of perpetual guard, and self-defence, may need some little explanation to the admirers of "Milling." They made an agreement. Creugas has given to Damoxenus his blow, the most vengeful that his utmost force could accomplish. Now it is the other's turn. Creugas stands perfectly defenceless; Damoxenus heaves his brawny hand into his antago-

three Gorgon Sisters, Stetheno, Euryale, and Medusa. They were said to have golden wings; bodies of impenetrable scales; teeth like the tusks of a wild boar; brazen hands; hair entwined with serpents; but Medusa more particularly the latter, because Neptune had been enamoured with those, originally, golden locks; she gratified his passion in the temple of Minerva, and the incensed Goddess instantly changed those beauteous curls into writhing serpents; moreover, they had the power of turning all who looked at them into stone. According to some authors the Gorgons had but one eye, and one tooth, among them, which they used in turn.

But the Gods favoured Perseus, and his virtues; accordingly Minerva gave him a reflecting shield; Mercury, wings, talaria, and a diamond dagger, called *herpe;* and Pluto a helmet to render him invisible at will. Favoured, and conducted, by Minerva, he flew through the air, either beyond the Western Ocean, or to Libya, or to Asiatic Scythia, and approaching the Gorgons at the moment they were exchanging their eye, though not venturing to look at them, except through the medium of his shield, to avoid the certainty of being turned to stone, he severed Medusa's head at a blow, while invisible to her sisters; and from its dropping blood sprang those serpents that infest Africa to this day, and also the horse Pegasus, which conveyed him through the air, and stopped at Mount Helicon, ever afterwards the seat of the Muses.

nist's body, and lays him lifeless. Wonderfully fine as are these prodigies of strength, and honoured by a temple in the Vatican of Rome, could I, for my own halls, select the works of Canova, they should be his feminine. It may be very natural that I should prefer to gaze on the fair sex rather than on my own, but where Canova has wrought female charms there we find aerial lightness, classic taste, refined judgment, beauty too perfect for mortal shape, ideal perfection.

On this same day we went to the *studio* of Thorwaldson, the Danish sculptor. The difference of the two styles is strikingly apparent; this northern artist adhering so rigidly, and inflexibly, to all the severity of the Grecian school. Drapery he seems almost invariably to disdain.

Though my own opinion be decided as to the comparative merits of the two, it were impossible not to admire his Mercury about to cut off the head of Argus. Jason with the Golden Fleece. Venus, for Lord Lucan, and his series of bassi-rilievi, 130 French feet long, descriptive of the triumphs of Alexander, executed for that noble patron of living artists, the Marquis Sommariva.

The Dane disdains all adventitious aid, or ornament; Canova polishes his marble to the last perfection, "*ad unguem*" imitating every texture of the skin, and, it is said, though I have not observed it, that he even stains the stone. If this

be so, it must be acknowledged unworthy the dignity of that art which rejects every sort of pretence, or colouring, and which ought to depend solely, and wholly, upon the purity, and perfection of form. I had the further gratification of seeing both these artists, Canova and Thorwaldson; the latter was then modelling a colossal Christ, to be surrounded with his twelve Apostles, for the cathedral of Copenhagen.

In visiting these *ateliers* I was interested in observing the process of the art from the first rough, unhewn, mass of marble, shaped by the clumsiest hands, with square, and compass, into something like the semblance of the master's model, and thence, by better hands, and various gradations, wrought up till it receive its final polish, and perfection, from the original composer.

In drawing any comparative estimate of the merits of these two greatest, yet somewhat opposite, sculptors of the modern age, that bias, or predilection, which we ourselves may feel for the particular style of art which each sculptor has adopted will make the nice-poised scale preponderate.

Thus of Thorwaldson; the admirer of the heroic, the rigid, and the grand, style of Grecian art as exemplified by that school in subjects of a heroic, and warlike, nature may look upon Thorwaldson's bassi-rilievi of the Triumphs of Alexander, (which, by the bye, were ordered by Napoleon,) as un-

rivalled; they may deem them worthy of comparison with the Elgin, or any other, marbles that may yet survive in proof of those days of purest sculpture; and may think that the genius of Phidias inspires, and kindles, the statuary of this Icelandic descendant.

Superadd to this merit, the greater difficulties under which the modern artist in this style labours. The pomps of ancient triumphs; the Olympic games; public gymnastic sports; and by such games the perpetual inspection of the finest male forms in every variety of attitude, and exercise, undraped, long since have ceased; the study of the human figure is confined to the artist's own chamber, while the copy of Grecian pomps, and festivals, and rites, is only from relics comparatively few, vague, and contradictory.

Yet the works of Thorwaldson's in this style are matchless, while in his bassi-rilievi generally he is pre-eminent: and he has, moreover, conceived and executed, some poetic subjects with equal felicity of fancy, and finish. Witness his Night, —his Hope:—his Shepherd Boy.

But when we speak of Canova, we speak of one whose luxuriant, yet chastened, fancy seems to revel in purest regions of classic fiction:—of one who has embodied in the breathing marble all the dreams of the poets:—the sculptor of the Graces: —the artist we should deem selected by the Gods,

and Goddesses, of Olympus to recall their attributes, their perfections, their omnipotence, as acknowledged when Greece, and Rome, worshipped their potent sway.

Yet in the heroic, the tremendous, the colossal, he has also proved his power, and the terrific group of Hercules and Lichas will ever remain to show it.

In the serious, the solemn, the pious, where is grief more poignant, contrition more profound; mortality under anguish, and godhead combined, more divine; with affliction, or beauty, more soul-striking than in his Madonnas, Magdalens, and Christ? but when, descending from religion, or from the aerial regions of poetic creation, he evokes only feminine, existing, beauty, how fascinating! what combinations of charms and perfections! how nearly voluptuous, yet still, and ever, how chaste! Methinks, the fair sex owe him no little tribute for the homage he has paid to, and for the perfection with which he has chiseled, the beauties they are endowed with; and if, Pygmalion-like, my heated fancy could lead me to love the breathing marble, assuredly it were the nymphs of Canova.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PALACES AND PICTURES—DORIA—ROSPIGLIOSI, AND GUIDO'S AURORA—BARBERINI—COLONNA—SPADA, AND POMPEY'S STATUE—CHURCHES—ST. LAWRENCE IN LUCINA—ST. PETER IN VINCULIS—MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES, AND MIRACULOUS CHAINS—ST. COSMO AND ST. DAMIEN, WITH MIRACLE—TEMPLE OF REMUS—ST. JOHN LATERAN, AND OBELISK—CORSINI CHAPEL—HOLY RELICS—SACRED STAIRCASE, AND MODE OF ASCENT.

ROME abounds with palaces, most of which contain a gallery of works of art in sculpture and painting, and where all visitors are free to enter at certain hours, the only expence, or obligation, being a trifling fee to the *custode* who shows it.

Many of these palaces are of great extent, great architectural beauty, and well worthy of the name of palace; but how different, most generally, in other respects, is their appearance to an Englishman contrasted with those of his own country, the splendours, the luxuries, and the comforts of which residences of the English nobility form a national characteristic, and wherein they exceed immeasurably any continental nation. The Roman palaces seem cold, and deserted, perhaps oftener explored by strangers than by their noble possessors, whose limited incomes induce them to retire to comparative privacy; and in two of which, the Barberini, and the Spada, I was much grieved

when, after viewing their collections of art, the domestics showed us other rooms where pictures, and statues, were set out for sale.

But, be it remembered, that when we judge a range of rooms as cold, or destitute of those warm comforts which our northern climate imperiously demands, it were unfair to apply this criterion, without qualification, to an Italian residence, whose chief desideratum seems to be the freer current of air, the marble pavement, and the open terrace. However not to dwell on defects, but to proceed to beauties, I mean to particularize some of the chefs d'œuvre in each palace;—It were tiresome, and unmeaning, to hunt out different phrases, and epithets, to eulogise these, as such would convey no distinct idea to those who have not seen them: by simply naming them I evince my admiration of the art which created them, and preserve a more accurate recollection of the pre-eminent amid the variety of similar subjects.

Palazzo Doria.—On the Corso, and one of the handsomest in Rome; the princely inheritance of the descendant of that illustrious name.

Among many valuable pictures, I think that the two jewels of the collection are Claude's well-known landscapes, the Mill, and the Temple of Apollo. Rome does not pretend to boast, nor perhaps can the world produce, finer, yet softer, colours, and more glowing scenery in the style, and manner, of

this great artist than these. Their noble owner rejects every overture for their sale, and for them it is said that a distinguished English amateur and munificent patron of the fine arts, the late Earl of Bristol, had offered in vain an immense sum.

Il Palazzo Rospigliosi. Built upon the ruins of the baths of Constantine, and containing several antique busts of Roman Emperors, with other relics brought to light from time to time by digging. On the ceiling of the grand saloon is that famous fresco of Guido, representing Aurora preceding the chariot of Apollo, or the Sun.

Among the few pre-eminent, surpassing, painters let me select Guido. For exquisite expression of perfect feminine beauty, taste, colour, grace; for all that can charm in painting; all that can satisfy the most critical eye, and strike the least conversant, his is the pencil. I presume not to lay down laws or rules of art; I speak only as I feel, and of Guido, I think I cannot speak adequately. This picture has been so well engraved that all must know the design, and expression. The figures are actually in buoyant motion. How gracefully the dancing Hours sail upon the ethereal skies! How proudly do the immortal coursers cleave the yielding clouds! No tie, or traces to the car, their fiery course restricted only with one rein guided by the beamy, refulgent, Lord of Day,

before whom "rosy finger'd Aurora" flies to announce his glad approach to earth, scattering fragrant flowers in her path, while the morning star, in form like a youthful cherub, and bearing a flaming torch, is wafted by gentlest breezes through the liquid, azure, air.

A picture where all is celestial, aerial, lightness, taste and poetic grace.

We were shown some other choice paintings, and our *custode* was expatiating on the immense sums given for them when I asked the price of this by Guido. The reply was very significant.—*Ah! Signor, non c' è prezzo.*

Palazzo Barberini. The noble proprietor of this palace married a princess of the house of Colonna, one of the most illustrious of Rome. The public gallery is at the same time the resident apartment of the family; and as our visit occasioned the Princess to leave her room while we stayed, I feel myself the more bound thus to acknowledge her courtesy. Throughout this range of rooms I observed that style of furniture, comfort, and warmth, which distinguishes our mansions. The immense ceiling of the Grand Saloon is painted in fresco by Peter of Cortona with emblems, and allegories, allusive to the glories of the Barberini; and of the pictures, two chiefly demand recollection. Joseph and Potiphar's Wife by Belleverte. Admirable colouring, superadded to wonderful expression of intense, and thrilling, passion in a woman, finely

contrasted with the cool, heroic, strugglings of Joseph. The next is Guido's surprising representation of St. Andrew Corsini, kneeling at the altar; a prodigy of expression, and finish. There is an inimitable mosaic copy of this, in the Corsini chapel of the Church of St. John Lateran. Attached to the palace is also a library, said to contain 50,000 volumes, and equally liberally open to the public.

Colonna Palace.—Has little left of its former grandeurs save its magnificent gallery about 200 feet long, and 35 broad. The pictures, and decorations, here, are comparatively very few, the columns that support the arched ceiling are of the finest *Giall' Antico*, but they lead the eye to the contemplation of a nobler scene, to the representation of that battle for which a Colonna had decreed to him all the honours of a Roman Triumph.* The blood of the Colonna family is as pure as any in Rome, and of their ancient, memorable, deeds we have also a record in Petrarch who says,

> Glorioso Colonna in cui s'appoggia
> Nostra speranza, e'l gran nome Latino.
>
> *Sonnet* ix.†

For their arms they still bear a column.

The Spada Palace has two paintings by Guido; Judith and Lucretia.

* The battle of the Gulph of Lepanto.

† The glorious Column or which our hopes repose, and the illustrious Roman name.

It is also rich in antique sculpture, together with some very fine Grecian bassi-rilievi. These relics of ancient art are stuffed into a cold, dark, stone hall, filthy from accumulated dust, and dripping with the damps. Every object was for sale, the bassi-rilievi marked at 5000 crowns each: all to be sold, save one memorable relic, and one I was particularly anxious to see: the statue of Pompey, asserted as the identical one at whose base "great Cæsar fell."

This colossal statue to the honour of Pompey was first placed in the Senate House; afterwards opposite to Pompey's theatre. Thrown down during the conflicts of the Gothic invasions it laid buried in the ground for ages, but being discovered towards the end of the sixteenth century, inclosed between two houses, so that each tenant claimed the prize, finally agreeing to settle disputes by cutting the statue in halves; it was at this critical moment saved for the benefit, and future elucidations, of antiquarians by Pope Julius III who purchased it. When the French invaded Italy in 1798-9 one of their freaks in the flush of conquest was to act a play in the Coliseum for the amusement of the Grand Army. What so appropriate as Voltaire's Brutus, and what could give a higher dramatic zest than this very statue? This therefore they transported, first sawing off the extended arm because rather too long for easy

conveyance, and then replacing it at its journey's end.

I cannot say that the beauty of the statue will recommend it; its force lies in its associations.

> —— Then burst his mighty heart,
> And in his mantle muffling up his face,
> Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
>
> *Julius Cæsar.*

20th Inst. There remain many more palaces to speak of, but I now propose, for the sake of variety, to describe a few churches, and, before I proceed further, it were better to make one general observation, viz. that in speaking of Rome I am well aware how many different, and clashing, opinions exist as to the modern names, definitions, and situations, assigned to Roman antiquities. Where so much learning has been displayed on each contending argument, how shall I attempt to decide which is the right one? but as I do not propose, or wish to enter into these deep discussions, I occasionally waive doubting, and adopt those distinctions which seem the most probable, the most generally acknowledged. Thus of the identity of Pompey's statue many scepticisms exist, but it is certain that there are equal probabilities to favour the supposition, and that it has no rival to dispute its pretensions. My object is to record correctly the historical, the genuine classical recollections of

old Rome, and in exploring her relics to brighten the mind, and to light up the fancy, by the remembrance of the illustrious deeds, the patriotism, and the glories which the sight of them rekindles; yet it were indeed a matter of wonder if, after the convulsions of so many centuries, it could be possible to identify with mathematical accuracy every broken column, or half obliterated inscription. Be it further understood that in describing churches I shall also speak of certain miracles, of which I do not believe one single iota.

The high altar of the church of St. Lawrence in Lucina, upon the Corso, contains a divine painting of Guido, a Crucifixion.

The church of St. Peter in Vinculis is enriched with the famed sculpture of Michael Angelo's Moses. The prophet is colossal, sitting, and under his arm are the sacred tablets. Here is a subject just appropriate; a Frowning Legislator endued by Heaven with supernatural powers chiseled by the hands of a giant sculptor. This statue has excited many opposite opinions, as to its merits. It is, however, finely wrought, and completely expressive of that unbending, unalterable, authority which Divine command enforces.

The miraculous sanctity of this church consists in its possession of the identical Chains with which St. Peter was bound both at Rome, and Jerusalem. St. Helena, mother of Constantine, found at Jeru-

salem a relic of the chain by which she adjudged St. Peter had been fastened, and therefore determined to offer it to the Pope, who possessed another fragment. As might be expected, their sanctity was miraculously confirmed. The pontiff received the relic with all possible religious pomp, when, behold, no sooner did the two chains *see* each other, than they immediately sprung into a mutual embrace, and of themselves united!

Another miracle! On the high altar of the church of St. Cosmo, and St. Damien is a very rude painting on stone of the Virgin, still more disfigured by the offerings of crowns, necklaces, bracelets, &c. St. Gregory, on passing the church once forgot, or omitted, to pay his usual reverences to the Virgin. Upon which the picture exclaimed "Why, O Gregory, do you not salute me as usual!" The saint begged pardon, promised amendment, and took that opportunity of intreating indulgences and remission of sins to the devout of that sanctuary, which was accordingly granted. The church does however, contain something worthy of notice. It is built on the site of a Temple of Remus. We descended into the venerated subterranean, whose dome is now on a level with the ground on which the church stands. Its marble pavement was invaluable by being cut with those maps, and plans, of ancient Rome which, for their curiosity, have been taken out,

and are now exhibited on the staircase of the Capitol.

Church of Saint John Lateran.—One of the seven great churches, or Patriarchal Basilicæ, of Rome, and one of the cathedrals reserved for the Pope himself, who on grand festivals, officiates at the high altar. In the great Piazza is erected the largest obelisk that Rome possesses, being ninety-nine feet high, exclusive of the base, and pedestal.

This Egyptian wonder is of red granite, and covered with hieroglyphics:—supposed dedicated to the Sun by Rhamses, son of Sesostris, and erected at Thebes above 3000 years ago. Transported with incredible labour by Constantine to Alexandria, thence to Rome by his son, Constans, who placed it on the grand Circus; ages afterwards, it was dug out of the ground, at a depth of sixteen feet, and though broken in three pieces erected in this square during the pontificate of Sixtus V.

The sentiments excited by this, and by the many other Obelisks of Rome are peculiar. They are the most ancient vestiges of art in the world; probably of the most ancient people; and they are now, as though by the decree of fate, to be seen scarcely anywhere but in Rome, the city, like themselves, Eternal.

They were erected by monarchs to perpetuate their glories; those monarchs have sunk to the

dust, and all their empires with them: How forcibly do these monuments tell us how perishable we are, and yet how perpetually enduring are our works! Still do they preserve their hieroglyphic tongue, though we cannot develope it; and these Obelisks which have witnessed so many revolving suns, and empires, and dynasties, may yet be perpetuated, and endure through as many ages more, to witness further changes of dominion, and further glory, or desolation, of which mankind at present dream not.

The façade of this renowned church exhibits four columns, and six pilasters, of the Composite order, with balustrade, and statues. The grandeur of this front, as a whole, is spoilt by the introduction of five galleries, or balconies, between the range of columns, though a necessary appendage, as from the central balcony the Pope, on certain solemn occasions, gives his benediction to the assembled multitudes. Of the five doors that conduct into the church, the middle one is walled up, being the Porta Santa, and only opened in the Jubilee year.

This church is magnificently rich in gildings, marbles, bronzes, &c. some said to be from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; more particularly I would point out that altar which is decorated with four columns of gilt bronze; since these very ancient relics are asserted to have been deposited in

the Capitol, and to have been compounded by Augustus out of the rostra of the Egyptian, and other ships captured by him on the defeat of Anthony and Cleopatra at Actium. The high altar has Gothic decorations, and boasts of possessing the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The Corsini Chapel is confessedly one of the most magnificent of Rome. In the form of a Greek Cross, its walls are encrusted with the rarest marbles; its altar is surmounted, between two columns of verde antique, with a matchless copy in mosaic of Guido's Saint Andrew Corsini; its dome is golden, and besides some beautiful sculptures of Innocence, Penitence, &c. there is the mausoleum of Clement XII who was of the house of Corsini, and whose remains repose in a superb porphyry sarcophagus, taken from the portico of the Pantheon, and presumed once to have contained the ashes of Agrippa. In the Baptistery, the font of which is nearly three feet deep, and where, according to ancient ecclesiastical custom, the convert was immersed, it is said that Constantine himself was baptized.

This church further boasts of numberless sacred relics. Besides the heads of St. Peter, and St. Paul, there is to be seen up in a dark corner, covered with some broken glass, the Table, formed of cedar of Lebanon; upon which the Saviour partook of his last supper;—and which, by the bye,

is hardly big enough for three, though it must have accommodated thirteen. Here, also, are Pillars from the Temple of Jerusalem:—The red marble Slab upon which the soldiers cast lots for the Garment:—The very Well at which Jesus sat when he converted the Samaritan:—Further pillars from the Temple of Jerusalem, rent by earthquake; and Columns from the House of Pilate. Four Columns asserted to prove the exact height of Christ, being purposely cut to that standard just before his death; and the remains of the Pillar upon which the Cock crowed! *

Close to the church is preserved a yet greater curiosity: the Scala Santa, or Staircase which Christ trod when he ascended to the Hall of Judgment. These holy stairs, brought from the palace of Pilate at Jerusalem, consist of twenty-eight steps of white marble. Devotees are here perpetually, and for ever ascending them:—But how? On their knees! It were sacrilege to place a foot; it is considered a meritorious act to endure the penance of grinding up that way, and is equivalent to, at least, a couple of thousand years' indulgence.

The stairs having been much worn by the knees of the pious, they are now partly covered with

* Besides these, there is an exhibition on certain days of some of Christ's blood, and of the water which flowed from his wound; some of the sponge also:—a lock of the Virgin's hair, and a remnant of her petticoat!

wooden planks, and as it would be a very odd attempt to come down a staircase on one's knees, there are lateral ones, less holy, by which the people tread their way down. Whatever I may think of the creeds of others, I respect sincerity in any mode of worship, and were the last even to appear to slight it; but at this curious exhibition of men, and particularly the ladies, young and middle aged, together with the old women, toiling, and bumping up in this uncouth way, I could not forbear laughing right heartily, and turned aside to indulge it.

CHAPTER XIX.

HISTORIC SUMMARY OF PAPACY, AND PAPAL GOVERNMENT—PIUS VII—EXTRAORDINARY PRETENSIONS OF THE PONTIFFS—ALEXANDER III, AND EMPEROR BARBAROSSA—RISE OF THE REFORMATION—MARTIN LUTHER—"INDULGENCES," AND PURCHASE OF CRIMES—STATE OF THE CLERGY OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY—EXPENCE OF CERTAIN CRIMES—FLAGELLATION—TETZEL—EFFICACIES OF "INDULGENCES," AND FORM OF ABSOLUTION—LEO X'S BULL, AND CONSEQUENCES—HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND, AND ORIGIN OF TITLE OF DEFENDER OF THE FAITH—ABOLITION OF PAPACY IN ENGLAND—STATE OF GERMANY AND OF THE PRIESTHOOD, WITH THE INCREASE OF THE DOMINION, AND WEALTH, OF CHURCH OF ROME—SINGULAR POLICY OF THE POPES—DOWNFALL OF PAPAL SUPREMACY—LATTER POPES—ORIGIN OF THE APPELLATION PROTESTANTS—COLLEGE OF CARDINALS—CROWNING THE POPE—BENEDICT XIV—RESTRICTIONS OF THE PONTIFF—ROBES OF THE CARDINALS—SERVICE IN THE CAPPELLA PAPALE.

24th Dec.—THE eve of Christmas Day, and of all the imposing, religious, ceremonials of the Popish Church on this most important *Festa di Natale*. They commence about midnight, or rather about three o'clock in the morning, and I feel interested to see them, with His Holiness officiating. In the interim, let us slightly advert to papal government.

The present Pope,* by name Chiaramonti, was originally a Benedictine monk of the Abbey of St. Giorgio at Venice, being also of a noble family. His promotion, next to his virtues, is due to the

* Lately deceased.

late Pius VI, who first created him Bishop of Imola, and subsequently gave him the greater dignity of a Cardinal's Hat. At the death of his predecessor, he was, by a conclave of Cardinals assembled at Venice, elected in March 1800 to fill the august chair of St. Peter, when he assumed the name of Pius VII. He made his triumphal entry into Rome in April following, at a time when he, equally with his people, were, comparatively, so poor, from the consequences of the French invasion, that his equipage was the gift of the noble house of Colonna.

Pius VII issues his decrees as in the twenty-second year of his Pontificate, though during this long interval he, like many of the other sovereigns of Europe, was shaken, and driven, from his throne by the overwhelming power of the late Emperor of France, since it was during the plenitude of Bonaparte's influence that Rome was deprived of her independence, became an integral part of the kingdom of France, and that her sovereign was detained for ten years at Fontainebleau. Now, it is hoped, firmly and peaceably re-established, His Holiness acknowledges that it is to the efforts of England chiefly that he owes the continuation of his supremacy, and this feeling he evinces by a marked attention to the English on all occasions.

Yesterday I attended Mass to see him officiate.

His age is about eighty; his voice in blessing the congregation was sufficiently audible; he stoops much from the feebleness of age, and walked with difficulty to the throne, supported by attendant cardinals, but his hair is still abundant, and jet black, forming a striking contrast to the silver episcopal mitre he wore.

The Pope may be considered in three different powers, and capacities, as Sovereign of the Roman territory, and people; Head of the Catholic Church; and Successor, by divine right, to the Chair of St. Peter.* Too often forgetful of the sublimer duties of the office of Chief Shepherd of the Flock of Christ, we find many Popes whose lives were consumed in the aggrandisement of their temporal sovereignty; while we know that the thunders fulminated from the Vatican have made monarchs tremble on their thrones, and brought them cowering, submissively, to kiss, and, contentedly, to be spurned from the feet of an arrogant Pontiff.

Among the number the Emperor Barbarossa demeaned himself to kiss the feet of Pope Alexander III. The proud Prelate even ventured to put his foot upon the monarch's neck, who, too timid from superstition to resent the act, yet

* Decree of the General Council of Florence.

burning to shake off the papal insult, exclaimed, "Non tibi, sed Petro." "Et mihi, et Petro," * was the consummate reply.

Pope Gregory VII advanced claim to Universal Dominion!

The further still more monstrous assumption by the Popes of "Infallibility" has been supported by the Roman Court, whether believed or not, because politically it favored their grandeur; but in other Roman Catholic states this presumptuous, and overweening, pretence met with deserved opposition, and in France, more particularly, the four decrees of their church in opposition to it, were publicly maintained, and taught, in their Universities, and Schools. These decisions imply that the Pope, individually, is superior to every other Bishop, but inferior to them, collectively, in council—that his power is not despotic, but subject to the prescriptions, and canons, of the church: that his power, moreover, is purely spiritual, and that he cannot abridge, or controul, the authorities, and prerogatives, of Kings; and, finally, that his decisions are fallible, and are only just when confirmed by the authority of the Church at large.

It was during the pontificate of Leo X, that splendid patron of arts and learning, that Luther, about the year 1520, first dared to impugn the

* "Not to thee, but to Peter."—"Yes—to me, and to Peter."

doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and to expose the flagrant vices, and shameless cupidities, of its ministers, while the bold defence of his principles, and the universal conversion to his reasonings, it was which ultimately produced that Reformation since which the papal power is but as the shadow of her former glory and supremacy.

The first attack made by the then humble, simple, Luther was on the efficacy of "Indulgences," and though in this age it must be a matter of amazement that such a belief could prevail, yet so absolute was the dominion of priestcraft in those days that we must the more wonder at the boldness of him who controverted so established a creed, and who attacked such formidable supporters of it.

The precise meaning, or extent, of the term "Plenary Indulgence" so commonly affixed outside the doors of Roman Catholic Churches, I have never been able exactly to fathom. It may undoubtedly mean some relaxation, or indulgence, from fast, or other penance, and mortifications, on certain solemn occasions; also probably some atonement, or absolution, for sins committed.

But, in process of time, money was made a readier passport to heaven, and with the purchase of these "Indulgences," and a proportionate number of masses to be said either by yourself,

or by others, it matters not, the sinner may make sure of releasing his soul from the purifying fires of purgatory, and of thereby mounting the quicker to heaven; and if his crimes be very black and he dread a long probationary burning, he may nevertheless buy exemption for thousands of years; for there are in Rome some certain churches very particularly favored by the Saints above where, on the anniversary of their festival, freedom from purgatorial fire may be bought for more than 25,000 years to come! and as this purchase may again be doubled, or more, the release may perhaps extend to any term short of infinity!

The doctrine of the Catholic Clergy, with the Pope at their head, inculcated that all the good works of the Saints, and the pious, with every particle of faith over and above the exact measure for our own salvation are all gathered together in the treasury of Heaven, and deposited in one place in company with the Redemption of mankind, and the infinite Mercies of Jesus Christ. St. Peter has the keys to unlock this precious deposit, so have, of course, his successors the Popes, and they again the power to delegate downwards through all the gradations of Catholic priests, who thus could pardon, at pleasure, any sin in ourselves, or release any departed soul we wished from the fires of purgatory, by transferring a portion of these supererogatory good works to us immediately upon pay-

ment to them of a proportionate sum of money! How over righteous, and holy, some few people must have been in those days, and must be so now, since, spite of the general, and increasing, wickedness of mankind, and womankind; spite of the millions of Infidels, Deists, Pagans, Turks, Jews, Mahometans, this treasury of superabundant good works was never, never exhausted, but is even yet always open, and ready, to furnish a supply for fresh sins!

In process of time, Popes enriched themselves by offering Indulgences for sale even upon no other pretext than for the foundation of a favourite building, and St. Peter's owes much of its completion to those very contributions.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century cotemporary authors generally agree in describing the clergy as abandoned to every species of worldly lusts and desires; "as not having any discipline with regard to morals, any knowledge of sacred literature, any reverence for divine things; there was not almost any religion remaining." (*Bellarmine.*) Popes Alexander VI and Julius II displayed in their lives extraordinary profligacy, ambition, cruelty, and voluptuousness.

The sale of crimes was a public traffic for the benefit of the Court of Rome, and according to a book published by authority, permissions for sins were graduated by a scale of payments; thus, a

Bishop might assassinate for 300 livres; a Deacon for 20 crowns, and a Priest, or Nun, might break their vow of chastity, and in any way they pleased, for 100 livres. Other crimes which cannot be named, and some perhaps too impure ever to have existed but in imagination are nevertheless put down, with the price to be paid for their commission.*

But if money alone could thus purchase the favour of Heaven, how desperate would have been the condition of the poor! The policy of the Church had previously hit upon another admirable expedient, and the enthusiasm displayed in that most extraordinary memento of human folly and crime, the Crusades, was greatly attributable to the alternative first offered by Pope Urban II; that those who could neither give money, nor land, to the Church in commutation for the penance imposed for their sins should, for the pious effort of redeeming the Holy Land, be entitled to Plenary Indulgence; to Absolution for past sins; and to all the future penances for sins.†

Regarding the rate, or price, of "indulgence," it appears that a year's penance might be commuted for about four pounds English, in the case of a rich man; and nine shillings for an indigent

* (Vide Laurence Banck's Taxa S. Cancellariæ Romanæ.)

† "Iter illud pro omni pœnitentia reputeter." Canon of the Council of Clermont.

one: but in process of time another expedient was allowed and substituted—Voluntary Flagellation, and three thousand lashes were fixed as an equivalent for a twelvemonth's penance. Even ladies of quality are said to have adopted this new, and certain mode of getting to Heaven; but when tired of self-flagellation, they were then assured of the equal efficacy of transferring their sins, and their floggings to the back of a substitute, and hence the extraordinary devotion of St. Dominic, surnamed Loricatus, or the Saint of the Iron Cuirass, who commuted, or wiped off, the penance of an entire century in the short space of six days by giving himself 300,000 lashes in that little time!

At the period of Luther's interference, the chief agent employed by authority of Albert, Archbishop of Magdeburg and Elector of Metz, who, by delegation from the Pope, shared in the profits of such sales in his dominions in Saxony, was one Tetzel, a Dominican Friar, assisted by his brother Monks, and who, themselves, were frequently detected in spending in drunkenness, and debauchery, the sums given to them from the most pious motives, and in the hope of obtaining eternal salvation.

I subjoin the terms in which this Tetzel, and his associates, describe the Indulgences they offer for sale.

"If any man purchase Letters of Indulgence,

his soul may rest secure with respect to its salvation. The souls confined in purgatory, for whose redemption Indulgences are purchased, as soon as the money tinkles in the chest, instantly escape from that place of torment, and ascend into Heaven. That the efficacy of Indulgences was so great, that the most heinous sins, even if one should violate (which was impossible) the Mother of God would be remitted, and expiated by them, and the person be freed both from punishment, and guilt. That this was the unspeakable gift of God in order to reconcile men to himself. That the Cross erected by the preacher of Indulgences was as efficacious as the Cross of Christ himself. Lo! the heavens are open; if you enter not now when will you enter? For twelve pence you may redeem the soul of your father out of purgatory, and are you so ungrateful that you will not rescue your parent from torment? If you had but one coat you ought to strip yourself instantly, and sell it in order to purchase such benefits," &c. &c.

These and other extravagancies are found in Luther's works by Chemnitius in his Examen Concilii Tridentini, apud Herm Vonder Hardt Hist. Liter. Reform. pars 4, p. 6. (Robertson's Charles V.)

The following is the form of absolution used by Tetzel.

" May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee by the merits of his most

holy passion. And I, by his authority, that of his blessed Apostles, Peter, and Paul, and of the most holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures in whatever manner they have been incurred; and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the Holy See; and as far as the keys of the Holy Church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account; and I restore you to the Holy Sacraments of the Church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity, which you possessed at baptism; so that when you die the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the Paradise of Delight shall be opened; and if you shall not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

(Seckend. Comment. lib. 1, p. 14.)

Such were the corruptions that Luther attacked and exposed; his partisans multiplied; the people read his doctrines, and were convinced of their truth by the evidence of their own eyes, while some of the German Barons, and Princes, espoused his cause. The Court of Rome vacillated amid uncertain measures; at one time affecting to de-

spise the ravings of an itinerant Monk; then fulminating its thunders against him, and all who dared listen to his profane assertions.

At last, on the 15th of June, 1520, Leo issued his famous Bull, denouncing Luther as an heretic, and an excommunicate, with all who read his works; and delivering him, moreover, unto Satan for destruction, &c. &c. with all the usual papal maledictions. This Bull being the ultimatum; the formal decision of the Pope, and Conclave of Rome, and in its very nature utterly unalterable from the "Infallibility" of any work of His Holiness was the challenge to that contest which ended so disastrously for the supremacy of the Roman See. Parties were now regularly organized; the German potentates were divided; from some, Luther experienced every persecution, from others all due honors, but still he continued undauntedly to write, and to preach, and his doctrines to gain ground.

Among his opponents was our monarch, Henry VIII, who, in contradiction to his tenets, and because he had attacked his favourite author, Thomas Aquinas, wrote his then famous, now forgotten, polemical Treatise on the Seven Sacraments. This work so delighted the Pope that in full Consistory he spoke of it in terms of rapture as a work of inspiration, and rewarded the royal donor with the title of Defender of the Faith.

This title is retained by the Kings of England to the present hour, though that very monarch soon afterwards, because after a protracted suit of six years he had not yet obtained the papal authority for divorcing Catherine of Aragon, and for espousing Anne Boleyn; and because having obtained such a decree from the more compliant Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, he was threatened with excommunication by Clement; this sovereign was, therefore, the first, and the boldest, to abjure the Catholic Church both for himself, and his people; to abolish the papal power and jurisdiction; and to declare himself alone supreme, and independent head of the Church of England. The English people joyfully acquiesced, they derided the excommunication which the Court of Rome thundered against them, and from that date, in 1534, and during the pontificate of Clement VII, papal power, and papal doctrines, have ever been the national aversion of England.

Councils, Diets, and Deliberations, were now multiplied endlessly; Luther had himself been previously summoned to appear at Rome to answer to the charges of heresy, but managed to obtain the grace of being allowed to defend his cause in Germany, where he was most popular; but here, after much fruitless disputation, overpowered, not by the arguments, but by the authority, and haughty bearing of his opponent,

the Cardinal Cajetan, a Dominican, and the Pope's Legate, he clandestinely withdrew from the unequal contest, and fled from Augsburg.

The natural result of all these convocations was, gradually, more and more to weaken the influence of the Catholic Church and Papacy, by giving publicity to their errors, abuses and venalities, which about this period were at their height. In Germany, the revolutions of all the petty component states were so frequent, and the succession to property, and land, consequently so uncertain, that the only security their lords could devise was to surrender themselves as vassals of the church, and to declare their lands as fiefs. In time these, naturally, lapsed into the absolute possession of the clergy, and they effectually kept all claimants at bay by the reverence due to what they asserted was now God's, therefore eternally unalienable; and also by the dreaded, and usual sentence of excommunication.

For the same reason, while the laity groaned under the burden of wars, and taxes, the clergy lived in complete exemption, and paid not a doit.

Moreover, as they possessed the little learning which those dark ages knew, this proved another powerful lever to their accruing dominion, and influence; since the spiritual courts, to the almost utter exclusion of the civil, usurped the jurisdiction of all causes which, by any perversion, could be

said to be in any way, or in their consequences, connected with religion; including testamentary dispositions, loans of money, or usury, matrimony, legitimacy of birth, right of succession, &c. &c.

Lastly, of themselves, and their persons, the clergy took the most special care. They were to be deemed as objects of peculiar veneration; they were to be tried by their own laws, and were not subject to the same punishments as those out of their own pale. As long as they retained the priestly office, no civil power could harm them, and degradation was only to be effected by appeal to Spiritual Courts which was an undertaking of equal difficulty and cost: it is also well known that some offenders assumed the sacred office for the sole and "right hallowed" purpose of screening themselves from justice. (*Rymer's Fœdera*, vol. xiii.)

Of the enormous wealth also perpetually flowing into the treasury of St. Peter, some idea may be formed, besides the abovementioned causes, from the common practice of buying church preferments of the papal agents, which were again retailed at an advanced rate by the buyers; add, moreover, extraordinary levies for expeditions against the Turks, sometimes not undertaken; frequent demands of gifts and contributions; and the produce of the *Annats*, or the established levy of one year's income upon every ecclesiastical preferment.

The extreme ascendancy that the Popes maintained during so many centuries, and the extraordinary veneration paid to them may be traced, and accounted for in that most singular, and most artful intermixture of their kingly, with their spiritual, supremacy.

Thus, when transgressing the bounds of their temporal powers, interposing in every quarrel of the European States, and grasping at every extension of their own dominions and sway, the rival kings who, at a blow, could have crushed Rome and the Pope, nevertheless trembled at the sacrilegious crime of any offence against the holy Vicegerent of God upon earth; and the impotent denunciations of a feeble old man averted, by an idle breath, the thunders of cannon, and the slaughters of armies.

To revert to Luther, and to conclude this digression.

Emboldened by success, and urged by it far beyond the bounds he had originally proposed, he continued his undaunted course of preaching, and exposition, till he finally undermined the very props of papal power by declaring the folly and impiety of Auricular Confession—Absolution—Pilgrimages—Penances—Worship of Saints—Purgatory:—He declared the Pope to be fallible; that there was no other hope, authority, or power but the word of God as recorded in the Bible;—he

aroused the Christian princes to throw off the papal yoke; and finally pronounced His Holiness as the undoubted Antichrist. The result of these doctrines, first avowed by one solitary individual, and operating after his death, has been the complete emancipation from papacy of England, Sweden, Denmark, with the greater part of Germany. Succeeding ages have beheld the papal power yet more reduced; but it is delightful, and it is but just, to record the amelioration consequent.

The Chair of St. Peter has been filled, particularly latterly, by Popes who were ennobled by every virtue that adorns human nature; while the contrast is truly striking between the turbulent ambition, and vices of some former Apostolic Chiefs, and the sufferings borne with such a meek, and lowly spirit by Pius VI and Pius VII. For the present Pope,* I entertain an unaffected respect; I venerate his piety, his genuine goodness; and, as an admirer of art, I must ever applaud his patriotic, and zealous efforts and munificence for the preservation of the invaluable relics of his own capital, and for the perfecting of modern genius.

One other note, and I conclude this summary of Papacy.

It was during the heat of the contests about Luther's doctrines that the term PROTESTANTS originated, then applied partially, now universally to all who disavow the Roman Catholic creed.

* Lately deceased.

At a Diet of the German empire held at Spires in March 1529 in order to consider of these religious innovations, it occurred that after much contest, a decree was past ratifying a former condemnation of Luther, issued at Worms in 1524, which prohibited any alteration in the established Catholic service, particularly in regard to Mass. Against this decree, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Anhalt, the Duke of Luneburg, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Marquis of Brandenburg, and the Deputies of fourteen free cities of Germany entered a solemn Protest: and hence the general term Protestants.

The Council of the Pontiff, the College of Cardinals, or the Sacred College, has maintained its pre-eminent dignity, and lustre for many centuries; and as by them the papal government is chiefly administered, those who reside here may be said to form the Senate of Rome. The Cardinals in number about seventy, are all nominated by the Pope, though every foreign Roman Catholic State has the privilege of recommending to a certain extent; while the pontiff usually retains two or three Hats in reserve for the sake of conferring an occasional favour. Pius VII had lately many of these dignities unappropriated, and accordingly presented a nomination to our Sovereign, who offered it to the Earl of Fauconberg, one of the oldest Catholic peers of England, but this nobleman did not accept it.

The attainment of the Roman Purple has been an object of ambition among the proudest, and most elevated of mankind, and while in the ranks of the Cardinals we may name the first Princes of the land, yet none are excluded, and a Cardinalate is attainable by merit only, and of every country. It was chiefly during the pontificates of the Medicean, Farnesian, Borghese, and Barberini families that the Cardinals as a body composed of the relatives of sovereigns, and as statesmen, and ambassadors, kept up a dignity, and splendour commensurate with the lustre of the court they represented. It of course follows that, as in modern times, the supremacy of papal power has been shorn of its beams, so in equal proportion have the Cardinals been affected.

In the grand Conclave of Cardinals, or Consistory, the Pope himself presides, and here receives with all the splendours of royalty, the ministers and the communications of foreign courts.

The election of a Pope vests in the Cardinals, and to prevent as far as possible, the improper influence of the various sovereigns in aiming to procure the election of him whom they deem most inclined to favour their respective interests, the Cardinals, when occupied in giving their votes, are detained and guarded within the halls of the Vatican until agreed in their election.

Among the various august, and imposing cere-

monials of the elevation to the Popedom there mingles this simple one. As his Holiness approaches the altar of St. Peter, an attendant, kneeling, fires some tow placed upon a gilt staff, repeating three times, as the idle trifle smokes away, this significant precept—Sancte Pater! sic transit gloria mundi! *

The exterior pomp of the Holy Father is very imposing. All who approach his sacred person kneel first at the threshold of the door, and again to kiss his feet, though the latter ceremony is not so usual as formerly, and is, I believe, very generally dispensed with to the English. If by chance he be met with, though in his coach, all, even in the streets, kneel to him as he passes. In taking an excursion I also once met him; the coachman immediately stopped my carriage, and with the *cicerone* went down on their knees.

A distinguished countryman of our own, Horace Walpole, when first presented to Benedict XIV, appeared hesitating whether, or not, to kneel. With infinite kindness the Pope immediately said, "Kneel down, my son, and receive an old man's blessing—it will do you no harm."

But, great as is the exterior pomp, equally severe are the restraints of the pontiff. His meals are always solitary, every act is scrutinized, and

* Holy Father! Thus passeth away the glory of this world!

every hour brings with it the same uniform, undeviating duties of religion, or government. How little the Pope enjoys the freedom of a man may be judged by a trifling incident I observed myself though the fact borders on the ludicrous. In celebrating High Mass at the Capella Papale, last Sunday, His Holiness, when he required to blow his nose, demanded a handkerchief, which when used he returned, and it was again duly put into his attendant's pocket.

As I have been completely disappointed in the vaunted ceremonies of the church for Christmas Day, I must say that I was much impressed with the mass I have been speaking of performed in this Chapel. Music is not usual here, but the Gregorian Chaunt * was better performed by the choristers than I ever before heard it. There were present about twenty Cardinals in their ecclesiastical robes which on certain occasions are most splendid, varied, and costly. The Piviale, or Cloak, massive from its golden embroidery; the Cassock, or *Soutane*, a flowing robe of velvet, or of tissue, whose lengthened train is borne by attendant *caudatorj;* the rich *Manipolo*, pendent from the arm: the resplendent Scarf; and the valuable *Camicia*, or outer white vest, composed entirely of the richest lace, and which alone may be worth more than 500*l.*

* Pope Gregory condensed the vocal parts and established the form now existing.

But it was the appearance of the venerable Pontiff, himself officiating, that chiefly contributed to the solemnity of the scene. With unaffected piety he read aloud the portion of the sacred service; with sincerity, and fervour he blessed his assembled congregation; and when, too feeble to walk alone, supported by his attendant Cardinals, he bent his tottering steps from the throne to the altar, and there prostrated himself in humblest adoration; when, immediately, every sound was hushed, and prelates, soldiers, people, all, fell down on their knees:—who, during such an awful silence, whate'er his creed might be, but would feel his mind soar to that One, Eternal, Being who hath fashioned all lands, and all nations; who looketh to the heart, and not to the form; and who from endless ages still tolerates, though man does not, all religions, and all opinions!

CHAPTER XX.

CEREMONIES OF CHRISTMAS EVE—PAPAL CHAPEL—CHURCHES OF ST. LOUIS—Sª MARIA IN ARACŒLI—THEATRICAL NATIVITY, AND MIRACULOUS BAMBINO—Sª MARIA MAGGIORE; PORTA MAGGIORE; AND PROCESSION OF THE HOLY CRADLE—ANCIENT ROME, AND HISTORICAL SUMMARY OF THE VARIOUS CAUSES OF HER SUCCESSIVE RUINATIONS—THE EMPEROR VALENS, AND FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE GOTHS IN ITALY—THEIR DEFEAT—THEIR VICTORY, AND DEATH OF VALENS—ALARIC, AND FIRST SIEGE OF ROME—SECOND DITTO—GENSERIC, AND PILLAGE OF ROME—HIS SUCCESSIVE VICTORIES—ANCIENT PROPHECY—SACK BY RICIMER—EXTINCTION OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE — THEODORIC TAKES ROME AND ASSUMES ROYALTY—FIRST ASSUMPTION OF TITLE OF POPE—CONSTANTINOPLE, AND JUSTINIAN—CHURCH OF Sª SOPHIA—VICTORIES OF BELISARIUS—AMALASUNTHA, QUEEN REGENT OF ITALY—SUCCEEDED BY VITIGES—WHO EVACUATES ROME, AND BELISARIUS ENTERS—VITIGES BESIEGES ROME, AND DEVASTATIONS CONSEQUENT—TOTILA SACKS ROME—LAST VICTORIES, AND DEATH OF BELISARIUS IN THE EAST — NARSES RECAPTURES ROME—EXARCHATE—ALBOIN, KING OF LOMBARDY—GREGORY THE FIRST—LUITPRAND, AND ASTOLPHUS IN ARMS AGAINST ROME, WHICH OBTAINS SUCCOUR FROM PEPIN, AND CHARLEMAGNE—RECIPROCAL REQUITALS; AND RISE OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF PAPAL POWER — RUIN OF ROME FROM CHRISTIANITY — GRATIAN ATTACKS PAGANISM — STATUE OF GODDESS VICTORY — THEODOSIUS—DESTRUCTION OF TEMPLES, &c.—INJURIES TO ROME BY FEUDS OF BARONS—FROM ROBERT GUISCARD, &c. &c—INUNDATION—EARTHQUAKE—SACK BY THE COLONNA FACTION—BY TROOPS OF CHARLES V, UNDER BOURBON—SPOLIATION BY POPES, AND MODERN NOBLES.

27th Dec.—CHRISTMAS eve, and the morning of Christmas day are ushered in with great reli-

gious pomps; and as I was anxious to see them I was accordingly engaged from nine o'clock in the evening to six the next morning in visiting the various principal churches. First to the Papal Chapel where His Holiness was expected, but did not appear, and where there was no other service than the same eternal chaunt of the choristers:—Thence to the church of St. Louis, whose splendid nave was lit up like a ball room, having a profusion of modern glass chandeliers, adorned with flowers, and one hundred large wax candles blazing on the high altar.

This church was too crowded even to promenade; a cordon of soldiers kept the ground of the choir reserved for the priests, and also made way for them through the crowd. Here the organ was totally at variance in time, pitch, and unison with the chaunt, and I was therefore fain to leave it for the next church to which our *cicerone* led us, that of La S^{a} Maria in Aracœli, situated on the brow of the Capitoline Hill; perhaps on the very site of the proud temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus; and in which very ancient edifice, containing an altar asserted to have been consecrated by Augustus to the Saviour about the date of his birth, there was expected to take place a complete theatrical representation of the Nativity, a stage having been erected with all due appendages for that purpose; but after waiting patiently till the conclusion of a

very long Mass, we found that the exhibition was deferred, and accordingly between three and four o'clock in the morning, we turned out, and trudged away for S^{a} Maria Maggiore.

Ara Cœli has a *Bambino*, or infant Jesus, which was brought down from heaven by an Angel, during the night, who rang the convent bell, and then flew back again; and this *bambino* being of course gifted with heavenly powers, has wrought more miracles than any wooden babe ever yet did, or than the whole learned, and skilful body of physicians of Rome do to this hour.—It has the undoubted power of curing sickness either when invoked, or sent for, and brought with due solemnity by the priest, who, of course, takes his fee, though certainly not for himself, but only on behalf of this divine Bambino.

This splendid church of S^{a} Maria Maggiore on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, one of the seven Basilicæ of Rome, and one of the four having the Porta Santa, has in its magnificent façade three balconies;—from the central one of which the Pope dispenses his universal blessing.

It owes its origin to a vision as far back as the fourth century, and was built on the precise site, and occupies exactly the same space, where there fell a miraculous shower of snow on 5th August!

It is also presumed to occupy the site of the ancient temple of Juno Lucina;—and that thirty-

six columns of white marble now decking the interior of this Catholic Church were formerly sacred to the Pagan Queen of Heaven.

Its two chief beauties are its high altar, isolated, and formed of an antique sarcophagus of porphyry, covered with marble, and supported at the corners by four bronze angels; above which rises a most lofty, and imposing canopy, also of bronze, upheld by porphyry columns of the Corinthian order, and further adorned with sculptured angels. The beauty of this altar, I think, no one will dispute, but as by its noble elevation it almost touches the roof of the nave, the disproportion of the one, or the other, must offend every critical eye. The other striking beauty is the sumptuous Chapel of the Virgin, erected by Pope Paul V, of the house of Borghese, and where the delighted eye may gaze on treasures of beautiful sculpture, bassi-rilievi, columns of oriental jasper, with agate, lapis lazuli, gems and rarest marbles, together with an image of the Virgin which has the credit of having been done by St. Luke, and is accordingly surrounded with precious stones.

I had almost omitted to notice that noble gate leading to this church, La Porta Maggiore, being one of the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, and which, as it here intersects the high road to Labicum, and Præneste, was raised by the Emperor to

the lofty elevation of a Triumphal Arch; and in more modern days has been made a gate of the city. In feudal times this monument of utility was converted into a fortress; at the present hour it still shows its former fair proportions; its massive blocks of Tiburtine stone held together without cement; its Ionic columns; and its three inscriptions to the glory of Claudius in twelfth year of his reign; and to Vespasian and Titus, who restored it.

To return to the ceremonies. This church boasts of possessing the Cradle, or a portion of it, in which Christ was nursed; accordingly at the dawn of day, or about six in the morning, mass having been previously performing since two o'clock, the procession commenced, and with it began the difficulty. The crowds that filled the spacious nave, so many of them wearied with long waiting, and sitting on the ground, or reclining at full length, fast asleep;—the bustling parties, arm in arm, now trying to see the illuminations of this chapel, or the splendours of that; the listlessness, and exhausted patience of many, still lingering to see something which, after all, might prove as empty as the previous shows; the vast proportion of the poorer orders, with tattered habits, and garlic odours, and whose ragged children were not the most agreeable elbowers:—to steer clear

through all these was no little effort; though undoubtedly, there was food for contemplation in observing the peculiar dresses of the Roman peasantry who came from distant parts, and in watching their physiognomy, so striking as to remind one of the deeds of their forefathers. At length the military effected a passage; the music, and the chaunt, struck up; and first was seen, aloft, the cross, then boys and priests, bearing torches; prelates in their splendid robes; soldiers to clear, and line the way; and finally the remains of the Holy Cradle, incased in a kind of oblong vase, formed of crystal, beautifully enriched with golden ornaments, and bearing on the cover an infant Christ of gold. Thus it passed with difficulty up, and down the crowded nave, and was then brought into the chapel of the Sacrament, where I had placed myself (having paid for my admission, though), and here the Cradle with much solemnity was deposited on the altar and left.

On these multiplied, yet similar ceremonies a few observations may suffice. They are any thing but devotional. The heart that would pour itself out to its God, whether in the silent homage of adoration; in praises and thanksgivings for benefits present, or in penitence, and contrition for offences past;—knows not, nor seeks, a studied form. Here, all is form; a set, and settled pageantry. Every step and turn is pre-arranged; every bow,

or rather curtesy, is ordered beforehand; and every fold, and shape of a bishop's robes is perpetually varied by his attendants according to some supposed sacred, or canonical ordinance. There is also an abundance of exterior showy splendour, and thus with the crowds perpetually flocking now to one sight, then to the other, the whole becomes completely a theatrical exhibition. This again might be devotional, or at least induce such feelings, if the performers appeared sincere; but when the priests themselves hurry over the forms, and seem even more listless than their spectators, let me ask, can piety spring up, or faith improve?

Let us now proceed to some account of ancient Rome. The arrangement I propose is to begin at the Capitol, and to include some description of those many proofs of Roman grandeur which here abound; the venerable remnants of the wrecks of ages; the existing records of the grandeurs of that empire once the Mistress of the World.

Of some of these honoured ruins there remains but just enough to show what once they were, and many other architectural monuments of greatness are so buried in the ground as to display but half their proportions. Excavation has done much, but perhaps there yet remains incomparably more to do. The bases of the columns of many temples lately dug out are twenty feet below the pavement of modern Rome. Consider the accumulated wrecks

of so many centuries; the ancient city that Romulus founded, destroyed by the Gauls in the invasion of Brennus, about 350 B. C.—the more modern one that Nero burnt in wantonness, A. D. 64, and which fire lasted for six, or nine days; and that third city built subsequently again invaded, devastated, and ruin heaped on ruin by the remorseless Goths; by the implacable Genseric, Alaric, Totila; not to mention the frequent and ruinous inundations of the Tyber: and the still greater devastations from repeated fires, accidental and intentional: these matters duly weighed, the necessary elevation of the modern, over the site of the ancient city is obvious.

For these reasons also, in viewing Rome from any height, her original foundation on her seven hills is hardly to be traced, and the eye may range o'er storied palaces, and ancient fields, yet scarcely discovering the distinction between the Capitoline, Quirinal, Esquiline, Aventine, Palatine, Cœlian, and Viminal hills. Moreover to those whose classic taste may induce them, with all the warmth of a luxuriant imagination, to fancy they may view, and walk amid the very scenes which Virgil, Horace, Ovid, sung; disappointment must ensue. Strange to say, most of these antiquities are surrounded by, and almost inaccessible from dirt and filth; while some, by the different appropriation of the adjacent ground, have almost lost their original distinctive character.

Yet not to invasion only, and to the ravages of foreign barbarians, are the sorrows of Rome to be traced: to Christianity, originally, it owes wide havoc, and a vast range of devastation, though in later times this principle has preserved it. The division of the empire of Rome, having an Eastern, and a Western capital, was another fruitful source of ruin to the latter, and lastly the domestic feuds, and battles of the Roman Barons were more destructive than either cause already named. It may not be uninteresting briefly to instance some historical proofs of these various operations.

It was in the reign of the Emperor Valens, and in the year 376, that this monarch unhappily adopted that most fatal policy which ultimately levelled Imperial Rome to the dust, and prostrated the fair Mistress of the Globe beneath the feet, and to the merciless ravages, of the veriest barbarians, and savages of the North. Hermanric, King of the Goths, had ruled about this period from the shores of the Baltic to the Euxine, but overpowered, and overwhelmed by the extraordinary conquests, and untameable ferocity of the yet more barbarian Huns, whom the dark belief of the age asserted to be the detested issue of Scythian witches, and infernal spirits, his successor, Withimer, in the name, and with the united implorations, of the whole Gothic tribe, intreated the Roman Emperor to protect them from their im-

placable enemies by receiving them as subjects of his potent empire; craving only permission to occupy, and to cultivate the waste lands of Thrace. Seduced by false counsels, and in an evil hour, the monarch consented, and orders were given to transport the fugitive Goths across the Danube; but the Imperial Council trembled when, probably, a million of barbarians, including women and children, instantly, by this permission, rushed upon the sacred territory, which, too soon afterwards, they were fated to possess.

Oppressed by the cupidity, and tyranny of the Roman Legions, and Governors, in less than one year successive quarrels led to open rebellion, the Romans were defeated, and the Goths hoisted the standard of independence. (*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*). After varying success, the Emperor Gratian, then reigning conjointly with his uncle Valens, had the fortune to defeat them with the slaughter of 30,000 of their tribes. The field of battle was in the plains of Alsace, about thirty miles from the modern city of Strasburg.

On the fatal 9th of August, 378, the Emperor Valens hazarded a general engagement in the neighbourhood of Hadrianople; precipitance, and mistake accelerated the ruin of the Roman Legions; two-thirds of the whole army, 40,000 men, were annihilated, and their unhappy monarch, while a refugee in a cottage owing to a wound,

was surrounded by the infuriate barbarians, who, because unable at the instant to seize their royal prey, fired the building; and of all the inmates, including the sovereign, and his royal attendants, one only youth escaped the flames.* The prudence of Theodosius, elected by Gratian as his imperial colleague, however, humbled the power of the Goths, and a peace was concluded about four years after this fatal battle.

In 395, arose that tremendous chief Alaric, who had been rendered doubly indignant by the rejection of his proffered services as a leader in the Roman army. Greece was the first unhappy soil ravaged, and her treasures sacked by his hordes: Italy was the next fair prize; the Emperor Honorius was nearly captured at Milan, and the valour of the Roman General Stilicho, alone, for a time saved his country by the decisive victory of Pollentia, in March 403, about twenty-five miles from Turin.

In five years afterwards the implacable Alaric led his numberless forces to the very gates of Rome; famine and plague aided his machinations, and an ignominious deliverance was purchased by 30,000 lbs. weight of silver; 5000 of gold; 4000 silken robes, 3000 pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and 3000 pounds of pepper, then deemed a dainty, and a costly luxury.

* Ammianus Marcellinus.

In 410, Alaric once more besieged the eternal city, and, too fatally successful, his ruthless myrmidons, Scythians, Germans, Huns, pillaged, sacked, destroyed, and violated at will. St. Peter's, however, with all consecrated treasures, were strictly respected. Alaric evacuated Rome in six days in order to lay waste the rest of Italy, but death terminated his fatal course in the same year.

In 455, Genseric, King of the Vandals, actuated by the same predatory spirit, disembarked his hosts of Alani, Vandals, Moors, on the shores of the Tyber. His rage, in vain, was sought to be appeased, not by a bold sally of Roman warriors, but by a procession of feeble priests, whose mediation effected much, but Rome was once again pillaged without remorse for fourteen days; while among other ravages, the Capitol, the veneration and the pride of the world, had its unvalued roof torn away, whose gilding only in the time of Domitian is said to have cost 12,000 talents, or nearly £2,400,000.

Private, and public treasures of gold, silver, and jewels, even brass, or copper, were seized with greedy rapacity, and the successful Vandal bore them all away in triumph, together with some thousand Roman citizens, safely disembarking his vast prizes in the harbour of Carthage.

Genseric continued his career of destruction in Italy, and adjacent countries, whilst almost every

spring his piratical fleets sailed from Carthage to enrich themselves with spoils collected from the columns of Hercules * to the mouths of the Nile. To destroy Carthage, and this formidable empire of the Vandals, Leo, Emperor of the East, fitted out the noble naval armament of 1113 ships, manned by 100,000 sailors and soldiers; the expense of which, according to Procopius, exceeded £5,000,000. Basilicus had the command, and sailing from Constantinople it reached Carthage in safety.

The wily Genseric, unable to cope with so formidable a force, solicited a truce of five days; from treachery; or weakness, it was granted, and in the interval the Roman fleet was annihilated by the perfidious introduction at night of combustible boats.

Elated with success, other kingdoms successively fell to adorn his rule, Sicily, Tripoli, and Sardinia among the rest; and in 477 Genseric died at a period when the Roman empire, day by day, was sinking under accumulated disasters.

Thus seemed to be fulfilled, and at the very date, the prophetic voice of the ancient augur who

* The columns of Hercules are the two mountains, Abila on the African, and Calpe on the Spanish coast, once united, but torn asunder by that hero, to effect the union of the Mediterranean, and Atlantic. Calpe, and this passage are now so well known as the Straights of Gibraltar.

interpreted the celestial omen of the twelve Vultures which appeared to Romulus, while marking the foundations of his new city, as emblematical of the twelve centuries which the Gods decreed for its duration.

In thus sketching some of the spoliations of Rome, I must not omit the other sack, and devastation of the city by the patrician Ricimer, A. D. 472, originating in the civil factions between him and his father-in-law, the Emperor Anthemius, who was slain by his orders.

The extinction of the Western empire now accelerates, and Augustulus, son of Orestes, was the last Roman Emperor of the West; for being conquered by the bold barbarian Odoacer, he was compelled to resign; and the once august Roman Senate themselves dictated an address to the Emperor of the East, Zeno, on the throne of Constantinople, implying that His Majesty was sufficient for both kingdoms, and that Constantinople was worthy as the metropolis of both empires; finally intreating that the virtues of Odoacer might be rewarded with the dignity of *Patrician of the Diocese of Italy*. Thus ends the history of the legitimate Roman Emperors, and here begins the reign of Odoacer, and his barbaric successors. A. D. 479.

Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was descended from the royal race of the Amali, and drew his first breath

in the neigbourhood of Vienna. His extraordinary valour, and successes, made him formidable at the Byzantine Court, and he solicited, and obtained permission to dethrone the usurper Odoacer, and to restore, as he professed, ancient Rome to her lawful inheritors, the Emperors of the East.

Again successful, the natural gradation was to assume royalty himself, and during his long, and peaceful reign of thirty-three years, the Goths were first advanced to Nobility in Rome, and elevated above the plebeian ranks; their numbers swelled incredibly, and they adopted some of the Roman luxuries of their associates, though they affected to despise their elegant tongue, and still retained their own harsh dialect. Religion also was protected, and toleration almost universal was enacted; while in his reign the supreme Bishop, or Pontiff of Rome first assumed the appellation of Pope.

Ravenna, and Verona were the usual residences of Theodoric, though he paid one visit of six months to the ancient capital, and as an admirer of her yet remaining wonders, he exerted all his authority for the preservation of the matchless relics of old Rome. Such was the reign of the Gothic King, but his last days were stained by the cruel murder in the Tower of Pavia of the philosophic Boethius; and by his oppression of the Catholics. Remorse, mingled with sorrow for the

loss of popularity, hastened his dissolution, which occurred at Ravenna A. D. 526. To his two grandsons he left his dominions; Spain to Amalaric; Italy to Athalaric, with the guardianship of this child of ten years to his mother Amalasuntha.

About this period Justinian ascended the throne of Constantinople as Emperor of the East; and among the splendours of his rule are to be reckoned the possession, and the achievements of such a general as Belisarius; though in speaking of him I must obviously confine myself to his conquests in the cause of Rome.

To the piety of Justinian is owing the rebuilding of the Temple of S^t^ Sophia at Constantinople, the most splendid effort that the world then possessed of Christian devotion, and now the principal Mosque of the Turks, who still venerate this fabric, though built by those they term "Christian Dogs." It was then asserted as rivalling the famed Temple of Solomon, and the lowest calculation has assigned its cost at a million sterling.

The first victories of Belisarius were over the Persians; the next was the reduction of Africa: the fleet sailed from Constantinople in the summer of 533, first receiving the benediction of the patriarch, and in September following the unhappy monarch of Africa, Gelimer, descendant of Genseric, was an exile in Numidia, and his capital,

Carthage, in possession of the avenged Romans. A desperate effort of Gelimer collected forces for another battle, and the triumph of Belisarius was so complete, and the power of the Vandals so annihilated, that almost all Africa was humbled to Rome. This victory graced the annals of Justinian's reign at the very time that he was promulgating his famous Pandects.

To return to Rome. Amalasuntha, now Queen Regent of Italy for her son Athalaric, conceived, owing to his premature death at the age of sixteen, the proud wish of reigning herself in Italy, and, to strengthen her chance, espoused her cousin Theodatus, by whose order she was soon afterwards imprisoned, and then strangled. Her treacherous consort, while Belisarius was rapidly advancing towards Rome, which Justinian deemed a surer prize when thus distracted with discord, was himself slain, and his barbarian Goths, having previously decreed him unworthy of their obedience, elected the warrior, Vitiges, as monarch in his place.

The rapid success of the Roman General induced the new King to abandon, for a time, the hope of retaining Rome; his garrisons voluntarily left it, and Belisarius entered, without opposition, at the Asinarian gate in Dec. 536. The indefatigable Vitiges however collected an army of 150,000 men under his royal standard at Ravenna:

for one year, and nine days, did Rome sustain all the horrors of a siege from the implacable Goths, with the additional pangs of occasional famine; but Belisarius still and ever triumphed, and the barbarians, after sustaining incredible disasters, followed by the loss of almost all their possessions in Italy, at the end of this period, burnt their tents, and fled in tumultuous despair.*

To Vitiges, and his hordes, are to be attributed the destruction of the stupendous aqueducts of Rome, and other havoc from encampments reaching even to the Vatican; though St. Peter's was hallowed, and inviolate. Witness the destruction of the Claudian aqueduct which conveyed water to Rome from a distance of fifty miles, and whose decaying ruins still bestrew her plains in gigantic, though mutilated grandeur, and seem a weeping monument of former Roman greatness. To Belisarius is to be ascribed, from dire necessity, the ruin of the unrivalled Mausoleum of Hadrian, whose honoured manes were profaned by the conversion of his silent tomb to the uses of a fortress; while the statues of Gods, and the invalued sculptures of Praxiteles were sacrilegiously torn from their pedestals of purest Parian marble, and ruthlessly hurled down into the ditch below to crush the besieging Goths.

* Procopius—Gothic War.

Ravenna, the impregnable, still remained, but Belisarius, by stratagem, possessed himself of this only place of strength and the conquered Vitiges embarked with him for Constantinople, where he was honourably received, and lived peaceably.

The last sufferings of Rome from Gothic invasion which we have to record, arose from Totila. The Goths still possessed Pavia, and their new king had determined to repossess himself of Rome. In the absence of Belisarius, the imbecility of the other Roman generals accelerated the triumphs of the Goth, and Totila, e'er Belisarius arrived, had pitched his besieging forces no further from Rome than Tivoli. The Roman defence was successful; the city was already freed from the besieging foe, but the treachery of the governor Bessas, within, frustrated the achievements of Belisarius, without, and Totila entered Rome triumphant, while his gallant antagonist was stretched on the bed of sickness, arising from vexation of mind at such a failure.

Pillage unbounded was allowed; female virtue was protected; but the implacable barbarian avowed that he would raze Imperial Rome to the ground, and convert it into a pasturage for cattle. Part of this dread menace was already effected when the representations, and intreaties of Belisarius averted his anger, and the city was spared.

Yet for forty days was Rome utterly abandoned,

and so complete was the devastation, and the solitude, that only the beasts of the field were to be seen there! A. D. 546.*

No sooner had Totila retired to Mount Garganus, now Monte St. Angelo, in Naples, than Belisarius again took possession of the vacant city. In twenty-five days afterwards, Totila returned to avenge his cause, yet although he, and his best troops were uniformly repulsed; nevertheless at this critical juncture, faction effected the recall of Belisarius from his post, and Totila once more got possession of Rome, A. D. 549, which in this second usurpation he was as anxious to spare, and protect, as he had been formerly inclined to destroy.

To Belisarius, for the prosecution of the Gothic war, succeeded Narses the Eunuch, but let us first close the glorious life of the Roman general. While doomed to inactivity at Constantinople, an extraordinary freezing of the Danube emboldened the barbarian Zabergan to lead his rapacious Bulgarians and Sclavonians to the very frontiers of Constantinople, and even to advance within twenty miles of the city. To the aged Roman warrior alone is the victory attributable, and Zabergan purchased retreat at the price of high ransom. Two years subsequently, a conspiracy against the life of Justinian was basely asserted to have been fomented by the illustrious chief, and Belisarius,

* Marcellini Chronica.

his age, his matchless services of forty years unheeded, was condemned as guilty, and degraded. In six months this decree was reversed, his innocence was acknowledged, and his honours restored; but death, probably hastened by grief, freed him from a suspicious master, and an ungrateful world, in eight months afterwards.

Narses hastened to Italy, and in July 552, again the Goths and Romans met for decisive battle, near Taginæ, or Tadinæ, not far from Nocera. Victory decided for the latter, and Totila perished in the field. Rome yielded, and Justinian received the keys of his capital which in his reign only had been five times lost and recovered. Teias succeeded to Totila, at whose defeat, and death, and in him, expired the last king of the Goths.

Narses soon afterwards conquered the Franks, and Alamanni, and after this final contest, Italy was newly modelled. The once august Roman senate may be said here to have expired; the Justinian Code was established, and the office of a Viceregent, under the name of *Exarch*, or Patrician, was first introduced at Ravenna; but this, though a government usually confined to a single province when possessed by Narses, the first and greatest of the Exarchs, yet enabled him to rule almost all Italy for fifteen years. For two centuries Italy remained partitioned between the Exarchs of Ravenna, including the *Dutchy* of

Rome, and the kingdom of the Lombards, whose capital was Pavia. Their fierce monarch, Alboin, continued to harass and encroach, till he finally obtained the sovereignty of all the inland towns of Italy, though Rome remained inviolate.

About this time, towards the end of the sixth century, Rome by oppression of every kind was reduced to the lowest ebb of misery; yet at this juncture arose that pontiff whose perseverance, and judgment saved her for a time, and raised the Papal power to the dazzling height it afterwards reached: Gregory the First, surnamed the Great, the Emperor Maurice being then on the Byzantine throne. Among the good acts of this pontiff it will not be forgotten that he sent forty monks to Britain, who succeeded in baptising 10,000 Anglo Saxons, and their king also; but among his vices the united world will lament that to him has been charged, and may be attributed from mistaken motives of Christian zeal, the mutilation of some of the most venerated Roman Temples, and not only the loss of the histories of Livy, but of the destruction by fire of the entire Palatine Library.

During the administration of Gregory II there arose a spirit of rebellion to the superior authority of the court of Constantinople by the determined zeal with which the Romish clergy defended the worship of images, against the fruitless contests, and edicts of the Emperor Leo III surnamed the

Iconoclast, or Image Breaker, to suppress such practice; though still the government of Rome continued to be administered in the name, and by the authority, of the Greek Emperors, and which acknowledgment of dependance did not cease till the time of Charlemagne.

In the eighth century, Luitprand, king of Lombardy, was in arms against Rome, and had penetrated even to the threshold of St. Peter's; but dissuaded by the peaceful, and religious admonitions of Gregory II he knelt to the power he came to dethrone, and expiated his offence by rich offerings to the shrine of the Saint. Yet his successor, Astolphus, was not so placable, he conquered Ravenna, and terminated the reign of the Exarchs; he attacked, and injured Rome, and from the succour obtained by Rome from the French in the hour of distress speedily arose the future sovereignty of the then simply Christian Bishop.

About this period, Charles Martel was absolute in France, though solely under the title of Duke; to him succeeded his son Pepin, and grandson Charlemagne. Pope Stephen III obtained the aid of Pepin; Pope Adrian I that of Charlemagne, and in the reign of the latter, in 774 the kingdom of Lombardy was extinguished by the resignation of his crown, and of his capital Pavia by Desiderius, the last monarch.

Great as were these obligations, Rome made an adequate requital.

France had two contending factions; Pepin was absolute under the title of Duke or Mayor; but Childeric, the last descendant of the royal blood of Clovis, still lived. Pope Zachariah was appealed to; he decreed the rights of Pepin who was solemnly crowned. Childeric was to be confined for life: the royal Merovingian race soon disappeared, and henceforward, and for ever, the Carlovingian dynasty were to reign; though the events of a century so completely falsified this welcome prophecy, and the present royal race of the Capets arose upon their ruins.

Charlemagne, nevertheless, assumed an authority over the papal power, implying a claim to sovereignty; Popes were confirmed in their election by him, and the coins bore his impress. Yet his gratitude, for a time, exceeded his policy, and when he had surrendered to the Popes the sovereignty of the Exarchate, when Ravenna, Bologna, Ferrara, Spoleto, with other dependancies, even to the shores of Ancona, became the rich spoil of the Pontiffs; and when with these spoils they assumed the sovereignty of princes; even Charlemagne became jealous, and would fain have retracted; though his more pious parent, Pepin, in answer to a remonstrance from the Greek Emperor, for giving away so lavishly what was not his own, replied,—

That those gifts must ever be most sacred, and unalienable, which he had conferred on the Church for the remission of his sins, and for the beatitude of his soul.

In this emergency, a master-piece of policy redeemed the kingly power of the church; and a pious fraud supplied the aid of force. Adrian I asserted that Constantine the Great, who was the first Christian Roman Emperor, having been converted to the truth, baptised by Bishop St. Silvester, and healed of his leprosy, had from gratitude, when founding his new capital, Constantinople, freely resigned Rome, and had made to the Popes the absolute, and eternal donation of the sovereignty of Italy, and of the Western Empire. The forgery prevailed, and the Eternal City, slowly rising from her ashes, though repeatedly shaken, convulsed, and almost extinguished, was fated again, under Papal power and dominion, to rear her lofty and crowned head amid the other empires of the earth.

In my attempt at showing one of the causes of the destruction of Rome, barbaric violence, having been insensibly led into an epitome of its history for more than 400 years, I must, with greater brevity, sketch the remaining causes.

Christianity, first. Constantine abjured the religion of his country, and, in order to deck his conversion to Christianity, the temples of the

Heathen Gods were despoiled, rebaptized, and fitted for Christian Churches; but it was that memorable act of his transferring the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople that contributed so mainly to the final abandonment, and downfal of the ancient Mistress of the Globe, by robbing her of her trophies, her relics, and her monuments, for the embellishment of the new city. (Dedicated A. D. 330.)

Christ had now founded his religion 350 years when Gratian assumed the empire of Rome, and up to this date the Pagan worship as established from the period of Numa, being 1100 years, still prevailed at Rome; nor had the august Pontiffs, the Virgin Vestals; the revered Augurs; the Duumviri, entrusted with the sacred Sybilline Oracles; Cybele's Priests, or the Corybantes; the Septemviri Epulonum, the purveyors of the Feasts for the Gods; nor the Lupercalian festivals, &c. &c. lost their holy power, and charm with the Roman people. Gratian decreed them all as impious; and one of the latest, and most memorable interpositions of the Roman Senate in behalf of their Gods was their petition, and oration by the eloquent Symmachus that their monarch would at least allow the accustomed honours to be paid to the Goddess Victory; whose statue, and altar, still adorned the Senate House, by whose divinity their Senators had ever sworn; and to whom they had

ever offered incense, and adoration. The counter-efforts of Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, were more fortunate; and the Goddess was condemned. It is worthy of observation that this very statue had been removed by Constantius, restored by Julian, and finally overturned by Gratian.

Theodosius who succeeded Gratian put the question in full Senate whether Romans should henceforth worship Jupiter, or Christ; and having obtained by unworthy influence, and by the majesty of his own presence, the vote he sought—"Almighty Jove, Father of Gods and Men"—was hurled from his imaginary throne; and, soon after, all the Gods of the ancients, whose very images were too sacred, and dread for profane, and vulgar eyes; all those symbols of their omnipotence in Heaven, and Earth, and Hell; and all those hallowed pledges of the universal empire of Rome, given, and entrusted from Heaven itself: were rudely tumbled, and jumbled altogether to be dragged at the Emperor's chariot wheels!

In proportion to the zeal with which succeeding Roman Emperors embraced the Christian doctrines was the destruction of the Pagan temples. Theodosius issued an edict about the year 399 for the overturning of idolatrous fanes and the abolition of the Pagan creed; and the people may finally have destroyed the images of their deities with as much fervour as they had before

worshipped them. In a few years afterwards entire Rome, and even the distant provinces had renounced the creed of their forefathers; and Christianity had daily the professions of numberless proselytes. In order to further its universality, besides the havoc in Italy, the classic world lament the destruction of the beautiful temples of Jupiter at Apamea in Syria; and of Serapis in Alexandria; but, worse than all, with the latter, the destruction of the invaluable Alexandrian library.

After the cession of Rome to the Popes by Charlemagne about the year 800, every effort was made to repair the shattered wrecks of ages; and though, on one hand, the Pontiffs by the erection of the Cross in the Basilicæ, or Halls, and the Circi, &c. preserved them by the sanctity due to such consecration, yet they too often effaced, and removed, the ancient relics for the appropriation of the new Christian erections.

But Rome was fated to yet further disasters.

In the tenth century arose those civil factions, and contests, which produced endless wars, and consequent destructions. About the eleventh, and twelfth centuries the contending barons usurped as they could, and turned the venerable monuments of antiquity into fortresses, erecting innumerable towers of defence to the total disfigurement of architectural beauty. The Savelli, as before stated, were at the Tomb of Metella; the Frangipani at

the Coliseum; the Colonna at the Mausoleum of Augustus; the Orsini at the Mole of Hadrian; the Corsi at the Capitol and at the Church of St. Paul (without the walls); while the Pantheon was fortified for the Pope. Add the fatal fires kindled by the Normans and Saracens of Robert Guiscard in 1084, which laid waste from the Lateran to the Coliseum; add also the deplorable effects of the six months civil war which prevailed at the death of Nicholas IV in 1291: and all the lamentations and reproaches of Petrarch are confirmed.* Armies were encamped within the very circuit of the city, and spared nought of antiquity that stood in the way of their contest, whether on the side of the Pope, or the Emperor. Henry VII was crowned in the Lateran at the time when his rival was in possession of fortresses in the very heart of Rome; and in the midst of battling. Even St. Peter's, at one time, was fortified.

The residence of the Popes at Avignon for seventy years from 1306 to 1376, to the total abandonment of Rome has been so eloquently described by Petrarch as a period as fatal to Rome as any other of barbaric plunder.

To other causes of destruction we may add the fatal inundation of the Tyber in 1345 which o'erspread all but the hills for eight long days,

* Crowned at Rome, April 8, 1341.

and the tremendous earthquake which followed four years afterwards.

In 1526 the powerful Roman family of Colonna, always an adherent of the Ghibelline, or Imperial faction during the long and fearful contests between the Popes and the Emperors, and between them and the Guelph party, or Papal, which was also defended by the Ursini family; and the former at this period burning with jealousy, and hatred towards Clement VII then on the throne; they accordingly openly rebelled, and having obtained one of the gates of the city, aided by a force of 3000 men, they soon became absolute masters of Rome, while for three hours their followers were indulged in the sack of the Vatican, with St. Peter's, and the houses of the papal ministers. Clement, who had vainly fled to the Castle of St. Angelo, was only released by acceding to the terms proposed by the conqueror.

In 1527 was that memorable siege, capture, and plunder of Rome by the troops of Charles V, led on by the illustrious rebel, Charles, Duke of Bourbon, who had revolted from his royal master, Francis I, four years previously.

In this attack, on 6th May, 1527, the Constable, too gallantly urging his men to scale the wall, and himself the first to plant the ladder, was struck in the groin by a fatal ball, and quickly expired, while Benvenuto Cellini, the famed Florentine artist,

has laid claim to the distinction of having been the fatal marksman. Revenge infuriated his troops, and Rome was, in an instant, inundated by the Imperial forces, at the moment that Clement was praying at St. Peter's. For nine months Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, vied each with the other in committing the greater excesses; the extent of their devastations is unknown; their plunder in money alone amounted to a million of ducats, besides other exactions; while the halls of the Vatican, with the inimitable paintings of Raphael upon them, show to this hour mournfully the irreparable injuries caused by these drinking, smoking, insensate Goths. Clement and his garrison, shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, was reduced to feed upon the flesh of asses; and two of the terms of his liberation were the payment of 400,000 ducats, with his own custody, and retention as a prisoner by Don Ferdinand Alarcon till all other terms were fulfilled.

Yet later, we know that Paul II and Paul III considered the Coliseum but as a marble quarry; and I have somewhere read, that a nephew of Paul III, Cardinal Farnese, having at length obtained permission from the Holy Father for such marbles, stones, &c. as he could carry away from the Coliseum, though only for twelve hours, cleverly outwitted his uncle, with his limited leave,

by dispatching as many as 4000 labourers for the purpose.

We also remember that Sixtus IV destroyed an ancient bridge, that of Horatius Cocles, to make marble cannon balls; that Urban VIII took away the bronze from the Pantheon for the tomb of St. Peter; and we find that even when opinion changed, and Roman Pagan relics became the pride, and the research of her citizens, that some of the present most illustrious families of Rome took almost at will what they could snatch from the public treasures, and highway monuments, to enrich their private galleries, and collections.

Now it is the glory, and the boast, of the Pontiffs to preserve all that still remains; and, in pursuance of the example first set by the French in their late invasion, they continue to repair, and to excavate. Let us trust that Rome for the future has no other enemy to dread than the inevitable, silent, sappings of mouldering time.

CHAPTER XXI.

TARPEIAN ROCK—CAPITOL, AND ANCIENT MAGNIFICENCE—ROMAN FORUM—CICERO—SCIPIO AFRICANUS—RELICS OF THE FORUM—ARCHES OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS, TITUS, AND CONSTANTINE—COLISEUM—ANCIENT AND MODERN APPROPRIATION—REFLECTIONS—MARCUS CURTIUS—VOLUMNIA—ANCIENT SAYING UPON THE COLISEUM—ANCIENT GAMES OF THE COLISEUM, AND OF PROBUS, CARINUS, GORDIAN, TRAJAN, AND JULIUS CÆSAR—TRIUMPH OF AURELIAN—ZENOBIA—DESCRIPTION OF THE GLADIATORS, AND OF THE GLADIATORIAL GAMES—BATHS OF CARACALLA—OF DIOCLETIAN, AND CHURCH OF S^A. MARIA DEGL' ANGELI—BATHS OF TITUS, AND THE SETTE SALE—SCULPTURES—NERO'S TOWER AND GOLDEN HOUSE.

THE first memorable vestige of antiquity I name in proof of the havocs of past ages, and of the alterations of centuries, is the Tarpeian Rock on the Capitoline Hill.* Who would not tremble to look down a precipice so terrific, according to

* Near the brow of the hill; once eighty feet deep: and whence malefactors were precipitated. It immortalizes the perfidy of Tarpeia, daughter of Tarpeius, governor of the citadel of Rome, who promised to open the gates of the city to the besieging Sabines for the bribe of the gold bracelets on their arms. Tatius, their King, promised this, but availing himself of her equivocal expression to have "*what they carried on their left arms*," he not only threw her his bracelet, but also his shield, and as his army followed their monarch's example, Tarpeia was soon crushed to death, and hurled down this rock, ever afterwards called by her name.

Seneca's description, and from which the patriot Manlius, surnamed Capitolinus, owing to his having there saved his country, was nevertheless for his encroaching ambition hurled down to a horrid death! How different its present appearance. A little projection, and a fall of about forty-five feet upon a rising dunghill close beneath!

Proceed we to the Capitol: once the Fortress, the Sanctuary, and the most splendid Temple of old Rome. Begun by Tarquinius Priscus, continued by Servius Tullius, as well as by Tarquin the Proud, and consecrated by the Consul Horatius, soon after the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Here were preserved the laws and the oracles of Rome: here the Senate deliberated; here Consuls, Generals, and Judges, offered sacrifice to Tarpeian-Jove, either to implore his aid in the impending battle, or to offer the spoils of conquered nations; and here was borne in public triumph the exulting Roman who had achieved a victory!

In the centre was the Temple of the Guardian Deity of Rome, Jupiter Capitolinus; fronted with an hundred pillars; ascended by an hundred steps; while within its sacred hall, the immortal Jove was seated on a throne of gold; one hand grasped the thunderbolt, the other held the sceptre of the world: Juno and Minerva supported his right, and his left.

Once, its riches could not be told; its gilding

only had cost Domitian £2,300,000; it contained the spoils of the universe, and the costliest gifts; one present by Augustus weighed 2000 lbs. of gold, besides jewels; it had brazen thresholds, and a golden roof; silver shields were hung upon its walls, and golden chariots filled its courts! One other relic it also held: the straw thatched cottage of its founder Romulus.

The whole edifice was burnt in the contests between Vitellius and Vespasian, A. D. 69; also during the civil wars of Marius, and Domitian, who finally rebuilt it, endeavouring to make it eclipse in its present, all its past splendours. All these glories have vanished. On the summit are now some modern erections, and some relics of ancient art; but these I omit for the present, and proceeding to the brow of the hill, passing the buildings on the Capitol, range in prospect o'er the Roman Forum, the grandest, and most extended assemblage of ruined temples, historic recollections, and lofty inspirations, that the world can show collectively.

How impressive is it to tread that very ground where illustrious Romans were wont to assemble, to legislate, to decide on battle, or on peace, and to fix the fates of nations; that spot where thousands thronged to hear their orators declaim, and where Cicero pleaded: That very spot where he was hailed as the Father of his Country,

and as a second founder of Rome; for here he dared to denounce Catiline as a traitor to it; and, though 20,000 men backed the rebel's cause, and though the dagger of assassination even then thirsted to drink the accuser's blood, yet eloquence with patriotism prevailed: Catiline fell, and Rome was saved!

This one spot where still remain so many temples, each consecrated to some tutelary God, to whose omnipotence, and sacred protection, a Roman would so openly and confidently appeal.

Witness again the immortal Scipio Africanus. The champion of his country, and covered with glory, yet compelled in this place to answer the malevolent charges of an envious faction, on the first day he condescended to listen; on the second morning he suddenly cut short all proceedings, and apostrophising the surrounding multitudes to this effect: "Fellow Citizens! on this day, this very day, did I conquer Annibal, and the Carthaginians in Africa: let us away then, O Romans, let us away to the Capitol, to thank Jove, greatest, best: Juno, Minerva, and the other immortal Gods for the victory they gave us!" *—instantly all the people arose, and followed him with acclamations to the temple, leaving the accusers, and the judgment seat deserted.

* Thirty-eighth Book of Livy, fifty-first Sect.

Such was the Roman Forum. As it is, there remain three Corinthian Columns of Greek marble, part of the portico of a temple dedicated to Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus in gratitude for his escape from a thunderbolt which killed his servant by his side; and on the entablature of which are sculptured ancient sacrificial instruments. Eight Columns appertaining to a disputed temple, that of Fortune, or of Concord. Some remains of a temple lately discovered, and positively asserted as the Temple of Concord. The Column of Phocas. Three magnificent columns, remains supposed of the Comitium, or Hall of Assembly of the People, but according to others, vestiges of the Temple of Jupiter Stator—erected, or at least vowed, as far back as the days of Romulus, who, when his troops were flying from the victorious Sabines intreated Jupiter to stay their flight. His prayers were heard—the Romans were victorious, and this temple was the acknowledgment to heaven: and there are, further, some shattered remnants of the Curia, or building appropriated for religious, or for senatorial purposes.

Also the Triumphal Arch erected about 1600 years ago in honour of the victories gained by Septimus Severus over the Parthians.

The Triumphal Arch of Titus consecrated to that Emperor in commemoration of the conquest of Jerusalem; but which is not at this moment seen,

being completely dismantled, and taken to pieces, preparatory to its thorough restoration, and replacement.

The Arch of Constantine, commemorative of his victories, as well as of that over Maxentius, who, in flying from his conqueror, was drowned in the Tiber by the breaking of the bridge, the Ponte Molle, crossed in entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, on the Via Flaminia, anciently called the Pons Milvius, or Æmylius, and built by Æmilius Scaurus. Its bassi-rilievi are all allusive to Roman history; and it was once surmounted by a Triumphal Car of Constantine, drawn by the famous and oft transplanted four bronze horses now again at Venice. From its preservation it is one of the most valuable antiquities left to these times, though some of its finest ornaments are the wilful spoils of the Senate of Rome from the Arch of Trajan.

These three Triumphal Arches of the Forum are severally adorned with Bassi Rilievi allusive to the respective victors, and victories, with appropriate trophies, and varied ornaments.

Beautiful even in decay, they yet exhibit some of their grand triumphant characteristics:—Silently we gaze, and admire the bright genius of art that created, and united such splendid trophies; and though the fleeting mortal who achieved them has perished, yet these mementoes of him

still remain through ages of darkness, and ages of civilization; while the kingly conquerors to whose glory they were erected, with their conquests, and the nations, and empires they subdued, and the thousands o'er whom they ruled; and all their ambition, and all their projects have sunk, and vanished; and the present race heed them not!

Other temples there are, now converted into churches, but, in order not to multiply imperfect descriptions, I shall speak only of the most prominent.

Proceeding along the Via Sacra, on the left is seen the ancient pride of Rome, and the wonder still of these days—The COLISEUM. The most careless must be struck, the more refined, and reflective, may be dumb with amazement at beholding its stupendous, and beautiful proportions; and although sorrow-smitten at the havoc that centuries of desolation have effected, yet we may acknowledge that what remains is so grey with age, so venerable, and picturesque of beauty, that it were dubious whether, even if possible, we would wish it restored, once more to resound with the shouts of the multitude; or whether we would not rather, only avert the further ruthless hand of time, and pray but to keep it as it now stands.

I presume every one knows this to be the Amphitheatre erected by Vespasian to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, and which was com-

pleted by his son Titus. Among the records of its creation are the assertions that it was composed of a portion of Nero's Golden House; that 12,000 Jews reduced to slavery, worked to complete it during five years; and that on the day of its dedication, besides other amusements, 5000 wild beasts were here exhibited in various modes of combat; though not all, it is to be hoped, were slaughtered.*

The form is oval, and sufficient of it remains to enable an architect to draw accurately the entire building as it originally stood. Three rows, each of eighty-four arches, one upon the other, surmounted by a fourth range of pilasters, the whole having an elliptical sweep, and rising to the height of 160 feet. The entire length being 564 feet, breadth 467. The ornamental columns of the lower range are Doric; the second Ionic; the two topmost Corinthian. There are innumerable entrances and staircases for the people; 87,000 spectators had seats below, and 20,000 were accommodated in the gallery above; many of these were marble, and cushioned: besides these vomitories there were dens for the beasts, and still there are to be seen the Roman numerals remaining cut in the walls to indicate, and facilitate the access of the populace to their various places.

From certain corroborations may also be traced the seat of the Emperor Titus, connected with a

* Suetonius's Life of Titus.

private passage leading to his palace on the Palatine. Near to the royal stand were the seats allotted to Senators, Consuls, Prætors, Vestal Virgins, &c. Above them were the Equestrian Order, or Knights: above these,—the populace at large, and the women in the topmost circle. The *Arena* was so called from the sand with which it was strewed in order to absorb the blood spilt by the unhappy victims;—and above, in the fourth gallery, are remains of brackets to which was attached the occasional awning used in wet, or hot weather.

The avarice of the Vandals robbed the Coliseum of its iron cramps, and supports; the care of Pius VII has upheld it in the weakest part with a strong wall; but its chief spoliation has been in later days when its marble linings, and columns, have been unrelentingly torn from their sacred parent walls to adorn the modern palaces of some noble cardinal, or prince.

Though to my eye, the classic illusions of old Rome are much destroyed by that zeal for religion which has transmuted so many Pagan temples into Christian churches, yet on the other hand, occasionally, the erection of the Cross has been the only means left to prevent further depredation, and this applies particularly to the Coliseum:—Benedict XIV declared the place holy in commemoration of the blood of the martyrs shed there in the middle

ages. Chapels are now arranged around the *Arena*, and it need no longer fear any other sacrilegeous hand, save that of time.

How striking the contrast! Christians were here devoured by beasts for their devotion to that Cross which is now set up for public worship, and adoration; while on it is inscribed this comfortable papal promise.

"Baciando la Santa Croce, si acquistano ducenti giorni d' indulgenzia."*

But what sentiments worth recording; what reflections that genius, or taste, might prompt, may not the Coliseum inspire! To tread those lofty, and capacious corridors which Rome has built, and left for after ages to wonder at; and, in the stillness of night when the silvery moonbeams descend from heaven, and softly play amid the hallowed, venerated ruins, illumining the open arch to show a resplendent Roman sky; or gently creep o'er all the wondrous fabric to light it for the enamoured gaze; to kiss the sacred relics, and to sleep, and nestle awhile amid the ivy of ages; then as softly steal away to fly the garish light of morn; and, night by night, for centuries repeat the heavenly visit:—when the mind's eye, glancing o'er ages that are past, here conjures up, in vision, the games, the shows, the throngs that were in olden

* Kiss the Holy Cross, and thou shalt have two hundred days of indulgence.

days;—and now, behold, the moss of ages has obliterated even the trace of man!—when, looking around, so many vestiges of temples still remain to record the lustre of some patriot, the devotion of some citizen; or to tell how vainly was implored the tutelary aid of Jove; and that even the immortal Gods, as well as men, abandoned Rome!—nevertheless, the mind whispers—though man decay, and empires fall; though the glories of Rome are obscured as the night, and though her dominion hath passed away as transient as the moon-beams which illumine her wrecks: yet the memory of greatness remains: the mortal has perished; the soul endureth: Rome aspired to immortality—She hath it, and shall for ever be perpetuated; and, if nought else were known, yet o'er the Coliseum may the sorrow-stricken genius of Imperial Rome hover; and proudly, though mournfully, declare

ROME WAS!

Such is the Coliseum. Fragments of other temples there are around it, which I have not named, founded, and how glorious, how exalted is the recollection, founded by the Romans thus splendidly to eternise the virtues, and the patriotism of her children. A wreck of a temple erected in honour of Marcus Curtius, who, when the Oracle had declared that a chasm in the

earth, which had suddenly opened in the Forum, would never close till Rome had thrown into it whatever she had most precious:—the hero, deeming rightly, that arms, and virtue, were most precious, immediately armed himself complete, mounted his horse, caparisoned in the richest style, and after fit invocation, and devotion, leapt with his steed into the yawning gulph; which as instantly closed upon him and for ever.*

Another remnant of a temple dedicated to Female Fortune, recalling the virtues of Volumnia, and Veturia, whose spousal, and maternal, affectionate intreaties, turned away the stern Coriolanus, when, even at the gates of Rome, the warrior was bent to avenge his wrongs upon his country.

There was a saying upon the Coliseum of the Anglo-Saxon Pilgrims who visited Rome about the seventh or eighth century, which indicates how much even then this prodigy of strength, and beauty, affected their rude, and untutored minds.

'Quamdiu stabit Colyseus stabit et Roma: Quando cadet Colyseus, cadet Roma: Quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.†

Some most amusing, and almost incredible accounts are given by the Latin writers of the shows exhibited in this amphitheatre to the public. Claudian, Lipsius, Seneca, Calphurnius, Martial,

* Livy, book vii. chap. 6.

† As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome stands: when the Coliseum falls, Rome falls: when Rome falls, the world falls.

Vopiscus, and Spartianus, severally, *passim*, describe these games; and according to them—Under the *arena* were the dens for the wild beasts: there were reservoirs of water for the exhibition of naval fights; cellars for wines and perfumes; also for the various machines necessary for the different shows: and we may conclude that the ground, or substratum of the *arena* was therefore, necessarily, removable at will.

After a combat of wild beasts, and when the *arena* displayed the savage scenery of the country whence they came, rocks or forests; on a sudden it appeared as a sea, where ships swam; and where marine shows and fights amused the populace. Then a vessel would seem wrecked, and many sorts of animals both of sea, and land, would tumble out, and either fight, or play together, till the water was drained off by sluices; the animals remaining for the men to combat with, and the ship being restored to its first form.

Claudian says that artificial fires played around the machinery, scenery, and decorations, without injury.

There were occasional showers of perfumed waters; and sometimes fragrant streams were made to flow down the steps of the amphitheatre.

Public criminals were also reserved for death on these occasions, and, at a moment when raised to some elevated spot they were observing the varied

amusements about them, they were suddenly let down into the dens of the beasts below to fight, and be devoured.

The stupendous machines used to effect the mechanical changes were the Pegmata which Seneca describes.

It is asserted that Augustus ordered 5000 wild beasts on one public day; and that Probus, on occasion of his returning victorious from Persia, provided in this arena one hundred lions and tigers, a thousand bears, and six hundred gladiators.

The nets to protect the populace from the beasts were of gold wire; the massive stone divisions which separated the various ranks of spectators were studded with Mosaics; and the porticoes were gilt. (Calphurnius.)

Yet Carinus excelled even the regal Probus, although for the spectacles of the latter, there were exhibited, and given to the people, 1000 deer, 1000 wild boars, 1000 stags, 1000 ostriches: and on the next day were slaughtered 100 lions, 100 lionesses, 200 leopards, and 300 bears.*

To sights such as these all Rome assembled, and a Vestal Virgin gave the signal for the slaughter. I thank my stars that I am not in an age when such coward cruelty is sport!

The younger Gordian had prepared for a spectacle ten elks, ten cameleopards, and twenty

* Vopiscus.

zebras, contrasting them with ten tygers, and thirty hyenas, besides an hippopotamus, a rhinoceros, and thirty-two elephants.

Trajan is said to have gratified the Roman people with these spectacles for every successive day during four months; in which time 2000 gladiators combatted, and a proportionate number of beasts were slaughtered.

Julius Cæsar exhibited combats of men and elephants: twenty elephants to 500 men; and afterwards, twenty of these beasts bearing each a tower on his back, and manned altogether by 1200 combatants fought with 500 foot, and 500 horse.

Yet some few years afterwards, for the triumph of Aurelian, A. D. 274, 1600 gladiators were doomed to slay each other for the sport of the people.

The procession which opened with the dawn of day was hardly closed before the shades of evening. Two hundred rare animals from every foreign clime were there; and human captives of fifteen conquered kingdoms, Vandals, Goths, Franks, Syrians, Egyptians, besides ten Amazonian heroines of Gaul, exhibited their own humiliation, and the triumphs of Aurelian. Ambassadors from remotest monarchs, from Arabia, Persia, Ethiopia, China, India, flattered Roman supremacy, and displayed their richest, and varied national costumes; while costliest spoils, regal presents, votive crowns of

gold, the treasures of Asia, and wealth unbounded, the prize of war, displayed in open day, dazzled the eyes of the multitude, and swelled the pride of the imperial victor, borne aloft in his triumphal car, drawn by four stags or four elephants.

To the Deities of Rome, to the Capitol, and to the Temple of the Sun, the God whom Aurelian chiefly adored, were these treasures mostly consecrated: 15,000 lbs. weight of gold, to the latter only, attest the Emperor's munificent devotion.

Chief of the captive train, the beauteous, hapless Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra and of the East, who once opposed Aurelian with 700,000 men, now slowly bent her pensive steps before her conqueror, while oppressed, and nearly fainting from the weight of jewels, slaves upheld the golden chains with which she was fettered.*

The Gladiators, and the Gladiatorii Ludi, are among the striking institutions of the Romans. In the days of Homer it was deemed an honor to the illustrious dead to sacrifice at their tomb the unhappy captives of war, whose blood was supposed a propitiation to their manes. This practice prevailed at Rome in the very early ages, but, latterly, relenting somewhat at such cold, deliberate murder, they continued the principle, but modified the practice by compelling them to fight with each other.

* Vopiscus.

The first Gladiatorial combat occurred A. U. C. 488, but the increasing passion for shows producing a greater relish for these fights, the number of victims was incredibly augmented; as a proof of which, about 70 years B. C. one of their band, Spartacus, originally a Thracian shepherd, and in the pay of Batiatus Lentulus, as a gladiator, rebelled while confined at Capua, and escaping with about thirty comrades to Campania, was presently joined by more than 10,000 of these desperadoes who, when equipped, and sufficiently disciplined, gave battle to the Romans, and were, at first, successful. Italy was panic struck at such results, but the Roman General, Marcus Crassus, had ultimately the fortune to defeat them, and 40,000 rebels, including the various conflicts, paid the forfeit of their lives. Spartacus fought with the most desperate valour, and when his legs were gone, still wielded his sword, though upon his knees, till he sank exhausted. Crassus was honoured with an Ovation. (Florus, Plutarch, Eutropius.)

There were various classes of Gladiators—slaves, captives of war, rebels, criminals, hired, or enlisted gladiators, termed *Auctorati;* and in the degeneracy of the Roman empire, Volunteer Citizens, Knights, Senators, even Royalty; for the Emperor Commodus, who affected to be Hercules, and sprinkled his hair with gold dust to imitate the

radiance of Apollo fought publicly in the arena and boasted of his dexterity in slaying the wild beasts; and Nero compelled 400 Senators and 600 Knights, thus to exhibit and combat.

Dwarfs also contended; but, yet more, to crown all, and to make infamy complete, Roman Ladies fought in the arena, either with each other, or with beasts.

Juvenal in his Sixth Satire has a passage to that effect which Dryden thus translates.

> They turn viragoes too; the wrestler's toil
> They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil;
> Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
> Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push:
> Of ev'ry exercise the womanish crew
> Fulfils the parts and oft excels us too;
> Prepared not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
> But rout the gladiators on the stage.

In their modes of combat also the gladiators varied much. The *Secutores* had a sword, and a shield to protect themselves from entanglement in the net which it was the constant aim of the *Retiarii* to throw over them, which latter had also a sort of trident, or fork, for a weapon of death.

The *Pinnirapi* endeavoured by means of their net to catch, and snatch off their antagonist's helmet, adorned with the *Pinnæ*, or projecting plumes; and to show this, was their trophy of victory.

The *Myrmillones* were similar to the *Secutores*,

having a sword and shield. On their helmet they had the figure of a fish embossed, from the Greek name for which was derived their appellation, and which alluded to the net of the Retiarii with whom they fought.

The *Hoplomachi* were armed from head to foot.

The *Andabatæ* fought on horseback, their eyes, and face protected by a helmet.

The *Thracians* had a falchion and shield.

The *Samnites* from Campania had a peculiar shield, large at top, narrower at bottom.

The *Dimachæri* fought with two swords.

The *Meridiani* fought only in the afternoon.

The *Fiscales* were those maintained by the Emperor.

The *Postulatitii* were those most in request from their acknowledged skill, and

The *Essedarii* were those who combated in chariots, such as were used by the ancient Britons and Gauls.

These unhappy victims were sworn to fight till death, and to be careless of the acutest sufferings. Those who fought each other were first matched as equally as possible in pairs, and opened their display of strength and skill, with a *Rudis* or sort of fencer's foil. Afterwards, at the sound of trumpet began the deadly strife, when the dagger, and the sword, or other weapons, called the *arma decretoria*, sank deep in gore; while,

amid wounds and torture, anguish and ferocity, streams of human, and of brute blood gushed, and flowed in mingled torrents for the shouts and satisfaction of applauding, crowding thousands.

The exulting spectators when their eyes were feasted with a deadly wound, shouted *Habet*, or *Hoc habet*—(He has got it), and if the victim wished yet for life, he dropped his arms, and advancing to the crowd, supplicated their mercy. If he had fought bravely, and they liked him, they spared him; if otherwise they condemned him; a simple sign sufficed, and the manner of placing the thumb was the signal. To raise the hands, and to press the thumbs—*pollicem premere*—was to grant life. To turn down the thumb—*pollicem vertere*—was to deny it, when the vanquished was instantly slain by the victor.

Occasionally the presence of the Emperor was a sufficient reprieve from death. Money, and a palm were the rewards generally given to a victorious gladiator.

If they obtained their freedom from fighting any more, termed a *Missio*, there was a further ceremonial of touching them with a wand called a *Rudis*; and for additional honorary distinction they sometimes wore a garland, with flowing ribands; and were then termed *Lemniscati*.

According to Horace, the last public act of the gladiator was to offer his arms to Hercules, and to

affix them to his temple, when he retired from his toilsome career.

> The fencer Vejan, now grown weak with age
> Lives quietly at home and leaves the stage,
> His arms in great Alcides temple plac'd
> Least, after all his former glories past,
> He, worsted, meanly begs his life at last.—*Creech.*

These games thus continued with increasing popularity for 700 years, and gladiators were even introduced by the opulent at their supper feasts for the entertainment of their guests. But in the reign of Honorius they were utterly and finally abolished, and to the eternal honour of the benign spirit of Christianity is an incident recorded which mainly contributed to this happy abolition.

An Asiatic Christian Monk, St. Telemachus, was at Rome in January 404, when the Coliseum held unnumbered thousands viewing the gladiatorial fights. He rushed alone into the Arena, and dared endeavour to part the combatants. By the orders of the Prætor Alypius he was instantly slain for his presumption; but the Emperor Honorius bowed to the Christian creed, and the Roman people lost their diversion.*

The Public Baths of Rome are the next surprising proofs of grandeur of conception and execution. The remains of those of Caracalla are on the Aventine Hill. I describe them as they were; not as they are.

* Suetonius, Vopiscus, Plutarch, Juvenal, Pliny.

Their extent in length was more than 1800 feet, and in breadth above 1400; and though, professedly only Baths, yet such was the gratification the Romans experienced in this luxury of their genial climate that, besides accommodation, and marble seats for 1600 public bathers, there was a circular basin for the diversion of swimming; vestibules leading to detached Baths, cold, tepid, hot, or steam; walks shaded or exposed, adapted to the weather; with a Gymnasium for athletic sports. Here the people bathed for less than a farthing, and might command every additional luxury of having their skin smoothed either with the *Strigil*, or the Pumice-stone; of having superfluous hairs removed; paint, or odoriferous oils, &c. &c. (Perseus, Lucilius.) Some of the Bathing Vessels found are now in the Museum of the Vatican, and are of porphyry, basalt, and granite. Moreover, according to Pliny, to Seneca, and Statius, these public Baths were enriched with gold, silver, and mosaic decorations; with vases, sculpture, and painting.

The Baths were also the rendezvous of Philosophers, Poets, and Orators, and for them, moreover, were erected Literary Halls, Temples, Porticoes, and Music Galleries. In the Baths of Caracalla was that Hall so magnificent, and so vaunted by the ancients, the Cella Solcaris.* Religion was

* Spartianus.

not forgotten, and the temples of Apollo and Esculapius, on either hand, explain their own reference; the other two sacred to Hercules and Bacchus were there because these two divinities were supposed particularly to protect the fortunes of the founder, the Emperor, Antoninus Caracalla.

The Baths of Diocletian contained accommodation for 3000 people; and here, with the aid of imagination, we may amuse ourselves in tracing the spacious Hall for walking, or wrestling, &c. the *Xystum*, or *Pinacotheca*; the Swimming Bath, or *Natatoria*; the Tennis Court, and place for the other various diversions with the Ball, the *Sphæristerium*; the adjacent parlours, or *Diætæ*; the different Baths, cold, tepid, &c. *Frigidaria, Tepidaria, Caldaria, Laconica*; the place of the great stove for heating the waters, or the *Hypocaustum*; the principal stripping room, or *Apodyterium*; and the *Unctuarium*, or chamber for Perfumes.

Pope Pius IV employed Michael Angelo to convert one principal hall of these Thermæ into a church, that of Santa Maria degl' Angeli, which he has done in the form of a Greek Cross: suffice it to say that the modern arrangement is no disparagement of the ancient splendid Pinacotheca. The proportions of height have been destroyed by the necessity of raising the pavement six feet; and the eight massive, granite columns formed of one block, sixteen feet in circumference, and forty-

three high, are of course proportionately sunk; but the length of the hall remains as at first, 340 feet, 75 broad, 85 high. The modern marbles, and pictures are of the first order, and were placed here by direction of Benedict XIV.

The Baths of Titus are of less size than those I have mentioned, but presumed to have been more chaste and elegant in their style and decorations. They are built on the site, and with the materials, of Nero's Golden Palace.

Seven vaulted rooms termed Le Sette Sale, of great extent and capacity, have here been discovered; doubtless Reservoirs, supposed also to have answered the double purpose of supplying the baths with water, and perhaps the Naumachia in the naval exhibitions of the adjacent Coliseum. Adjoining to these are the halls, and the parlours of the former palace of Mecenas; a name, and a spot which awake recollections dear to every classic mind.

Such were originally the Baths. Now a heap of ruins, with barely enough left to trace their plan, which I have been sketching not so much from any researches on the spot, but from the records of those days. Nevertheless their solidity proves that they also might have lasted till now had not Gothic barbarity pointed their cannon to level them with the dust.

Very few of the chambers are excavated; in

those that are so, are yet to be seen by the light of tapers, on many parts of the ceiling and walls, arabesques, fruits, flowers and foliage, of exquisite design, and colours even yet fresh as when first created. Halls which the moderns love to explore, and ornaments which they wish to admire, because they are in some cases, even now, after a lapse of nearly 1800 years such as they were when Romans, Emperors, and Poets sat here, and gazed upon them. Here moreover have been found the finest relics of ancient sculpture. The Apollo Belvidere: the Flora: the Hercules Farnese: the Farnese Bull: the Laocoon.

Many of these halls are impervious to the light, while many choicest marbles, finest vases, richest mosaics, and antique statues, were never seen by their possessors but by the more picturesque light of torches. Here day and night revolved, undistinguished; and the lapse of time was not counted except by the succession of pleasures. It has been also conjectured that the extreme heat of Rome in those days was another inducement to fly to subterranean recesses. If so, how beautifully appropriate is the language of their poets: the Darts of Apollo.

Near here, and on the Esquiline Hill, were the villas of Mecenas, of Horace, Virgil and Propertius: and not far off is that Tower, still remaining, where Nero is said to have sat, and sung to

his lyre, while Rome was burning by his command!

To speak of Nero leads to the recollection of his adjoining palace, or as it is commonly termed his "Golden House." This we also explored if walking o'er heaps of rubbish which hardly indicate a vestige of an habitation can be so called, and whose only object now worth observing is the extent of the ancient Circus Maximus, which adjoined the palace, and from the windows of which its royal master could give the signal for the games.

Suetonius gives an almost incredible account of this imperial residence, built at the cost of the public treasures.

Its Three Porticoes were adorned with columns, each portico being one mile long. In the Vestibule of the palace was a colossal statue of the Emperor, 120 feet high, cast in bronze.

Its rooms were adorned with ivory pannels for the ceilings, while the walls were incrusted with gold, marbles, mother of pearl, and studded with precious stones. The Banquetting Room represented in figure and design, the Heavenly Sphere; and as in its imitative motion it perpetually revolved night and day, it at the same time scattered perfumes, and flowers. The palace gardens, forests, and parks were proportionately large, as well as stocked with creatures ferocious, and tame; on the banks of its lakes were villas, with other edifices;

while the waters of the sea, and of sulphureous springs, equally were brought to flow within this "Domus Aurea."

According to Suetonius all the admiration that Nero expressed when he took possession of this wonderful palace was by saying—That now he could lodge like a Man.

His other acts of profusion were on a par. When he fished, his nets were of gold, and silk twist. He never wore any thing twice, and the mere charge of his wardrobe when he took a journey, employed a thousand servants. Vespasian built the Coliseum, and the Baths of Titus, from the materials of a part of this house.

CHAPTER XXII.

CORSO OF ROME, AND FASHIONABLE PROMENADES—TOP OF ST. PETER'S, AND SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES, AND TOMBS—PALAZZO SCIARA—D^{A} CORSINI—BORGHESE—FARNESE—FARNESINA—VILLA BORGHESE, AND THEIR RESPECTIVE CHEFS D'ŒUVRE OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE—DAPHNE—ROMAN CIVILITY—THE PANTHEON—ANCIENT AND MODERN APPROPRIATION—ANTONINE AND TRAJAN COLUMNS—TRAJAN FORUM—CLOACA MAXIMA—MAUSOLEUM OF ADRIAN, OR CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

SUNDAY.—The Via del Corso, or Bond S^{t} of Rome, has to day, as usual on Sundays, been strung from one end to the other with a double row of equipages. The fashion is thus—the English Protestant Chapel in the morning: Vespers in La Capella del Coro at St. Peter's at three o'clock, where there is both chaunting and the organ, sometimes very impressive; then all the world of fashion promenade the spacious, and splendid nave of the church, jostling the devotees who are dispersed in various groups upon their knees, or are collected round the shrine of the Saint: finally the fair *signore*, and their *cavalieri* mount their carriages, and away to the Corso till dinner.

As a promenade, St. Peter's, if it be not derogating from its dignity so to appropriate it, is nevertheless matchless. Ever warm, pleasant, and

equable in its temperature, owing in some measure to the thickness of its walls, no ranks of fashion can be sufficiently numerous to crowd, or incommode its aisles; and, if conversation should flag, or the mind seek some other object of adoration than a fair face, only to look around, above or below, is to view at every point the most varied, and stupendous beauties.

We have lately mounted to the top of the Cathedral, even into the Ball, and have also descended to the subterranean below. It is only by mounting, and by walking round the two inner galleries of the great dome that a more just, and perfect idea can be formed of the amazing altitude, with the wonderful proportions, and dimensions of the whole building; by going still higher, curiosity, and science may be both gratified; every part is kept in the utmost order and perfection, while a certain number of workmen are always retained for this purpose. In the inner galleries you are struck with the freshness, and thorough preservation of the upper gildings, paintings, and mosaics: on the outside every arch, and window, is numbered, and every dome, and chapel, is named with reference to the plan below, while on the roof you walk, or range through streets of columns, and cupolas, never seen by the eye beneath.

The Ball, or golden apple, as it seems from below, will hold about sixteen people; on the roof

of the church are a range of workshops, unseen beneath, being masked by the majestic dome, and eighteen surrounding cupolas; the ascent to this elevation is by staircases practised between the outer and inner walls, and the slope so gradual and easy that you might ride up with safety on a mule.

This examination of the structure of the building externally, is perhaps as gratifying and scientific, or at least as striking, as the admiration of its beauties internally, in detail.

To the subterranean galleries I was guided by a priest, and by torch-light. Here repose the mortal remains of many illustrious pontiffs and martyrs; of the Emperor Otho II, and of Charlotte, Queen of Jerusalem, together with ancient sacred pictures and bassi-rilievi. A miraculous image of the Virgin was also shown to us, affirmed to have effected prodigies *per le donne partorienti*. The present cathedral having been erected on the site of the old one built by Constantine, the original pavement is here kept; and in one chapel more sacred than all, and more adorned, are said to be the bodies of St. Peter, and St. Paul: their heads, I have mentioned, are at St. John's Lateran. Further, in these dormitories of the dead are recorded the birth, death, &c. &c. of the issue of James II, who were self-styled James III, Charles III, and Henry IX, alias Cardinal York.

Finally, my account of St. Peter's closes by briefly noticing the Vestry, built at a most enormous expence by Pius VI, detached from the Cathedral, but every way worthy of it.

Palaces.—Almost all that I have lately written of Rome has related to its antiquities, its buildings, &c. nor have I much diversified my narrative by episodes of anecdote, or by sketches of modern manners and society. In truth, I have hitherto been comparatively indifferent on this point, and though I could avail myself of introductions into good society here, I have, at least for the present, preferred the study of the past to the courtship of the existing.

The only introduction I particularly wished was a presentation to the Pope, and this I am promised; but as His Holiness does not intend to receive company just at this sacred season, such presentation will be deferred till my return from Naples. Thus therefore I continue to write on the old topics; but, however, for the sake of variety, let us now speak of some of the modern palaces, and enumerate some of their *capi d'opera*.

Palazzo Sciarra.—The last room contains the following choicest pictures—Leonardo da Vinci's Modesty and Vanity. Titian and Family, painted by himself. Two Magdalens by Guido, though not finished in his usual style; one of which is known as La Magdelaine des Racines and the

very best picture I have yet seen of Michael Angelo da Caravaggio. The Gamesters. As this latter has been engraved it is needless to describe it.

Palazzo Corsini.—This palace has treasures. Guercino's Ecce Homo. A wonderful production; the eyes red with weeping; the blood trickling from the wounds of the thorns: the dignity of Godhead resigned, and patient under the acute agonies of mortal sufferings. So high is the finish that we may fancy we see the scalding tear; and so sublime is the expression that I felt it inspire devotion.

For a contrast; for spirit and effect produced not by the *labor limæ*, but by the bold, free stroke of a master hand, here is Rubens's Chase of Wild Beasts. How terrific is the gripe of the lion fastening his grim jaws on the cavalier in the middle, and how expressive is the snorting and starting of the horses from terror! A St. Sebastian by the same artist. An Ecce Homo by Guido. A Virgin by that peculiarly beautiful Spanish painter, Murillo. Two fiery battles by Bourgignone; and twelve small productions, depictive of the Miseries of War by the "inimitable Jacques Caillot:"—these last are all, and each, admirable. Here is also shown a Sella Curulis, or Curule, an ancient Senatorial, or Consular Chair. It stands low, is of circular shape, formed of marble, and sculptured with bassi-rilievi.

Palazzo Borghese.—This prince married Bonaparte's sister, Pauline, but they have parted some years since. His Highness resides chiefly at Florence, and the Princess at Rome.

Her Excellency has a person, and figure which Canova has copied, and modelled as a recumbent Venus. However though the prince has long since quitted the fair, and living original he is exceedingly jealous of her sculptured charms, and allows to no one the inspection of these.

This palace is reckoned one of the most magnificent of this city, and contains eleven rooms of pictures on that floor which is usually shown to visitors. In the second gallery is Domenichino's famed production, the Chase of Diana. The Goddess is pleasing herself with the sports of her nymphs who are chiefly occupied in shooting with bow and arrow, at a mark. But his other painting, I think, far surpasses this, and is truly a chef d'œuvre of art, the more admired, the more it is gazed on. The Cumæan Sybill. Extreme feminine beauty, blended with prophetic dignity; the richest vestments, the most splendid colours, and the grandest, general effect.

There are four amatory paintings by Albano, illustrative of the Seasons. A magic portrait of Cesar Borgia by Raphael, and some very beautiful productions by Garofalo. Besides which there is Titian's chef d'œuvre, his allegory of Sacred, and

Profane Love; a picture which excites the lavish admiration of all who see it.

Independently of these and many other most valued pictures, in one of the rooms is the superb porphyry sarcophagus which was found in the Mausoleum of Adrian, and contained his ashes. Two noble tables that stand in the same room have been formed from the beautiful marble slabs that composed the cover.

The court yard of this palace is also much admired. It is square; has two rows of arches, and an attic upheld by ninety-six columns of granite; the lower arcade is of the Doric, the upper of the Corinthian order.

Palazzo Farnese which has devolved, with all the other rich inheritances of this family, to the King of Naples, but which as His Majesty occasionally honours it with his presence, may therefore be presumed worthy to receive royalty. In the outer court is deposited the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, found in the tomb of that distinguished Roman lady, but of which we have given an account. Many of the valuable sculptures formerly here have been transported to the royal mansions of Naples, and some still remain awaiting the permission of the Pope to follow the first; it not being permitted to take any picture, sculpture, or other valuable work of art, however dearly bought, out of Rome without the express permission of the sove-

reign; neither can the King of Naples export these, his own private property, without such leave, Pius VII being so very jealous of thus diminishing these treasures of his capital.

In this palace one gallery detained us almost the entire morning. It is sixty-two feet long by twenty broad, and is most beautifully and exquisitely painted in fresco by Annibale Caracci, assisted by his brother Agostino. All the subjects are mythological, and classical; they are all amatory, and, by the bye, are most expressively, and voluptuously so. Domenichino and Daniel di Volterra have also contributed to the decoration of this princely saloon, while the number of these Pagan and Bacchanalian fables, so beautifully exhibited to the life, exceed forty.

Hence we proceeded to a smaller palace of the Farnese family, also now the property of the Neapolitan King, but which is most memorable as containing the productions of Raphael. The ceiling of the great saloon contains the history of Cupid and Psyche, painted in various compartments by Raphael, and his scholars. These fell short of my expectation in regard to finish, excepting some occasional touches which prove the divine powers of Raphael, although the conception throughout be excellent; but that fresco in the next room of Galatea, by his own sole hand, equally exceeded any previous ideas. As the same

nymph in the former palace was all voluptuousness, so was this all chastity. But chief, that look of the beauteous Nereid, half accepting, half repelling, the boisterous love of her attendant Triton. It is inimitable! Long time I looked with increased pleasure. How great the power of true art thus forcibly to operate upon the imagination, and to light up a train of ideas by the simple expression of physiognomy:—of nature! In the same room is an extraordinary colossal head sketched by Michael Angelo on the walls while one day waiting a few minutes for a pupil.

One further modern palace, and then we will return to antiquities. The Villa Borghese, just without the gate called La Porta del Popolo.

This noble palace is seldom, or ever visited by its illustrious proprietor, though it was, by his permission, occupied for a few days by our late Queen Caroline. Its grounds comprise a circuit of three miles; in them are contained groves, allies, fountains, a large lake, modern temples, and relics of ancient; with appropriate statues of Roman deities. Yet the chief charm of these beauties consists in the appropriate, the classical, the tasteful arrangement of them. This is unquestionably the most inviting, and pleasing promenade, and drive around Rome, commanding also the most enchanting views, and yet it is deserted as a residence because infected at certain seasons with that pest of Rome—Malaria.

In the palace, the pictures, though not pre-eminent, are pleasing; nevertheless some sculptures of Bernini are *chefs d'œuvre* particularly his Apollo and Daphne; the breathless haste of the God, and the anxiety of the imploring nymph, her prayers granted, and her taper fingers already ramifying into the sacred tree, are all admirably wrought.*

The grand saloon is the largest in Rome, while the ceiling representing L. Furius Camillus expelling the Gauls from his country is painted by a Sicilian artist of the name of Rossi.

To-day we saw Louis Bonaparte, late King of Holland, and fancied we could trace a resemblance to his brother Napoleon. He alighted from his carriage, near the Colisæum, to walk, but it was apparently a very painful effort, owing, as I have understood, to rheumatic complaints.

I have already observed how great is the partiality avowed by the Pope for the English, while

* Hence the Laurel. Daphne was daughter of the river Peneus, and the Goddess Terra. The virgin maid, too often importuned by the God of Day, sought to elude him by flight; but in vain; the God o'ertook her, and the affrighted nymph, stretching her arms to heaven, implored the Gods, as a last resource, instantly to metamorphose her form. The celestial powers heard her prayer, and she became a Laurel. Apollo crowned himself with its leaves, declared it for ever sacred to his divinity; and, to this hour, poets, conquerors, kings, consummate their triumphs by coronation with the simple leaf that recalls the memory of a maiden's chastity.

a sort of civility, and kindness emanating from this source seems to extend itself throughout inferior classes. Two or three proofs I have myself experienced; among the more trifling was one we met with, when in passing a bridge, we were for some short time blocked up, and detained by a cart coming in an opposite direction. The whole affair was completely our coachman's fault, yet, when extricated, the Roman peasant begged the "*Inglesi*" a thousand pardons for detaining them.

In walking the streets, and asking my way, a man has taken much trouble to point it out, and offered to accompany me—"*Senza nessunō interésse.*"

Another incident which occurred to me at the Papal Chapel on Christmas eve will prove the marked attention universally paid at Rome to all the English. Arriving for the sight just in sufficient time to bustle up to a tolerably good place, I gradually worked my way to the best range of seats in the Cappella, save one. Here I stopped, all further access being barred by doors, and Papal officers in full costume. At length, service being on the eve of commencement, and a few of these seats yet vacant, the door was opened, unasked, and I walked in. Upon thanking the officer, he asked if I were English, and upon my replying—"*Certamente*" he apologised for not having immediately admitted me, since simply to have declared

myself "*Inglese*" would have been an instant passport. He said he had supposed me a German officer. I know not how to account for my having a German phiz, except that I wore mustachios as fierce as the growth of three months would allow.

The Pantheon.—One of the few ancient temples still existing, preserving its original form, and that form one of the most beautiful known, both a study, and a model of perfection for the highest artists even to the present hour!

The inscription on the entablature of the façade of the portico still remains, and proves the latter to have been erected by Marcus Agrippa in the third year of his Consulate, being about twenty-five years B. C.

M. Agrippa. L. F. Cos: Tertium. Fecit.

This was the period of the splendors of Rome, and posterity has recorded the talents of Augustus, whate'er they may think of his vices, by distinguishing any subsequent reigns of glory by his name, or as an Augustan age.

Agrippa was equally honoured by the friendship of, and by alliance with, the Emperor, as he had bestowed upon him his daughter Julia in marriage, and to his imperial father-in-law Agrippa would have dedicated this temple, but Augustus declined the honour, and, according to Pliny, it was then dedicated to Jove, the Avenger.

The matchless Portico consists of a range of sixteen Corinthian Columns, the front ones being of Red Oriental Granite, each of one single block, fourteen feet in circumference, and forty feet high, independently of the additional elevation from the bases, and capitals, which are of the choicest white marble, and most elaborate sculpture. The length of this porch is about 100 feet by 60 in breadth. The central intercolumniation is rather wider than the others, and leads to the grand portal, whose ancient bronze doors are supposed to have been torn away by Genseric, on account of their beauty, yet afterwards lost in the Sicilian Seas.

Entering the temple, its circular form and noble dome still remain as when Roman Emperors worshipped in it; the sole difference is, that those niches once decked with heathen statues, those altars that once smoked with pagan incense, are now consecrated to Christian piety.

The diameter of the temple, and height to the dome were originally equally about 140 feet; the thickness of the walls about 19 feet; while still are retained many of its antique, and choicest columns of Parian, and Violet marble, and *Gidll' antico.*

Formerly dedicated to Jove the Avenger, or as some say, to all the Gods, it was in the year 830 dedicated by Gregory the Fourth to all the Saints, and that said festival instituted in commemoration,

though it had been first converted into a church by Boniface IV about the year 609.

In the days of its splendour, the exterior was of bronze gilt, and the interior partly sculptured silver, partly bronze. Augustus, and Agrippa had their statues here, while around its walls were ranged those of all the Gods, the more puissant, and celestial in the higher, and larger compartments, the inferior, and infernal in the lesser.

The pavement is composed of precious marbles, and there were Caryatides, with other figures which Pliny deemed worthy to record.

The entire building was the pride of the Romans themselves; and among the ancients who eulogise its glories are Dionysius, and Marcellinus.

Alas! of all these glories nought now remains; its present interior is meagre, and cold; its architectural form and grandeur alone bespeak its fame; ignorance and avarice have stripped it of all its valuables, eighteen centuries have rolled on, while every successive generation has witnessed its gradual decay; not even the urn of the dead; not even the tomb of its founder, has been spared; for the ashes of Agrippa have been tossed to the winds, and in the sarcophagus where they did repose now lie the bones of Clement XII in a distant spot.

In latter days Urban VIII despoiled it of the incredible weight of 45,000,000 lbs. of bronze that adorned the portico; and in the fourth century

the Emperor Constans employed the twelve days in which he stayed at Rome in pillaging her treasures, and in robbing the Pantheon of its bronze and its silver destined for the new palace of Constantinople; altogether effecting as much ravage in these few days as previous barbarians had done in two centuries and a half. (Fabricius' Description of Rome.)

One great distinction of beauty in this temple I have not yet named.

In its dome is a proportionate circular aperture, twenty-six feet in diameter, open to the heavens, the only light admitted. How striking is this on entering; how sublime the allusion! The pure light, and immediate beams of heaven, unchecked, for ever darting down on the suppliants who are imploring its blessings below! Great Jove, father of Gods and men, was monarch of the air. It is then as though the glances of his eye were ever observant, ever radiating upon the mortals in his temple beneath!

Gods and Spirits are said to melt and mingle in the air: here then the vows, the incense, the adoration offered up might blend, and mix even with their own ethereal, celestial, essence!

The Antonine, and Trajan Columns.—These celebrated pillars very closely resemble each other, but as the former is an humble imitation of the latter, it is not necessary to say more than that it

was erected by the Roman Senate in honour of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and of his victories over the Marcomanni, and Quadi; and by him it was afterwards dedicated to his father, by adoption, Antoninus Pius. The famous bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, once upon the summit of the pillar, is now supplied by one of St. Paul.

There is however one sculptured representation on this pillar which deserves notice, because alluded to by Claudian, and by Julius Capitolinus; and because descriptive of a miracle which the Christians ascribe to their God, and the Pagans to Jupiter Pluvius; the thunderer being here shown as sending down rain on the thirsting, fainting army of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and thunderbolts on his foes.

The Trajan Column was once in the centre of the Trajan Forum, but of all this assemblage of the grandeurs of architecture, including a triumphal Arch, a Temple, a Basilica, two Libraries, one the Ulpian, subsequently transferred by Diocletian to his Baths, Porticoes, Columns, and Statues innumerable, with the famed equestrian bronze statue of Trajan which excited even regal envy in Constantine: of this Forum said in magnificence to vie with any thing Rome possessed, nothing remains complete except this column.

To the French is owing the merit of those complete excavations which laid open the plan of this

venerated Forum; and which enable modern explorers to tread the identical ancient pavement! and as moreover the fragments of the once magnificent and towering columns, with their bases, are arranged as nearly as possible after the same mode in which they formerly stood, the eye, and the mind also conceive the more readily the original grandeur of the whole, whereof Apollodorus, of Damascus, was the immortal architect.

The Trajan Column was voted by the Romans to their king in consequence of his victories over the Dacians, seventeen centuries past, while it has come down to this age so perfect as still to present a complete exposition of Roman tactics, evolutions, accoutrements, and dresses, &c. &c. Trajan's ashes once reposed in a golden urn at the base of the column; his deeds were sculptured on that column, and his statue crowned the summit.

Its total height is 132 feet, the order is Doric, and it is composed of thirty-four blocks of Greek white marble, the diameter of the blocks varying from eleven feet two inches at bottom to ten feet at top. The pedestal has eight blocks; the *torus*, or base, one; the shaft twenty-three; one in the capital, and one for the pedestal of the statue. The former effigy of Trajan, twenty feet high, is supplanted by that of St. Peter.

Around this column from the base to the top there winds, in a spiral line, a series of bassi-rilievi

descriptive of Trajan's defeat of the Dacians, with his various victories, wherein altogether there are sculptured 2500 figures, about two feet average height, besides all their arms, trophies, implements of war, horses, chariots, &c. No figurative liberties having here been exercised, we thus possess, after a lapse of 1700 years, an authentic standard of the costume, mode of warfare, and various distinctions of the Roman Legions, and of the several nations with whom they fought; horse and rider complete; the Moorish steeds without trappings, the Sarmatian, with their riders, cased in mail from head to hoof.

It is after the model of the Trajan Column that Napoleon erected that in honour of himself still in the Place Vendome of Paris.

The next object of notice is very different, but comes equally in proof of Roman greatness. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Historian, has said that there were three things which chiefly evinced the greatness of Rome: the Public Ways; the Aqueducts; and the Cloacæ; or in plain English, the common sewers.

Tarquin the Proud, 2300 years ago, built the Cloaca Maxima, or great conduit into the Tiber for all the impure streams of the city, communicating also with lesser Cloacæ; one arch of which, or mouth, remains plainly seen even at this day.

Both Pliny and Livy have spoken of these vast

conduits, while the latter asserts that a loaded cart could pass through the great arch without difficulty.

Agrippa cleansed them by effecting the passage of seven rivers through the subterranean, so that boats might thus navigate beneath the streets of Rome.

Yet so choked is the avenue, and so sluggish the stream, now, that instead of a loaded cart I should deem this vestige of the Cloaca Maxima would barely admit a hamper. Nevertheless, how admirably solidly must that tunnel have been originally constructed which, notwithstanding all the tremendous concussions of twenty ages, still hangs together as the architect first framed it, firm by its own simple construction and without any sort of cement. There were public officers appointed to take care of these sewers, termed Curatores Cloacarum Urbis.

The Bridges of Rome are more remarkable from their affinities with historical recollections than from their intrinsic beauty.

The Bridge of St. Angelo was built by the Emperor Hadrian, then called Pons Ælius, and was terminated by his Mausoleum, known as the Moles Hadriani. On the modern Bridge are ten angels of statuary, each bearing some record of the afflictions of Christ, such as the Thorns, the Cross, the Scourge, &c. &c. We then arrive at the Tomb

of Adrian, or the Castle of St. Angelo, which, if we can rely upon the plans, and drawings made in these days according to the ancient descriptions of it, must have been one of the most beautiful monuments of Rome.

Fancy then a quadrangular base of travertine stone 253 feet long, and high in proportion. Upon this, a circular tower 580 feet in circumference, formed of peperin stone, and cased with marble, having a circular portico upheld by forty-eight columns of violet marble, whose intercolumniations were adorned with the same number of statues, and also the entablature. Then arose a second circular story, equally adorned with Ionic pilasters and statues; the corners of the platform had also their sculptures, while surmounting all was the Cupola, or Dome, crowned with a Brazen Pine Apple.

Of this magnificent, and most splendid tomb, there remain but its square base, with part of the first circular tower, naked, and stripped of all its marbles, columns, and statues.

The sarcophagus of the Emperor is in one of the palaces of Rome, while the Pine ornaments the gardens of the Vatican. Whenever Rome was besieged the commanding position of this pile on the banks of the Tiber made it particularly eligible as a post of defence to any party that could obtain it. Hard necessity forced a Roman General, Belisarius,

thus to profane it, and in after wars, the Goths, and other barbarians, with the contests of the Romans themselves, completed its destruction; the upper part being totally lost, and its beautiful marbles, and statues being either pounded into lime and mortar, or else shivered to pieces by being indiscriminately hurled down on the heads of the besiegers below.

As it is now considered the Citadel of Rome all uniformity is lost by the erection of various bastions, and ramparts, where the Papal flag daily waves, and centinels parade. On the present summit is a statue of the Angel Michael, with expanded wings, ordered to be cast in bronze by Gregory the First, and erected in commemoration of some prophetic vision.

That mournful, that melancholy association of ideas which in these days death, and the habitation of the cold grave, so generally inspires, prevailed not in classic realms. In ancient Italy the tomb was not in the damp, neglected, and ne'er trodden path; it was not deep in the cold, and clodded, senseless earth; but it was sometimes in the centre of the city, oftener in the most frequented spot, where recreation was sought, where festivals were solemnized, and where the spirits of the dead, even in the mausoleum which held the honored urn and ashes, might view, or mingle, unseen,

amid the throng, and in the joys they loved when on earth.

Moreover, to deck these tombs art was lavished, and the imagination of the living was not dimmed by sorrowing for the dead, but rather kindled into a brighter glow at the monumental grandeurs that were evoked to eternise their memory.

Such was Adrian's Tomb. It was not the retreat of the pensive; it was not the lone spot where the sweet, and fleeting flowers flourished, and faded; and again planted by the hand of friendship, again bloomed, and vainly shed their balmy odors all around.

His monumental decorations were those of permanent sculptured beauty, and architectural grandeur which were to last till latest ages. Yet that very splendor and solidity has been the more fatal to its hallowed repose; and while the humble tomb has been spared, this kingly one has been made a fortress, and a place of sanguinary warfare; and grim death, not satisfied with his one regal captive, has here sent hecatombs of inferior victims down to the shades below.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRIDGES—PONS SUBLICIUS—HORATIUS COCLES, AND MUTIUS SCÆVOLA—PONS TRIUMPHALIS—ROMAN TRIUMPH—BULLS OF CLITUMNUS—TRIUMPH OF PAULUS ÆMYLIUS—SACRED ISLE, AND TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS—CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT—FOUNTAINS OF THE PIAZZA NAVONA—OF L'ACQUA FELICE—OF TREVI, AND MADAME DE STAEL'S CORINNE—AVENTINE HILL—HERCULES AND CACUS—CHURCH OF ST. PIETRO IN CARCERE—MAMERTINE PRISON, OR TULLIANUM—THE SCALÆ GEMONIÆ—MIRACLE BY ST. PETER.

THE Pons Sublicius, or Æmylius.—Of this ancient bridge, supposed to be the first ever thrown across the Tiber, very little now remains to tell of its glorious history, for it was here that Publius Horatius Cocles, when his country was invaded by Porsenna, himself first singly, afterwards supported but by two others, opposed the King with his army on this bridge till his countrymen had destroyed it. He then invoked the sacred Tiber to be propitious to him, and instantly, though wounded, leapt all armed as he was into its stream, and gained the shore. A brazen statue was decreed to him, and placed in the Temple of Vulcan; besides which he received a great contribution in money, and as much land as he could plough round in a day.*

* Livy, book ii. cap. 10. This act of Cocles, and another of Mutius Scævola, induced Porsenna to make peace with the

Pons Triumphalis.—A few shattered vestiges. When a Triumph was decreed for a Roman General he passed over this bridge, and hence its name. When a warrior sought the glory of a Triumph, first he addressed the Senate, recapitulating his victories, and halting with his army, near the Temple of Bellona, ere he entered the city. If granted, at the dawn of day the warrior put on the Tunica Palmata, or Robe of Triumph, which was of purple, and gold, and crowned himself with laurel. The procession began with Senators, and their Lictors, on foot, displaying the Roman *fasces*, emblematical of their authority to punish, accompanied also by martial music. Carriages followed filled with the spoils of the enemy, weapons and

Romans. While this monarch was encamped before the walls of Rome, Mutius determined to make an effort to save his country, though aware he must perish in the attempt. He disguised himself, and made his way into the royal tent. By mistake he attacked the King's secretary instead of his master. Immediately seised, Porsenna began to question him, but Mutius gave no other reply than that he was one of 300 who had sworn to take the invader's life or lose their own. To Porsenna's threats he only said, "I am a Roman," and, thrusting his hand into the fire on the altar, because it had miscarried of its enterprise, without uttering a word, he burnt it off. (Hence his appellation of Scævola, or Left-handed.) Porsenna, surprised at these instances of valor, and patriotism, was proud to be allied to such a nation, and immediately concluded a lasting peace. The Romans, to honor the humanity he had shown to captives in war, raised a brazen statue to his glory. Livy, book ii. cap. 12.

implements of war, their choicest works of art, their treasures, and golden stores, with pictures and effigies, sometimes formed in silver, of their country, their productions, their scenery, their Deities.

The milk white Bulls, fed on the banks of Clitumnus's sacred stream, with purple trappings, gilded horns, and wreaths of flowers, walked unconscious of the priests, and the axe carried with them, for their own approaching slaughter, and sacrifice to Jupiter Capitolinus.* The Kings, and the Conquerors who were conquered, came next, fettered with silver chains, and with shaven heads as a badge of slavery. After other ceremonials, and the procession of the foreign beasts of the distant conquered regions, the victor appear'd in his ivory chariot chased with gold, or sometimes entirely of silver; four or six horses abreast drew it, or, if he preferred them lions, tigers, elephants, or rein deer.

The Roman warrior, aloft in his car, had his children with him, while his relatives, and friends, bearing laurel, walked by his side. Lictors, and trumpets preceded his approach, whilst golden cen-

* The streams of the river Clitumnus, in Campania, were supposed to turn white the oxen which laved in them. Jupiter himself was worshipped as Jupiter Clitumnus, and to him were specially sacred in triumph those milk white steers, the Bull being the lordliest animal of the creation, and whose form Great Jove himself had assumed.

sers were wafting their fragrant perfumes to the skies. Behind the conqueror's car, a figure held a branch of palm in one hand, and suspended a crown of laurel o'er his head with the other. Yet in the midst of this splendor and pride, policy suggested a lesson of possible humiliation, for the conqueror wore on his finger an iron ring like a slave, being thus admonished to forget not the mutability of fortune. After him walked Consuls, Senators, Magistrates, Army, and People, all crowned with laurel; and those Romans, if any, whom he had redeemed from captivity having their caps on to conceal their shaven heads, and to imply a restoration to freedom.

Thus then they all proceeded onward, shouting Io Triumphe, and joyful Pæans, passing through Triumphal Arches, traversing the Via Sacra, and stopping at the Capitol, where the victor dismounted to sacrifice the milk white steers, and to lay his laurels, and his spoils at the feet of Jupiter Capitolinus, or at those of Mars, the Avenger. Gifts to the populace, with a public feast concluded the auspicious day.

The Triumph decreed to Paulus Æmylius for his victory over Perseus, King of Macedonia, lasted three days: seven hundred and fifty chariots were filled with works of art, and similar costly spoils of the enemy:—independently of a proportionate number filled with the military and martial tro-

phies captured: one hundred and twenty milk white steers decked with garlands and with horns gilt, were led to sacrifice; three thousand Romans bore aloft the silver coins contained in seven hundred and fifty vases; followed by others laden with golden coins that filled seventy-vessels:—while further gold and silver goblets, paterae, vases, &c. displayed in dazzling heaps, glittered in the sunny light of day.

Then came the chariot of the fallen monarch, his armour, his jewels, the peculiar golden plate served at his own table; his diadem:—His hapless infants followed who stretched forth their little hands for pity, and made even Romans weep; and with them was their father now a suppliant, and a captive;—a sovereign, and a monarch, alas! no more.

Finally came the proud conqueror borne aloft in his magnificent car, preceded by the display of the four hundred crowns of gold decreed to him by various cities as trophies of his victories.

Rome's great ambition was military glory, and conquest. What incentives could be devised more inspiring, or splendid than these?

In one part of the Tiber is an island whose formation is owing to a singular historical recollection. When Tarquin the Proud was dethroned, and expelled for his vices, the indignant populace threw his possessions into this river, nor would they, rom their horror of the tyrant, appropriate to them-

selves any matter that had been his. So abundant was the corn gathered from his field situated between the city and the Tiber, consecrated to Mars, and afterwards called the Campus Martius, that it resisted the tide of the river, and naturally acquiring fresh stability every day at length formed the present island.*

Where now shall we find a populace which would disdain thus easily to feed, and enrich themselves solely from a principle of patriotism!

This artificial island was subsequently fortified by a wall; and in the year of Rome 461, the city being afflicted with a pestilence, the Sybilline books were consulted, and in consequence of their mystic meaning, "*Æsculapium ab Epidauro Romam accersendum*"—Esculapius was to be fetched from Epidaurus to Rome—ambassadors were dispatched to that temple of the God.

Arrived here, the sacred serpent of the deity came on board their ship, and when on their return to the Tiber they floated past this island he quitted the vessel for that abode, and never more was seen. The pestilence instantly was stayed; the isle in commemoration of the deed was shaped into the form of a ship, it was dignified as the Sacred Island, and a temple was vowed, and erected to the God of Healing.†

On the scite of this very temple is now the church of St. Bartholomew; but it was the recol-

* Livy, b. ii. chap. v. † Livy, b. x. and xi.

lection of these Roman classic fictions alone that could make this church to me so interesting to explore. It contains some columns asserted once to have decked the original pagan temple; together with the ancient sculptured serpent that was upon the prow of the vessel island.

It may be as well here to observe that neither in the garden of this convent which has this antique serpent, nor in many other gardens, cloisters, houses, &c. attached to churches, monasteries, or convents of Rome, which severally contain antiquities, and other matters of interest, can any female be allowed even to plant a foot unless favoured with a Pass from a Cardinal.

By a natural transition we pass from the River to Fountains. I have already alluded to the Aqueducts of ancient Rome. Pliny (b. xxxvi.) speaks of the hundreds of fountains that adorned the city with their accompanying statues, and Strabo also writes of the copious streams that flowed in all directions, bounding freely through every vein of the city, yet brought from a distance of many miles, and conveyed either through the bowels of the earth, or o'er endless arches rising in some cases 100 feet above the level of the soil. (Frontinus.)

It is the Esquiline Hill that boasts the mournful, but majestic ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct, whose arches still bestride the plains of Rome, and which extend from this hill where they joined the

aqueduct of Nero even to a distance of forty-five miles in the direction of Latium.

Yet the length of this aqueduct was surpassed by another of the same emperor which conveyed the streams of the Anio Novus for sixty-two miles. In subsequent days Nero, and then Septimus Severus, prolonged the Claudian aqueduct to the Palatine Hill, and by its waters were fed the fountains, the lakes, and the baths of the Golden House. This aqueduct being the noblest of all that Rome possessed, so also has it been the most permanent, while in our varied excursions in and about the city its venerable remnants frequently arrested the gaze, and told us of the grandeurs of the days that are gone.

The modern Fountains are among the valuable, and striking objects of Rome, though amidst the number it may suffice to select one or two.

In the Piazza Navona, one of the largest squares of the city, are three fountains. The central stupendous, and beautiful one was erected by Pope Innocent X, of the house of Pamfili, after the designs of Bernini.

On the top of a rock, forty feet high, is an Egyptian Obelisk of fifty feet inscribed with hieroglyphics, and which in the days of ancient Rome was placed in the Circus of Caracalla. Around this rock appear four colossal figures representing the Nile; the Plate; the Danube; and the Ganges. The base of

the rock is pierced; in one direction is a Lion, and in the other a Sea Horse, while the foaming waters rush headlong from these river effigies into a marble basin, seventy-three feet in diameter. Both at this fountain, and at that of Trevi, during the heats of August the water regularly overflows, and inundating the entire square, it has become a popular diversion to assemble here, and while the humbler classes roll and frolic in the refreshing waves, the higher orders sit in their carriages, and enjoy the sport.

This Piazza is the more interesting because it occupies the scite of the ancient Circus Agonalis, and consequently here were held the Agonal Games of charioteering, &c. whose institution is as old as the era of Numa Pompilius, and whose celebration was in honour either of the deity Agoneus, or Janus.

La Fontana dell' Acqua Felice is conducted by aqueducts ancient, and modern, for fourteen miles, and discharges itself for the convenience of Rome on the Quirinal Hill. The main, and central design is a colossal Moses striking the rock, while by his command the waters are poured forth. In the lateral arches are bassi-rilievi representing Aaron leading the Israelites to allay their thirst; with Gideon encouraging his soldiers to ford the river. The base is further adorned with four lions, two of modern Grecian marble, and two ancient Egyptian, formed of basalt.

La Fontana di Trevi comes next, the noblest of the three, whose waters are so pure, and salubrious that they are termed the Virgin Stream; and also in allusion to a nymph who first discovered their source, and showed them to some attendant, and parched soldiers.

They spring from the huge rock on which is built the Palazzo Boncompagni, whose noble front o'ertops them. Between several statues allusive to Fertility, and Salubrity, to Autumn and to its fruits, stands a colossal Neptune in his marine chariot drawn by Sea Horses, and guided by Tritons. By his command the endless streams rush from the craggy precipice, foam adown the rocks, and in an instant swell and fill the capacious marble basin which receives them. This basin is protected by an outer circular enclosure, and defended by a chain, which, however, does not forbid access to the brink of the waters, there being flights of steps leading down thereto.

This fountain has derived additional celebrity from its being noticed by one of the most accomplished female writers of the day.

Who that ever read Corinne could behold this fountain without recalling to mind the romantic incident which Madame de Staël has there depicted; and who that ever read that work but must admire talents, and virtues such as that heroine's; alas! too transcendent to be real; but the

very fiction of which, and the refined, exalted sentiments conveyed by such an ideal medium form the panegyric of her who evoked them.

But again, in sober truth, would any lover select such a spot as this for a romantic incident? As for the water, it is of itself, naturally, from the impetuosity of its fall always too perturbed to reflect a virgin, or any other, face.

"L'image de Corinne se peignit dans cette onde si pure, qu'elle porte depuis plusieurs siècles le nom de l'eau virginale."

But this is the least fiction. This fountain, like most of the other public ornaments of Rome, is almost unapproachable from the vilest filth; surrounded by miserable stalls, with their miserable tenants, and occasionally plenty of ragged, noisy children. What a place for two such lovers to meet in after absence, and to be unconsciously gazing each on the other's face as reflected in the stream!

"Il se pencha vers la fontaine pour mieux voir, et ses propres traits vinrent alors se réfléchir à côté de ceux de Corinne."

It will not be supposed for a moment that I am depreciating a production of which I have this instant spoken so highly. Madame de Staël's Italy is such as a poet may sing, but not such as a traveller will always find it. In works of fiction let the imagination range unbounded:

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Midsummer's Night Dream.

But if I may speak of myself, I wish to write of Italy as it is. This narrative professes to be descriptive. Fain would I embellish it with the charms of fiction, but I have promised I will not. Let me at least hope that its veracity may atone for the absence of the illusions of fancy.

What is the brightest, and the rarest jewel upon earth? Truth! and this is the Goddess I wish to pursue, and invoke, ever.

Tuesday.—Two other ancient matters, and then I will endeavour to describe the treasures in art of the Vatican, and the Capitol.

It was on the Aventine Hill that the poets have recorded some of their beautiful classical incidents to have occurred; and Virgil, about 190th verse of 8th book of the Æneid has a long, and enchanting episode introduced by King Evander, descriptive of the exploits of Hercules and Cacus on this mount, though the temples raised in honour of those victories exist no more.

Many and fruitless have been the endeavours to explore this famed cave. As I wandered o'er the precipitous banks of the steep Aventine, fancy con-

jured up its poetic fictions, while my eyes eagerly sought the identical den, although no certainty could fix it:—One corroboration however of the temple or altar erected so many ages since to the honour of Hercules on this Aventine still remains;—for here was found the young hero in basalt, now in the Capitol.*

* A robber, Cacus by name and long the terror of Italy, here had his cave. The son of Vulcan and Medusa, he was half man, and half monster, having three heads, and vomiting fire. He was accustomed to feed on human flesh, and the road to his den was paved with human bones. As Hercules was passing through Italy with his herds, Cacus managed to steal four of his finest bulls, and as many heifers, dragging them backwards by the tail to the cave without the knowledge of Hercules. The hero however, soon afterwards departing from the country with his herds, they, making the woods resound with their bellowings, were replied to by their imprisoned companions in the cave of Cacus. The enraged Hercules now discovering the theft, long wearied himself in endeavouring to force the barriers of the monster's den, fortified by the arts of the Cyclops. At length, one mighty effort loosed a flinty rock from its deepest base, and sent it thundering to lay open the hideous cave, black as the mouth of Hell.

> "Non secùs, ac si quâ penitùs vi terra dehiscens
> Infernas reseret sedes, et regna recludat
> Pallida, Diis invisa, supérque immane barathrum
> Cernatur, trepidéntque immisso lumine Manes."
>
> *En.* viii. 243.

> As though the yawning earth should ope, and show
> Pluto's black realms, and those dread shades below
> Hateful to Gods, and men; and that deep Hell
> Where pallid ghosts dread day, and furies dwell.

Near to the Arch of Septimus Severus is the modern church of S. Pietro in Carcere built on the site of one of the most ancient Roman prisons: the former always crowded by the devotees who believe in the legends attached to it; the latter always visited by those to whom it is pleasure to explore ancient Roman ground.

In the early period of the Roman kingdom, and 600 years B. C. Ancus Martius built this prison, called the Mamertime, or the Tullianum.

We descended below the church into the first prison, being a square cell of about twenty-five feet long, eighteen broad, and ten feet high. In the centre of the flooring was an iron grating, and, through this, he who had dared to arraign the proceedings of the Roman state, or its governors, as being deemed the worst of culprits, was let down into the second dungeon, a more miserable vault, having only about sixteen feet in length, nine feet

The giant monster, trembling for his approaching fate, filled the vast and gloomy space with vomits of the blackest smoke, and mingled flames. But in vain. Jove's great son, Amphitryōniădes, precipitates himself, regardless of the flames; he drags the monster forth, and strangles him in his fire begetting throat.

The hero erected an altar there to Jupiter Servator, in gratitude for his victory; and the Romans of that day instituted an annual festival in commemoration of their deliverance from a pŭblic pest.

width, and six feet height. Other criminals were also confined here, and sometimes executed. Jugurtha was starved, Catiline's comrades were strangled, and the ill-fated Perseus, King of Macedonia, to whom I have before alluded was also here incarcerated. Ascending from the Roman Forum, beneath this modern church, was that fatal staircase connected also with a bridge, which led to these prison doors, called the Stairs of Groans—*Scalæ Gemoniæ.* Up these stairs the unhappy prisoners were led in sight of the multitudes below, and down these stairs their lifeless bodies were occasionally ignominiously hurled.

Thinking of the several revolutions in the government of Rome, and of the hapless fate of those whose schemes, whate'er they might be, only did not happen to succeed, it recalled to recollection the English epigram so expressive:

> Treason does never prosper—What's the reason,
> Why:—if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

In order to fulfil the modern religious part of duty we next descended into this subterranean, doleful vault, where it is believed at Rome that St. Peter was incarcerated for nine months by order of Nero. The pillar to which he was chained being sacred is therefore defended from any profane contact by an iron fret work. In the vault there

is at present a well, the origin of which is thus recorded; that the Saint being desirous to baptize the gaoler, together with some other converts, he struck the ground, when the water instantly sprung up!

END OF VOL. I.

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